



DWIGHT L. MOODY

His Life and Labors

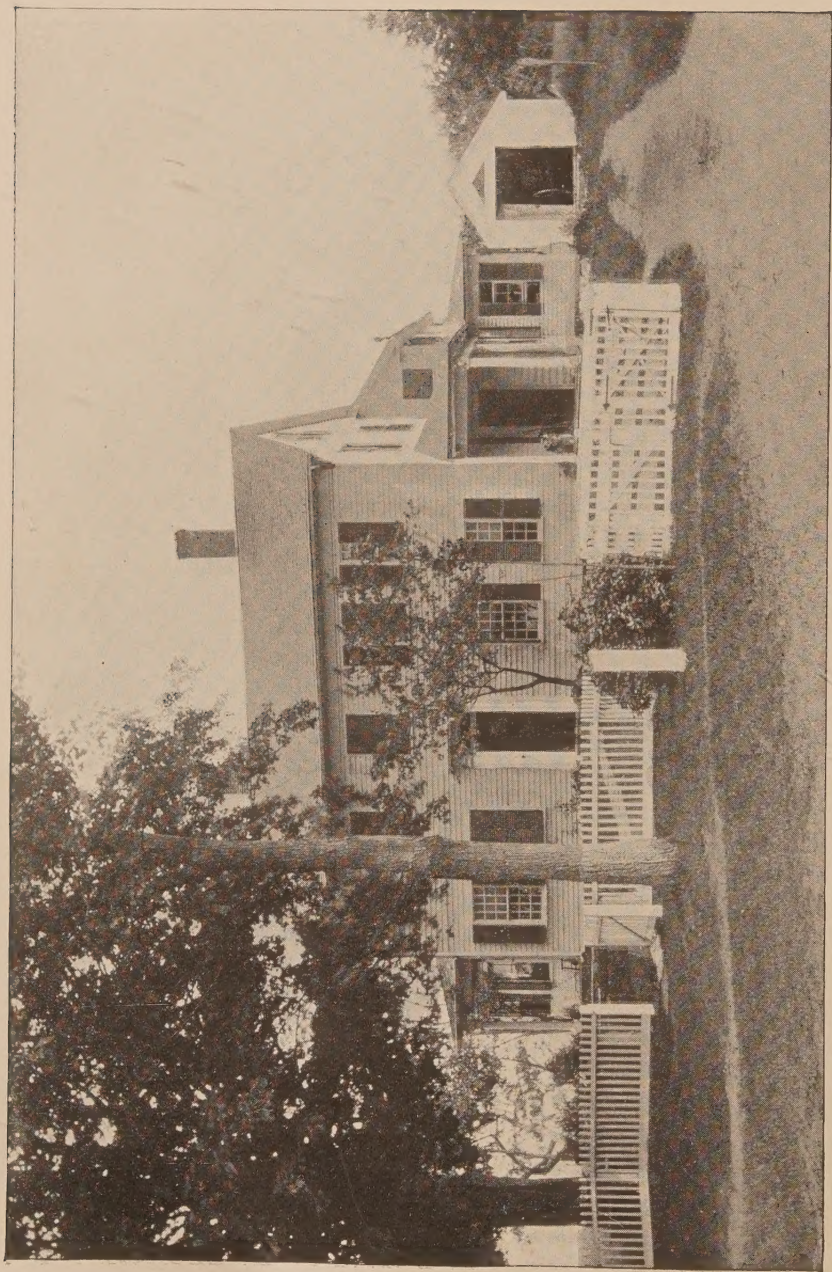


Memorial Volume

THE WORLD'S GREATEST EVANGELIST

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BIRTHPLACE OF DWIGHT L. MOODY AT NORTHFIELD, MASS.

MEMORIAL VOLUME
LIFE AND LABORS
OF
DWIGHT L. MOODY
THE GREAT EVANGELIST

CONTAINING A FULL ACCOUNT OF HIS GRAND CAREER; HIS
REMARKABLE TRAITS OF CHARACTER; HIS WORLD-WIDE
FAME AS ORATOR AND PHILANTHROPIST; BURNING
ZEAL AND DEVOTION IN THE CAUSE
OF CHRISTIANITY

INCLUDING HIS BRILLIANT DISCOURSES; PITHY SAYINGS; FAMOUS
CONFERENCES AT NORTHFIELD; GLOWING TRIBUTES
TO HIS LIFE AND LABORS FROM THE PULPIT
THE PRESS, ETC., ETC.

We shall meet beyond the river, by and by, by and by;
And the darkness shall be over, by and by, by and by;
We shall strike the harps of glory, by and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story, by and by, by and by.

From Mr. Moody's Favorite Hymn.

By **REV. HENRY DAVENPORT NORTHROP, D.D.**

Author of "Life of Spurgeon", "Charming Bible Stories", Etc., Etc.

INCLUDING A CHAPTER ENTITLED

"MR. MOODY'S MINISTRY TO MEN"

By **BISHOP WILLARD F. MALLALIEN**

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TRAFFIC

PREFACE.

DWIGHT L. MOODY was one of the most remarkable men of modern times. With few early advantages he rose grandly above all obstacles and by sheer force of character, untiring zeal and stirring appeals to the hearts of the people became the greatest Evangelist of the century.

For nearly forty years Mr. Moody's name has been a household word both at home and abroad, and during this time no other person exerted so great an influence in the religious world. Vast multitudes hung upon his lips and were swayed by his overwhelming eloquence. The results of his labors are unparalleled in the history of Christianity.

He was a giant among men, possessed of tireless energy, remarkable knowledge of human nature, ready tact and common sense, a bright and sunny disposition, and a devotion to the sublime work in which he was engaged, worthy of the grandest heroes and defenders of the faith that the world has ever known.

Mr. Moody's marvellous career is vividly depicted in this volume. It pictures him in his humble New England home; follows him to the great city where he goes to seek his fortune; relates his early struggles and victories; tells of his rare industry and perseverance; and describes the humble manner in which he began his work that aroused the whole Christian world.

After Mr. Moody had carried on a missionary work in Chicago which probably no other man could have performed, he and Mr. Sankey began their evangelistic labors abroad in England. This most interesting volume tells of the small beginnings; the prejudices finally overcome; the rising tide of Evangelism; the great multitudes; and finally the thrill of enthusiasm that stirred Great Britain from centre to circumference. As we follow these devoted men through Scotland and Ireland and finally to London, the great metropolis, their career reads more like a miracle than the

actions of ordinary men. From the nobility to the denizens of the lowest slums the people were stirred by the pungent addresses of Mr. Moody and the Gospel songs of Mr. Sankey, his fellow-laborer.

The history contained in this work follows Mr. Moody on his return to his native land, where in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, New York, Hartford, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and other large cities and towns, his work was the wonder of all beholders and the joy of all Christian people. Pastors and churches were united; the largest buildings were secured; immense choirs were formed; meetings were held both week-days and Sabbaths; and this new Evangelist and his work were the theme of every tongue.

Mr. Moody was a thorough believer in educating the young. He knew that impressions could be made upon young people far easier than upon those who are older. His whole heart became enlisted in educational work, and he established his famous Seminary at Northfield.

Not only did he carry on this grand institution for many years, but his religious conventions, held in the summer at the same place, became noted throughout the world and drew visitors from far and near. He showed himself to be a marvellous organizer as well as financier.

"The Cedar is Fallen." This expressive language of the Bible is appropriate to Mr. Moody's death. It was like the fall of the majestic cedar in the forest. He labored with unabated zeal up to within a very short time of his departure. Never did he seem more earnest or eloquent than during his last services. His removal produced a shock throughout the religious world. Christian people everywhere have united in hearty praise of the man and his glorious work.

Mr. Sankey paid the following generous tribute to his friend and associate: "I consider Dwight L. Moody to have been one of the most remarkable men of the century, distinguished especially for his devotion to the cause of Christ and the preaching of the Gospel to the world. His character was marked by great common sense and devotion to his Master. To these two points I attribute in a great measure his wonderful success."

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THE BETSEY MOODY COTTAGE—NORTHFIELD, MASS



MAIN STREET, NORTHFIELD, ON WHICH MOODY'S HOUSE IS LOCATED

PART I.

LIFE AND LABORS

OF

DWIGHT L. MOODY

CHAPTER I.

Moody's Marvellous Career.

FOR nearly forty years Dwight Lyman Moody has been a leading figure in the evangelical work of this country and England. He began his great work in 1860, and it was continued with unceasing vigor to within a short period of his death.

A man of sturdy frame, great physical strength and endurance, energy that seemed inexhaustible and a hearty manner that drew people to him, his power was felt by all classes of people, and his achievements are the wonder of the age.

Mr. Moody was born in Northfield, Mass., in 1837. His father died when he was but four years of age, leaving a large family in a destitute condition. At seventeen years of age he was given a position in his uncle's shoe store in Boston, on the condition that he should spend his evenings at home and regularly attend Sunday-school. He joined church in Boston. Soon after he removed to Chicago and entered a boot and shoe store. There Mr. Moody began to labor at every opportunity among the waifs and ruffians of the city. He established Sunday-schools and missions, gathering in the little outcasts and sparing no efforts to start them in a better life.

At the sessions of the Sunday-school he was all energy and vigor. Before long he gave up his work in the store and devoted himself exclusively to Christian effort. This was in 1860. He had labored under difficulties on account of a defective education, and now he set to work with diligence to relieve this defect. His

eloquence and peculiar power as a preacher began to attract much attention.

In 1871, while attending a convention of Young Men's Christian Associations at Indianapolis, he first met Ira D. Sankey. He induced him to go to Chicago and help him in his work, and afterward the two worked together with great success. In 1873 they crossed the Atlantic and spent some time in the principal cities of Great Britain, gaining many converts. They made a very successful tour of the United States after their return. Two more tours in Europe, spent chiefly in Great Britain and Ireland, were fruitful in good results.

VAST AUDIENCES AND WONDERFUL SCENES.

After Moody and Sankey returned from their first English tour in 1875 they organized series of religious revivals in many parts of the United States. They went to Philadelphia in November, 1875, and conducted meetings, which were attended by immense throngs, in the old Pennsylvania Railroad freight depot at Thirteenth and Market Sts., which had been especially prepared for their work. At that time Mr. Moody was a strong-headed, vehement man, being filled with the greatest enthusiasm for his work, and disposed, like Whitefield of old, to shake sinners over the very pit of destruction.

The Pennsylvania Railroad freight depot was at that time for sale. The neighborhood was dull and uninviting at night, comparatively deserted and poorly lighted. When the suggestion was made that the property would be temporarily renovated for an auditorium until the railroad company found a purchaser for it, there was a good deal of derision, especially over the thought that President "Tom" Scott was helping along the cause of religion. But Scott had a hearty and large way of doing things, and he told the men behind Moody that they could have the use of the property at the rate of a dollar a year, provided they were ready to get out at a month's notice, when the company should effect a sale.

It was about this period, however, that a Philadelphia merchant was forming his plans to branch out in a business way.

He made the Pennsylvania Railroad Company an offer for the old depot and became its purchaser, but before proceeding to occupy it he consented that the interior should be temporarily reconstructed for the great revival of which he had been one of the chief projectors.

In a few weeks there came into existence an immense hall. Probably at least \$40,000 was spent in its construction and equipment. The first floor of the depot was fitted up with not fewer than 10,000 seats with a platform big enough to hold a regiment, with spacious aisles and retiring rooms. The original intention had been to engage the Academy of Music for Moody and Sankey, but this was overruled by George H. Stuart, who insisted that the novelty of such an auditorium as the one at the depot would alone draw thousands. This judgment was entirely correct.

GREAT RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM.

The success of the undertaking, from the religious point of view, surpassed even his eager expectations. Multitudes filled the hall day after day from November to February; even President Grant visited it on one occasion. As many as 200 ushers were required to clear the aisles at the end of each service, or to guard the "inquiry rooms," and on some days prayer meetings were going on at a dozen places in the neighborhood, like Dr. McCook's church and Dr. Boardman's church.

Such a swarm of sinners smitten with repentance or softened and mastered by the emotions of a new and sudden ecstasy had not before been seen since the days when George Whitefield thundered out his eloquence. Irreligious people smiled with a half-amused contempt; the worldly made Moody and Sankey a butt for ridicule, and not at times unpardonably, when the exultation of converts reached the point of intense frenzy; Kennard Jones, the then Chief of Police, had his hands full in regulating the beseiging crowds, and in thousands of homes and workshops that winter men and women were talking for the first time in their lives of "grace," "salvation" and "regeneration." It was estimated that fully twelve thousand persons were taken into the

Protestant churches in and about Philadelphia as the result of this extraordinary season of pious exhortation.

We instance these services simply as specimens of the great meetings conducted by Moody and Sankey in many places. Wherever they went it was the same story—wonderful crowds, deep religious fervor, vast numbers profoundly impressed, and a great wave of enthusiasm carrying forward all the churches on its crest.

A MASTER OF MEN.

Moody at that time was the incarnation of the Christian militant. Indeed, his aggressiveness often jarred on persons of gentle sensibilities. His personal presence was not engaging, his voice was strident and his manner fierce when he was worked up to his highest pitch of zeal. But there was an air of fearlessness, as well as of tremendous sincerity, in the man; and the power and mastery with which he handled the vast crowds inspired respect for him among men who, while having no sympathy with his purposes, were interested in the strength and originality of his methods. The reporters, in transcribing their notes of his addresses, often had a sorry time in straightening out his disjointed syntax, but this was due to his impetuous, rapid utterance.

His simple, direct English was the language of the people; it was expressed in short, burning sentences; and it had that robust homeliness characteristic of the style of Bunyan. The effect was sometimes wonderful on the vast audiences in the sobs or in the ecstasy which it produced; and usually after he had concluded, or rather, after Sankey had sung his impressive hymns, there would be a long procession of sinners to the "inquiry room."

In 1878, 1883 and 1887, Mr. Moody made extended tours through Canada, the meetings being marked by the intense enthusiasm which everywhere greeted his preaching. Countless audiences have felt his power; the quiet, but intense appeals of Moody and the thrilling songs of Sankey have influenced many thousands for good. After he opened his schools at Northfield, in 1887, part of Mr. Moody's time was given to education; he still found much time to devote to his preaching work.



IRA D. SANKEY AND FRIENDS ON THE PORCH OF THE BETSEY MOODY COTTAGE AT
NORTHFIELD, MR. SANKEY IS SEEN IN CENTRE OF GROUP



MR. MOODY STARTING FOR A MORNING DRIVE

As a writer, Mr. Moody also exercised a widespread influence. Among his principal works have been: "The Second Coming of Christ" (1877); "The Way and the Word" (1877); "The Secret Power; or, The Secret of Success in Christian Life and Work" (1881); "The Way to God and How to Find It" (1884); "Glad Tidings" (1876); "Arrows and Anecdotes" (1877); "Best Thoughts and Discourses" (1877). Both as a writer and preacher the predominant quality of Moody's style was directness, simplicity. His sermons were largely anecdotal, but the illustrations were always reverent, powerful and convincing. He was especially fond of the parables, and his preaching was in large measure based upon their form and teaching.

SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AT NORTHFIELD.

During the twelve years preceding Mr. Moody's death his educational work at Northfield, Mass., grew to large proportions. First he opened his own home for a few young ladies, and thus started his young ladies' boarding school. Next he erected a modest building across the way; then East Hall was built at a cost of \$30,000. Next followed Frederick Marquand Hall, costing \$60,000, the gift of the Marquand estate. Following was Stone Hall. A new library building was then erected, costing \$20,000, and an additional dormitory, costing a like amount. Two additional frame houses were fitted up for dormitories. These facilities afforded accommodation for about 300 young ladies.

The school buildings occupy 250 acres, which are beautifully laid out in park and woodland, traversed by a romantic glen, called Bonar Glen. An artificial lake of some three acres has been provided at a cost of \$4,000. Mount Hermon, the school for young men, is about two miles from Northfield. It is beautifully situated on the west bank of the Connecticut river, and consists of 400 acres, purchased at a cost of \$12,500. This school was started with a gift of \$25,000 from Mr. Hiram Camp, of New Haven. It was opened in the old farm building, with the addition of a wooden building, for a recitation hall.

Next, four brick buildings were erected and a large dining

hall. But soon the school exceeded the proportions of these buildings, and Crossley Hall and a new dining hall was erected, with accommodations for over 200 additional students, and with halls for chapel, library, museum, etc. Over a thousand young men and women, representing a dozen different nationalities, have been trained in these schools. Mr. Moody was no fanatic. His extraordinary energy in religious work was accompanied with broad and enlightened views on the subject of education, by the practical results of which the whole world was benefited.

"Be good and you will be happy." This was Mr. Moody's motto, and he lived up to it to the time of his death. If any one could have doubted this homely maxim they could have found fulfilment of its promise by looking into and studying the life of the great evangelist. There probably never was a man who accepted and practiced and instilled religion with so much cheerfulness and heart sunshine as did Mr. Moody.

THE BUSINESS OF HIS LIFE.

His life's aim was to "never lose an opportunity to make somebody happy," and when opportunities did not offer he made them. For forty years Mr. Moody had been in the business of "making people happy." If he had expended the same amount of energy and ingenuity in any mercantile or professional line, he would undoubtedly have accumulated a fortune. Instead, he was as poor when he died as when he started upon the career of an evangelist, except for the wealth of love and reverence and gratitude that rushed to him from thousands of hearts.

Mr. Moody's success was not confined to America. In England he made a great stir, and the people of the London slums stopped and listened to this bright, fresh, hearty New Englander, who got down to their own level and extended a cordial, chubby hand in greeting, while he offered them a religion, not of sackcloth and ashes, but of rejoicing and thanksgiving.

Therein was the secret of Mr. Moody's success. He rose to his pulpit—and it was any pulpit, regardless of place or denomination—with a smile on his lips and in his eyes, which gave

practical living proof of what his religion had done for him. Creeds did not limit the scope of his work, for it was Mr. Moody's contention that Christ recognized no creeds, but "preached the Gospel to all men."

Pews were never empty and their occupants never went to sleep when Moody preached, and people who never went to church, who boast of a "religion of their own," a "moral" religion, based on "common sense" and "things tangible," with a comfortable logic behind it, went to hear Moody preach and Sankey sing just to get inspiration from their cheerfulness and marvel at their faith.

STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL FAITH.

Before Mr. Moody was stricken for the worse, Mrs. Moody, his wife, in speaking of him, said in response to an inquiry whether or not he had hoped to recover: "His faith in his recovery was unlimited and beautiful; he had no thought but to recover. He was cheerful, and during the moments he was free from pain was trying to make us laugh. We allowed him to see none of his mail, but we could not stop him from thinking. The schools were a source of worriment to him. You see, the students pay only half the cost of tutorage, and the other half had been secured through Mr. Moody's efforts.

"Something of that life? It has been a life of work; a work which he loves, a work which has made him a model for all who were fortunate enough to be near him. His disposition has ever been sweet and humble, and his character forceful and strong. The influence of this simple presence is wonderful. I know of no day or hour in Mr. Moody's life when he had ceased for a moment to preach his religion; not always in words; Scripture lessons are not all of his religion. It was sometimes in what he did not say, when most of us would have spoken, or the pressure of his hand, or an act of kindness which no one but the one who needed it would ever know. As husband and father, counselor, companion, guide, he has acted always in accordance with what he preaches, and his faith in God has helped us through many a difficulty and made the travel smooth over many a rough road."

His death removes from religious life a great force which made for the improvement of men and of society. He had his predecessors and he will have his successors. Somewhere there is to-day some young man behind a counter or in a railroad office who will continue his work ; just as he took up the work which Finney dropped ; just as Finney at a longer interval resumed the work before done by Wesley and Whitefield.

Nothing is wider of the truth than to imagine that men like Mr. Moody create their opportunities. They find them and receive them. Great religious forces always exist in society. Great religious desires are there. Men are not religious because religions exist. Religions exist because men are religious. There is present in every life, however careless and however depraved ; however busy and however thronged ; however ignorant or however commonplace ; a dim, dumb desire for an interpretation of the universe ; a wish faint, fitful and feeble, but none the less real, for some word or message which will set the soul in harmony, bring life in tune and in unison with its better purpose, free men from the chains of habit and desire and give them an impulse upward.

A DESIRE COMMON TO ALL MEN.

This wish is universal. It exists as a fact in the observation of every man within himself, and without in the men about him. Whether one accepts or rejects the sufficient explanation that this is due to spiritual and divine forces, which ensphere the lesser life of man, it remains true as a simple fact, apparent to all, that the wish and desire for moral harmony between the soul and those things in the world about which make for righteousness can be observed in every nature and felt by every man. This fact is as demonstrable by experience and as unmistakable in its record as any in the round of human nature.

Whenever any man like Mr. Moody, with sincerity, with faith, with earnestness and with eloquence, faces this unspoken yearning for deliverance from sin, the response is instant. He succeeds in his appeal for exactly the same reason that the original appeal of

the Gospel won men when, weak and unknown, the message of a feeble folk of weak and stammering tongues, it was presented to the world of Rome. The message prevailed then because it met the needs of men. It prevails now because neither men nor message have changed.

This primal fact, on which rests the power and might of a great faith, is obscured by the mass of machinery the churches have piled up around the message, obscuring its purpose, dulling its truth, dimming its light, and blunting the edge of its sword-like words. By the time a man has washed off the results of a week's work, put on his best and unfamiliar clothes, peacefully walked through quiet streets, entered a dim and beautiful interior, heard music that charms, and settled in a cushioned seat he is far away from the struggle and temptation, the mire and sweat, the sin and suffering which in his work world have made him cry aloud and mightily yearn for a deliverer.

MEER FORMS ARE NOT LIFE.

The closed pew door, the carpeted aisle, the stained glass window and its dim religious light, put any minister at a tremendous disadvantage in telling a man how he shall escape from the body of this death, whose weight he wearily drags. These are all valuable in preserving the church as a useful, sacred, consecrated organization, within whose fold men, women and children already are in peace, comfort and a comfortable assurance; but when it comes to deal with men whose wish for better things is choked and stifled by the things of this world and its clatter, these things move not.

But the wiser revivalist takes the man, wearied with sin or, worse, wearied out of early weariness with it, in his working clothes, fresh from the street, the smell of the hot furnace of his daily life still in his garments, heavy laden with the sense of failure which afflicts us all in our effort rightly to do an honest day's work honestly, and then when the revivalist in some depot or shed, some place where men have worked and sweated and borne the burdens of the world, delivers point blank a message which fits

their need and moves their inmost being, there is certain to be what men call a revival.

The reality of the amazing phenomena which followed Mr. Moody's labors along these lines it is as impossible to doubt as any other social phenomena. Beginning with depots, sheds and halls, he passed on to churches, and did there what other men could not do. His technical abilities were of the highest order. He had a voice under perfect training and control, of amazing power and penetrating force. But these gifts of the flesh would have been nothing but for his sincerity, his earnestness, and his conviction that every ticking second saw eternity decided for some soul. He was desperately in earnest.

A MESSAGE RIGHT FROM THE HEART.

This filled his soul with flame, and he had a message to present of self-surrender, self-sacrifice and personal service which for nineteen centuries have shone from the manger about which the Christian world in reverence kneels. He found men weak and left them strong. He smote the spell of appetite. He quickened weak resolution. He filled empty lives with purpose. Many fell away. Many lost their first love. But there remained a great multitude whose lives attested that they had won what they sought, and who through long years have been of service to their fellow men.

These things he did, but in all his wonderful life nothing was more clear to himself or to the social observer than the fact that his real power lay in giving the message he had as it was first delivered, not hampered by the routine, ceremony and machinery which dull its simple, direct truth.

CHAPTER II.

Early History of the Great Evangelist.

MR. MOODY'S father died when he was only four years old, and a few weeks later twins were born, leaving the widow with nine children to care for. The little farm upon which they lived was encumbered by a mortgage. Mrs. Moody, whose birthday was the same as his own, died in 1896, at the age of ninety. Her heroic struggles to keep a roof over the heads of her large family were greatly appreciated by her children, five of whom survived their distinguished brother. The noble heart of the evangelist never showed itself more plainly than when he referred to the brave woman, who struggled against privations that would have made many persons break up their families and send their children to charitable institutions.

The early history of Dwight L. Moody was not such as to suggest that he would some day become the dominant personality of the English-speaking religious world. Northfield, the first and last home, regarded him as an "irrepressible," and his widowed mother expressed many anxious fears as to the future of a boy so full of animal spirits, so reluctant to study, so impatient of control. Dwight at first preferred farm work to the village school.

There are many persons still living who recall Mr. Moody at that time of life. They say on the whole he differed little from the boys of his time. It was during this period of life, however, that his strong-minded mother planted within him those seeds of greatness which later bore remarkable fruit. Mrs. Betsey Holton Moody, the mother of the evangelist, was a remarkable woman. To her more than to the father was the famous son indebted.

The sturdiness of the mother asserted itself on the death of her husband. In those years, when her children were young, she struggled nobly through poverty and hardship. To her the son is indebted for many of the elements that made him great.

When Dwight was seventeen years old, with his mother's permission he went to Boston to seek employment. His mother's brother was a shoe merchant in that city, and he gave his nephew work on two conditions : that he should be governed by his advice, and attend regularly the Sunday-school and services of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church. After Mr. Moody's conversion he applied for membership in the church. It is interesting to know what was thought of his future at that time. His teacher said that he was very "unlikely to become a Christian of clear and decided views of Gospel truth, still less to fill any extended sphere of public usefulness."

The committee by whom his application for admission was considered were doubtful at first about receiving him, owing to his defective knowledge of the doctrines of the Church, but after waiting a number of months for him to acquaint himself more thoroughly with these doctrines, he was received. He at once became an energetic worker in the Sunday-school, and was noted for his plainness of speech in the prayer meeting.

WAS ADVISED TO KEEP STILL.

In the fall of 1856 Mr. Moody went to Chicago and became a salesman in the shoe trade. He entered the Plymouth Congregational Church, and showed his earnest spirit by renting four pews, which he kept filled with young men and boys. He also wanted to take part in the prayer meetings, but suggestions were given to the effect that he could best serve the Lord by keeping still. But Mr. Moody was not to be silenced. He asked if he might become a Sunday-school teacher, and was told that he could if he would bring his own scholars.

The next Sunday he marched into the school-room at the head of eighteen ragged boys, whom he had collected during the week. Later he started a mission of his own in an empty tavern in North Chicago. His school grew so much that North Market Hall was occupied, and John V. Farwell supplied benches for the scholars and became its superintendent. Largely under Mr. Moody's personal canvassing sixty teachers were obtained, and



OLD FREIGHT DEPOT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—PHILADELPHIA

MOODY AND SANKEY HELD THEIR MEETINGS IN THIS IMMENSE BUILDING WHICH WAS CAPABLE OF ACCOMMODATING 13,000 PERSONS. ON MANY OCCASIONS SEVERAL THOUSAND WERE UNABLE TO GAIN ADMITTANCE



EAST HALL-NORTHFIELD SEMINARY

ERECTED IN 1879, AT A COST OF ABOUT \$30,000, IT IS CAPABLE OF ACCOMMODATING SIXTY STUDENTS

the average attendance of scholars was kept up to six hundred and fifty. In 1860 he gave up his business that he might give all his time to religious work. He reduced his expenses to a minimum by doing without a home and sleeping upon a bench of the Young Men's Christian Association. In a short time he became a city missionary, and was able to assist others.

In 1862 Mr. Moody married Miss Emma C. Revell, one of the teachers in his Mission School, who has been to him a true helpmate. Her refinement and consecrated Christian life aided him greatly, not only at the evangelistic meetings which she attended, but in the homes of the cultured, where they were ever welcome guests.

"GIVE A FELLOW A CHANCE TO PRAY."

In less than a year the attendance at Mr. Moody's school increased to 1000. This school became one of the most famous of the West. Mr. Moody was frequently interfered with in his house-to-house visitations by some of the rougher people, and sometimes had to flee for his life. On one occasion, it is stated, he was cornered in a room by three men, who threatened to put an end to him. "Look here," said he, "give a fellow a chance to say his prayers, won't you?" The request was granted, and he prayed with such earnestness for his persecutors that they quietly left the room, and he took to Sunday-school the children he came for.

For a long time Mr. Moody was beset by pecuniary difficulties. One morning, some time after his marriage, he said to his wife: "I have no money, and the house is without supplies. It looks as if the Lord had had enough of me in this mission work, and is going to send me back again to sell boots and shoes." A day or two later he received contributions sufficient for his immediate wants.

A church was erected for Mr. Moody in Illinois street, Chicago, in 1863. He preached there at the Sunday morning services and at Farwell Hall in the evening. At the dedication of Farwell Hall Mr. Moody confessed his faith that, by the Lord's blessing, a religious influence was to go out from there that should extend "through every county in the State, through every State in the

Union, and finally, crossing the waters, should help to bring the whole world to God." Those words of Mr. Moody's were prophetic of the results which were to attend his future work. The buildings in which he preached were burned in the great Chicago fire of 1871, but they were soon rebuilt.

Up to this time Mr. Moody was little known to the public outside of Chicago, and even in Chicago it had been necessary for him to prove the quality of his character and to conquer obstinate prejudice.

HIS WORK ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

He soon became known as one of the most acceptable public speakers of the country, and was in constant demand at Christian conventions, first throughout the West and South, and then throughout the country. During the war he joined the work of the Christian Commission, and spent much of his time looking after the sick and wounded of both armies. At the close of the war he returned to Chicago and resumed his work there, soon having a large and flourishing independent church as the result of his labors among the people. After the great fire of 1871, which destroyed his church, the Young Men's Christian Association buildings and his home, he made arrangements for rebuilding the church, and in June, 1873, went with Ira D. Sankey to Great Britain, a visit which continued for a period of over two years, inaugurating one of the greatest evangelistic movements of the age.

While there are but few people in the United States who have not heard of Moody and Sankey, there are not many persons who have heard the story of how the two great religious workers first met, became acquainted, and a few months later joined their forces and together started out into the world on the mission of saving souls.

Mr. Sankey talked freely of his companion during his last illness. There could have been no single person in the world who was more deeply shocked or who more keenly realized the exact situation than Mr. Sankey, when the sad intelligence was received from Northfield that Mr. Moody would probably get well, but would

never again be able to undertake any active religious work from the public platform. When the man, who for almost thirty years had been his constant companion and most intimate friend, heard this decision from Mr. Moody's son, his throat filled up and tears slowly trickled down his face. He turned away, unable for a time to speak.

Next to an announcement that his greatest friend on earth could not recover, no more distressing news could have come to the man who made famous "The Ninety and Nine," which, with Mr. Moody's eloquent and convincing words, has aided so largely in changing for the better the course of so many lives.

FIRST MEETING BETWEEN MOODY AND SANKEY.

The story of how Mr. Sankey first met Mr. Moody was told by the former upon a recent visit to Philadelphia, shortly after he had received the intelligence that the world had lost the services of one of its greatest evangelists. It was in the year 1870, that two young men journeyed to Indianapolis, Ind., to attend the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association. The one was Dwight L. Moody, who came from Chicago, Ill., and the other was Ira D. Sankey, whose home was at New-castle, Pa.

They had heard of each other, but had never met. Moody had already gained some reputation as a speaker, and Sankey for his ability to win souls by his singing of hymns, but neither figured very prominently as leaders of the exercises of the convention. At that time Sankey was a Government officer in Pennsylvania, holding a commission in the Internal Revenue service—a position paying him something like \$1500 a year. His religious work, until that time, had been conducted during leisure hours.

Sankey had heard enough of Moody to make him curious to see him and hear him talk, and when he went to the convention he immediately commenced to look for the young man from Chicago. Arriving at the Academy of Music, where the convention was being held, he took a seat close to the rear of the hall. He waited and listened for an hour or so, but was compelled to leave the

place without even hearing anybody mention the name of the man for whom he was hunting.

Few people seemed to know who Moody was or anything about him. It was afterward learned that Moody occupied a seat near to the door and close to where Sankey was on the opening day of the convention. Neither took any very prominent part in the proceedings, the greater portion of the programme being occupied by the more important speakers.

The first meeting of the two men did not occur until a day or so after they had arrived at Indianapolis, and then under rather novel circumstances. It was announced that "Mr. Moody, from Chicago," would conduct a prayer meeting on a certain morning at six o'clock in a little room some distance away from the Academy of Music. Notwithstanding the early hour for the service, Sankey determined to take advantage of the opportunity to see and hear the man whom until that time he had been unable to find.

THE GREAT SINGER THRILLS THE AUDIENCE.

The distance to the little room where the prayer meeting was to be held was much greater than Sankey had anticipated, and the service was half through when he arrived. He found a seat, as he expressed it, in the "amen corner," and sat down. He had scarcely been seated when somebody touched him on the elbow, and, turning around, he discovered that he was sitting beside the Rev. Robert McMillen, whom he happened to know quite well.

McMillen asked Sankey to take charge of the singing at the service, explaining that there seemed to be nobody present who could lead. At the conclusion of a very lengthy prayer, McMillen nudged Sankey, and told him to start right in and sing. Without waiting for any further invitation, young Sankey arose and sang with wonderful feeling the words:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

The congregation forgot to join in on the chorus, and Sankey

finished the hymn by himself. Moody was well pleased with the singing during the remainder of the service. When the meeting was brought to a close McMillen asked Sankey to step forward and he would introduce him to Moody. A procession was formed, which slowly made its way to the front of the room, where Moody was standing. As Sankey drew near Moody stepped out and took him by the hand.

"Where are you from?" Moody asked.

"Pennsylvania," replied Sankey.

"Married or single?"

"Married. I have a wife and one child."

"What do you do for a living when you are at home?"

"I am in the Government service."

All this time Moody had been holding Sankey's hand. Looking down into his face with his keen black eyes he said:—

"Well, you'll have to give it up."

HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM.

Sankey stood amazed and was at loss to understand just what Moody meant by telling him he would have to give up what was to him a good position and one affording him a very comfortable living. He was so taken back for a few seconds that he could make no reply. Moody, however, explained what he had meant.

"You'll have to give up your Government position and come with me. You are just the man I have been looking for for a long time. I want you to come with me. You can do the singing and I'll do the talking."

Sankey by this time partly recovered from his surprise, but the thought of giving up a good position for an uncertainty was too much, and he begged for time in which to consider the matter. Moody asked him if he would go with him and pray over the question, and out of politeness Sankey consented. Moody prayed that Sankey would see his way clear to do as he had asked, and Sankey argued within himself against the proposition. The two finally parted and Sankey returned to his room impressed by Moody's prayer, but still undecided. That was on Sunday. All

that day and night Sankey thought over Moody's words, but the next morning found him still inclined to stick to the Government position with its salary assured every month.

Just at a moment when he was more inclined to be wavering than anything else, a card was brought to him. He examined it and found it was from Moody, and asking him to meet him at a certain street corner that evening at six o'clock. Without knowing what he was wanted for, Sankey wrote an acceptance upon the back of the card and returned it to Moody. Together with a few friends he went to the appointed place at six o'clock that evening, and in a few seconds Moody came along.

PREACHING FROM A DRY-GOODS BOX.

Without even stopping to speak, Moody walked on and into a store nearby and asked permission to use a store box. The permission was given, and Moody rolled the large box out on to the street corner, and then, calling Sankey aside, asked him to get up and sing something. Sankey complied, and after one or two hymns had been sung Moody crawled up on to the box and commenced to preach. The workingmen were just on their way home from the mills and factories, and in a short time Moody had secured a large crowd. Sankey says of him that he preached that evening from that store box as he has never heard him preach since.

The crowd stood spellbound as the words fell from Moody's lips with wonderful force and rapidity. After he had talked for about fifteen minutes Moody leaped down from the box and announced that he was going to hold a little meeting of his own at the Academy of Music, and invited the crowd to accompany him there. Arm in arm Moody and Sankey marched down the street singing hymn after hymn as they went. The crowd followed closely at their heels, and the men with their dinner pails forgot to go home, so completely carried away were they with the sermon from the store box.

Speaking of that march down the street, Sankey declared it to have been his first experience as a Salvation Armyist. It took

but a few minutes to pack the Academy of Music to the doors, and Moody saw that the men in their working clothes were first seated before he ascended to the platform to speak.

His second address was as captivating as the one delivered on the street corner, and it was not until the delegates had arrived for the evening session of the convention that the meeting was brought to a close. Sankey was still undecided when Moody again brought up the question of their going together. However, he accepted an invitation to spend a week with Moody, and before that week was over he had sent his commission to Hugh McCulloch, who was at that time Secretary of the Treasury, and a soldier who had been imprisoned at Libby Prison was given Sankey's place in the Internal Revenue service.

THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO.

It was during the service at Moody's church in Chicago one evening that the great fire occurred which destroyed so much of that city. The church was crowded with men and women when the warning rumble of the fire alarms compelled Moody and Sankey to bring the meeting to a sudden close. Moody's church was destroyed that night and some of the people who had attended the meeting were burned to death in various parts of the city before sunrise the next day while trying to save their homes.

The two evangelists were now without a home in which to preach. Moody took the first train out of Chicago and made a hurried journey to Philadelphia, New York and Washington, and soon returned with sufficient money to enable his congregation to rebuild their church. Prior to this time Moody had received several letters from ministers in England inviting him to visit their country. It had been his desire to make a tour of the world, and it occurred to him that while his people were rebuilding the church it would be a good time to take the trip. This they figured they could do before the work on the new church would be completed.

With just enough money to pay their passage to London, Moody and Sankey set sail for the old country in 1873. The

journey across was uneventful, but when they arrived at the other side of the water Moody found a letter stating that owing to the death of the men who had invited him to England, it would be impossible to have him make the visit. Sankey was dismayed, but Moody was confident that everything would come out right in the end. With the letter still in his hands, he turned to Sankey and said: "Sankey, if the Lord opens the door to us, we'll go through. If not, we'll go back at once to America."

Neither had any money, and the situation was anything but cheerful. Moody found another letter in his pocket which had been handed him before leaving New York, and which he had neglected to open. Tearing open the envelope he rapidly ran his eye down the letter and, quickly turning to Sankey, exclaimed: "Sankey, the Lord has opened the door. We'll stay."

SMALL BEGINNINGS IN ENGLAND.

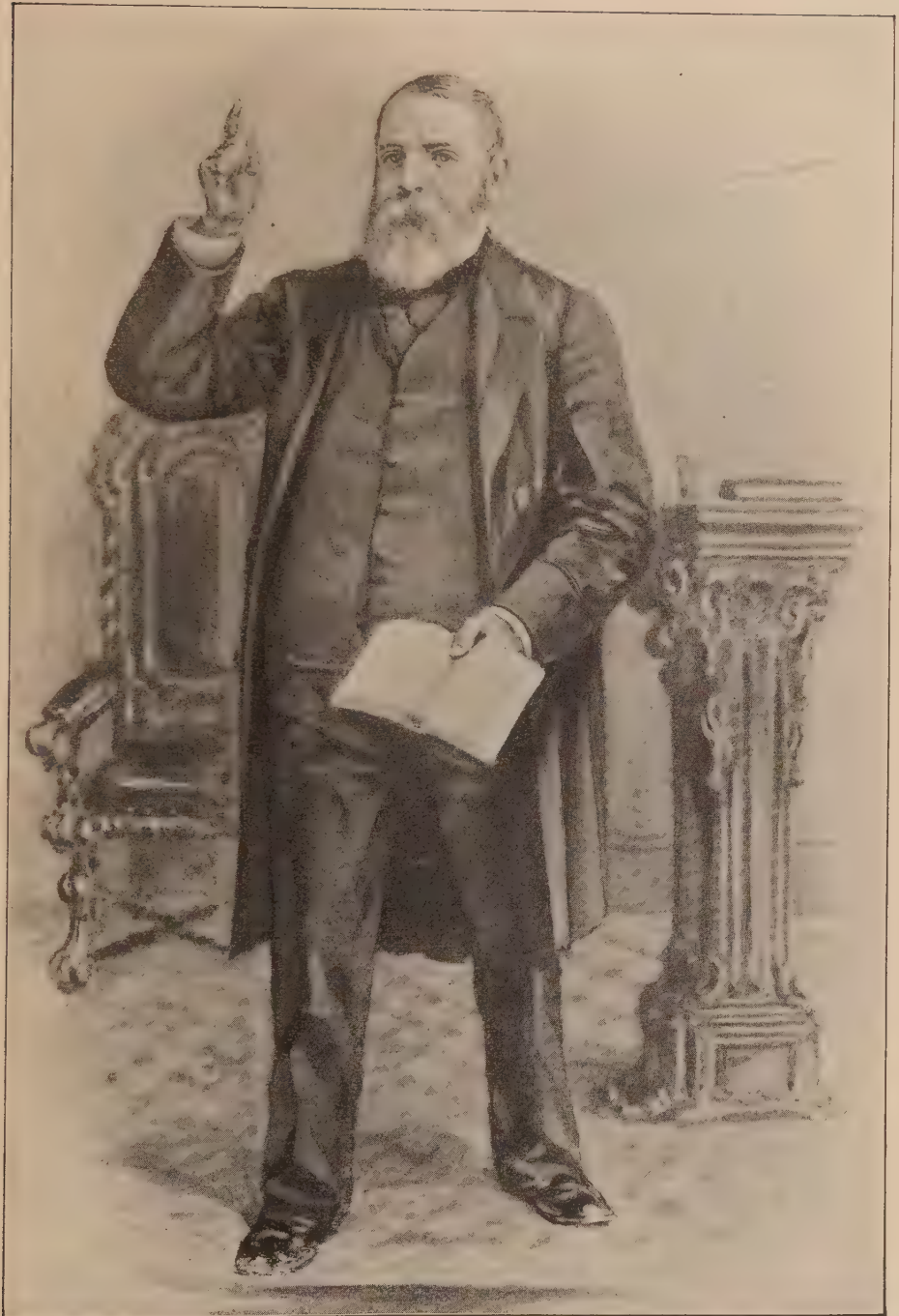
The letter was from a resident of York, inviting Moody and Sankey to visit his city should they ever come to England. The invitation was gladly accepted, and three days later Moody and Sankey were holding meetings in York. The attendance was at first rather poor, but Moody's sermons and Sankey's hymns soon had their effect, and it was not long before the meeting place was too small to accommodate the crowds.

From that on they met with continued success.

An incident that occurred shortly after their leaving York is of interest in connection with Moody's last illness. In their travels they came across the Surgeon-General of India, and Moody questioned him closely about the climate, etc., of his native country. India was one of the countries the evangelists had proposed visiting, and when the surgeon general heard of this, he made a thorough physical examination of Moody.

Looking the evangelist squarely in the eyes for several seconds, the surgeon general said: "Mr. Moody, if you go to India your life will be shortened ten years. The climate will affect your heart."

Moody was dumbfounded for a time, but quickly recovering, he regretfully said: "All right, then, we won't go."



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CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE OF MR. MOODY WHILE PREACHING

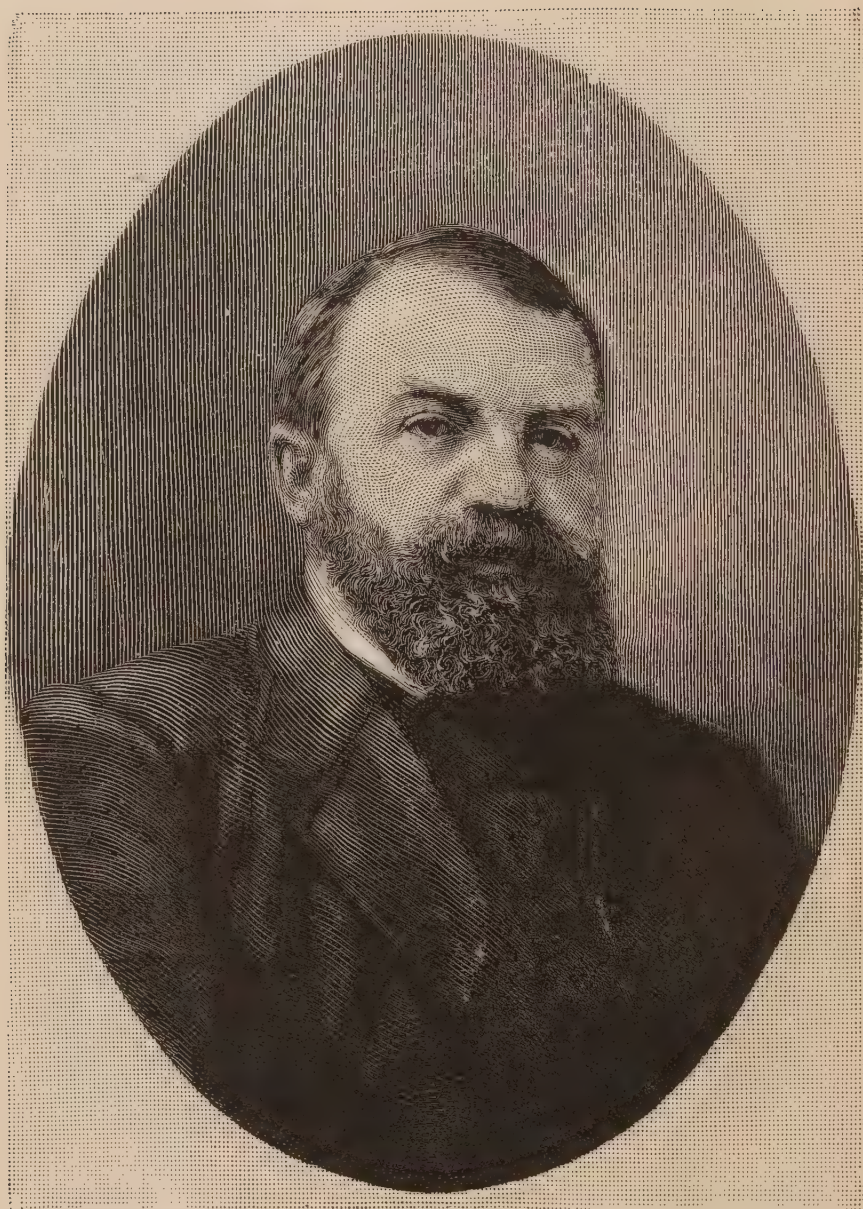


MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD



BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU

AUTHOR OF "MR. MOODY'S MINISTRY TO MEN," WHICH APPEARS IN THIS VOLUME



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DWIGHT L. MOODY AS HE APPEARED IN 1886

This interfered with the proposed trip around the world, but the two evangelists visited many other countries while abroad, conducting successful meetings wherever they went. The opinion of the Surgeon-General of India, in regard to Mr. Moody's physical condition, was apparently correct.

Mr. Moody, generally accompanied by Mr. Sankey, subsequently made frequent visits to England and Ireland. Among Mr. Moody's successes on the other side of the ocean none was more striking than his conquest of prejudice in Oxford and Cambridge. His first service at Oxford was so disturbed by the noises made by the undergraduates that there were minutes when it was impossible for him to proceed. With wonderful tact and patience he persisted till he gained the good-will of his almost riotous audience. Before long he had won many hearts, and the impression left upon numerous members of the University promised to be both deep and lasting. Like success attended his visit to Cambridge.

EVANGELISTIC CONFERENCES AT NORTHFIELD.

The influence exercised by Mr. Moody was not confined to his personal labors in different parts of the world, but was felt in many ways through those sent out from the three schools which he established in Northfield, and the one in Chicago. The general conferences of Christian workers held annually at Northfield under his direction were also a powerful influence in the work of evangelization. Widespread likewise has been the influence exerted by the enormous edition of the "Gospel Hymns," issued under the joint names of Moody and Sankey, which have now been sung in every quarter of the globe for a quarter of a century.

Mr. Moody was a great builder. His first building was the Illinois Street Church, in Chicago, erected about 1858, for the shelter of his mission school and the church which grew out of it. His second building enterprise was the Young Men's Christian Association building, in Chicago, erected in 1866, the first commodious edifice for Y. M. C. A. purposes in this country. His third enterprise was the re-erection of the first Y. M. C. A. building,

destroyed by fire, both known as the Farwell Hall. This also was destroyed in the great fire in 1871, and again rebuilt, mainly through Mr. Moody's efforts.

The fourth and present beautiful edifice, the finest, perhaps, in the world, stands partly upon the original site, on land given by John V. Farwell. The other Y. M. C. A. buildings in America for which money was raised by Mr. Moody, and in whose erection he was more or less conspicuous, were in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Baltimore and Scranton.

In Great Britain these buildings were erected by Mr. Moody's personal efforts or from the inspiration of his works: Christian Union buildings, Dublin; Christian Institute building, Glasgow; Carubber's Close Mission, Edinburgh, the story of which is not only interesting but romantic; Conference Hall, Stratford; Down Lodge Hall, Wandsworth, London, and the Young Men's Christian Association building, Liverpool. In addition to the above, are twenty or more buildings at Northfield, Mass.; the Chicago Avenue Church and Bible and Institute buildings, Chicago.

WIDE FIELD OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The death of Dwight L. Moody brought sorrow to thousands of hearts not only in his own country, but in Great Britain and Ireland, which were also the scenes of his fruitful labors. A self-made man, without what are considered the advantages of birth and education, by his strong personality, his ardent zeal, his stern sincerity, and his undaunted perseverance, he became a striking figure in religious work. His first endeavors, as we have seen, were in the direction of gathering children into the Sunday-school, an enterprise in which he was eminently successful. Realizing that in every community there were many grown persons who who attended no religious exercises, and permitted sloth and indifference to blind them to their moral obligations, Mr. Moody-determined to devote himself to the task of attracting such persons to the practice of virtue in their everyday lives, and to feel submission to the commands of conscience.

He did not seek to found a sect, but to preach the Christian Gospel in the broadest sense, leaving to his hearers their own choice of denomination when they felt impressed with the necessity of identifying themselves with the work of the Church.

In company with Ira D. Sankey, Mr. Moody visited many cities in the United States and Great Britain. Everywhere they met with eventual success, although frequently they were obliged to overcome obstacles placed in their path by prejudice against evangelism. While they addressed themselves chiefly to men who were non-church members, thousands of Christian men and women, affiliated with the various denominations, attended the Moody lectures and contributed to the effective results of the same. These outpourings of the people were a magnificent tribute to the zeal of Mr. Moody for God's glory, and their effectiveness was demonstrated by the new life given to the church work of the religious organizations everywhere.

HE SOLVED A HARD PROBLEM.

The problem of all ministers of religion is how best to reach "the masses," the general body of the people. Sermons delivered to church-goers, to the ready and willing worshipers, form a part of the Church's mission, but not the whole. The sheep that are not in the fold call for the shepherd's care. Mr. Moody went out into the world, the highways and byways, offered his hand to the stranger, and brought him within the influence of religious teaching. He encouraged men to be good and to do good, and showed them that even in a material way, they that walk uprightly are blessed. Impressive he was and convincing; and it was not so much his magnetism as his sincerity that drew hearts to him and the cause to which he had consecrated himself.

The world is poorer for his going, but richer for his life, and thousands are blessing God, and will bless Him through all eternity for the message which they heard from this man. He was plain and simple, almost homely, in his appearance and his manner. There was no great eloquence in his speech, as men reckon eloquence, nor majesty in his stature; yet he drew people

as by a miracle, because he was so true, and because he had a message. It might be said of him, as was said long ago of John the Baptist: "He did no miracle. but all things he spake of Jesus were true."

The "summer schools" held in the quiet little town of Northfield, have made it famous all over the world, and have accomplished more than can easily be calculated for the growth of the Christian religion at home and abroad.

Mr. Moody never received money for his services, although he accepted gifts for the work he was carrying on. It is said that a friend cared for his wants, and left him free to preach and work unhampered by the perplexing alliances which have often crippled aggressive workers. And so, fearless, and unbound by anything save the bonds of his love for his Master, he labored on until the end.

RAISED FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

It is a wonderful story, the life of this farmer's boy, this mechanic, this uneducated, yet true and inspired teacher. Perhaps all the lessons can be hardly told so soon after his ended career. But surely there are some which are evident, and which this age certainly needs to learn.

First, he was strongly sincere and fearless. His religion meant everything to him, and his faith, therefore, was great. It is the "light, half believer of a casual creed," as Arnold expressed it, who is full of hesitation and trembling, and makes little headway. Honesty of religious belief will always impress men.

Second, Mr. Moody was direct. He had little patience with the sophistry of theological theories; but he knew that the world was sinful, and that Christianity could help it, and that constituted his creed and was the basis of his preaching. And we can assure ministers to-day that while men are careless of so called dogma, and hate empty formalism, they will listen and profit by the old story of help and comfort and godly living taught by Jesus of Nazareth. Others can fill churches as well as Mr. Moody filled his halls, if only they are whole-hearted, and have a simple Gospel message.

Third, he was a man, "the noblest work of God." He might have been more learned in books; a college education is good. He might have been more polished in social ways, though he always had a little contempt for refinements of social distinction. But he was big minded, big hearted, brave, instinctively a gentleman of the highest type, and these great possessions gave him influence.

That influence will live, as all such influences must live. Would to God we had more such men, for the world needs them! Meanwhile, regardless of sect or creed, or no creed, all men will feel the loss of such a man, and will count themselves as fellow sorrowers with the Northfield family in the little white house by the roadside, under the shadow of the old "Round Top," dear to tens of thousands.

HIS FAR-REACHING INFLUENCE.

The religion "of the heart" may occupy a less conspicuous place in American life than formerly, but, in view of the steady growth of D. L. Moody's influence, it can hardly be said to fill a smaller one. His last audience, at Kansas City, was said to be his largest in this country. But the evangelist's share in works for righteousness was by no means confined to the reach of his voice in his latter days. Every summer men of learning and culture flocked to his Massachusetts school to learn from this plain shoe-clerk the secret of fixing the Word in men's minds. So it is probable that his dying day saw far greater multitudes under the sway of his teachings than did the period of his greater vogue as a "revivalist."

With the average American, life has become a much more complex thing to-day than it was even twenty-five years ago. There are many more things for men and women to do, to talk about and to write about, but it does not follow that we have dropped any of our "fifty religions" or the practice of the principal branches thereof. Yet we hear lamentations of the "decline of faith" because no popular preacher occupies as prominent place in the public regard as did D. L. Moody in his prime.

CHAPTER III.

Moody's Great Missionary Work in Chicago.

DWIGHT L. MOODY, preacher of the Gospel and powerful to move men's hearts, found his inspiration in Chicago, and Chicago mourns his passing away as few men's deaths are mourned. "The greatest man of his generation, a true lover of God and humanity, a mighty evangelist," ministers of a dozen creeds agreed in calling him, while men of the world, remembering his homely speech, his simple doctrine, his power over human emotions, echoed the verdict and wondered, sorrowing, if another Moody would ever rise to stir and win the world in like manner.

It was in the old North Market Hall, standing where the Criminal court towers coldly now, that the dead evangelist found his tongue forty years before he died and began to persuade his fellows to live lives patterned after Christ's. In Boston, where he had gone in 1854, a shy lad of 17, to work in his uncle's shoe shop, he had joined the Congregational Church, but had been advised that his gift was in silence, not in praying or speaking out in meeting. His life on the farm at Northfield had been colored by grinding poverty. A common school education had been denied him by the necessity of labor.

When he came to Chicago, two years later, to sell shoes and give his free hours to the Lord, he contented himself with much study of the Bible, and the gathering of poor children into a mission Sunday-school at Van Buren and Dearborn Streets, where there were other teachers, to instruct them. J. V. Farwell, Sr., who knew Mr. Moody in his youth better than any other man in Chicago, called him a "Sunday-school drummer" when telling of his early work among the poor of Chicago.

"He used to canvass the district south of Van Buren Street for children," said Mr. Farwell, "getting them out of bed on Sunday mornings, washing and dressing them and hurrying them

to the mission by 9 o'clock." Teaching he did not attempt until he entered the larger field of the poor district just north of the river, and began a series of Sunday meetings for boys in the old Market Hall in 1858.

Mr. Farwell was superintendent of the first Moody Sunday-school in the Market Hall. They had the hall rent free, but it always took a deal of cleaning to fit it for the gathering of boys, which increased every Sunday. In two years the school grew to 1,500 pupils. In December, 1860, Abraham Lincoln, then President-elect, visited the Sunday-school and made a brief speech to the boys.

"If you listen to what is taught you here," Mr. Lincoln said, "and obey the teachings, you will become good men. One of you may become President of the United States."



MR. MOODY AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN:
As he appeared when he left home for Boston.

Mr. Moody depended for his sermons on visiting clergymen and theological students. One night the preacher failed to appear, and the young puritan, flinging off the bonds he had put on himself, gave the boys a gospel talk. They clamored for more Moody sermons. Their parents came to listen. Mr. Moody had found his tongue. The theological students got a long vacation, and the great evangelist began to know his own power of stirring souls.

A church grew up beside the Market Hall Sunday-school. A building 100 by 50 feet was erected on Illinois Street, near Rush, in 1864, and there the congregation worshipped until the great fire of 1871, which left the Moodys—Mr. Moody had taken for wife in 1862 a Chicago girl—penniless. A mission had been planted at

Chicago Avenue and LaSalle Street. It, too, was destroyed. Within a week, however, a temporary building of pine boards, its roof of tarred paper, was erected, and the great evangelist had gathered his scattered flock about him. In 1872 a permanent building was begun. The Chicago Avenue church celebrated its thirty-fifth anniversary only a few hours before its famous founder died.

Meanwhile, Mr. Moody's fame as an evangelist spread throughout the land, and had reached England. In 1873, in answer to an invitation from Liverpool, Mr. Moody went abroad, taking Ira D. Sankey with him. He induced the singer to join fortunes with him. For a year before leaving Chicago the two men had worked together at Chicago Avenue church and in Farwell Hall, the Madison Street headquarters of the Y. M. C. A., of which Mr. Moody was secretary and general manager. Landing in Liverpool, they found that the two men who had asked them to come to England were dead. Without friends or introduction of any sort, the Americans in two years swept Great Britain like firebrands.

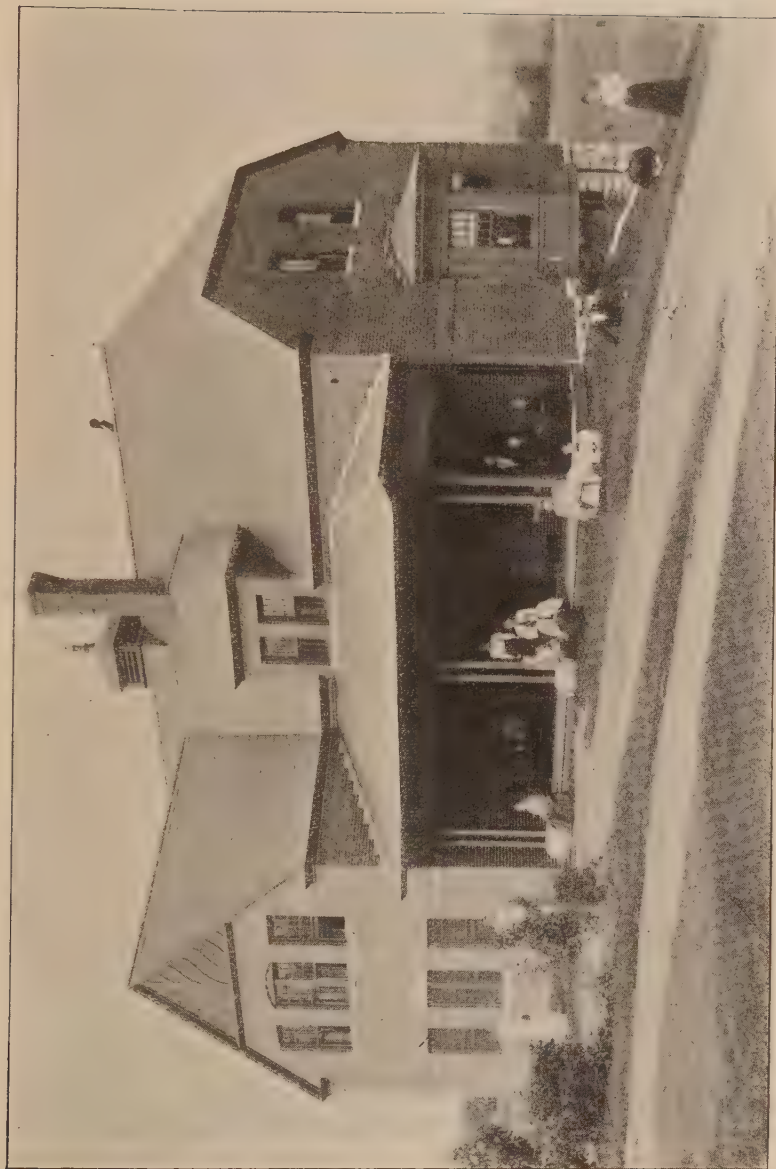
IMMENSE MEETING IN LONDON.

Mr. Farwell, who was in London during the closing months of the Gospel campaign, tells of one meeting in Agricultural Hall at which 25,000 persons were present, while as many more sought vainly for admission to the great building.

"I don't know of any other man," said Mr. Farwell, "who has preached the living Gospel of Jesus Christ to as many men and women as did Dwight L. Moody."

Mr. Moody returned to Chicago in the fall of 1875. The half-built Farson block, at 236 to 252 Monroe Street, now occupied by the United States Rubber Company, was roofed over and turned into a tabernacle for the homecoming of the evangelist. All winter he preached to audiences ranging up to 10,000 persons, among other things raising \$100,000 to pay the losses incurred by the struggling Y. M. C. A. in two disastrous fires.

The Chicago Avenue church was placed firmly on its feet



HOLTON HALL—NORTHFIELD, MASS.



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

with the royalties from the English issues of Mr. Moody's books and the Moody and Sankey "Hymns." In all Mr. Moody devoted \$70,000 to the establishment of the Chicago Avenue congregation. For the founding and support of the Bible Institute to train young men for the ministry, which he started October 1, 1889, he raised upwards of \$400,000.

After his return from England in 1875 the whole country claimed Mr. Moody. With Mr. Sankey, he went up and down through the United States, taking multitudes into his confidence and leading them to God. He preached in an old freight depot in Philadelphia. In New York he preached in Madison Square Garden. In later years in Chicago he filled the Auditorium to the aisles of its topmost gallery. Later he devoted himself particularly to the two schools which he established at Northfield and Mount Hermon, which had for their nucleus a dozen boys he brought back from England in 1875, engaging to find them a home.

UNPARALLELED CIRCULATION OF GOSPEL SONGS.

He found time to write several books in the intervals of his preaching, and his sermons were published in volumes. The "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," which he wrote with P. P. Bliss and Mr. Sankey, is said to have reached a circulation of 20,000,000 copies and to have realized \$1,250,000 in royalties. This money was received by a committee, who applied it to various religious purposes. None of it went to Mr. Moody, who asked no price and would take none for his labors.

All his royalties for years have been equally divided between the two institutions. In 1899 they amounted to \$20,000. In the Chicago Avenue Church and Bible Institute, he took an intense interest, directing the affairs of both, finding money for their necessities.

Mr. Moody served as a sort of chaplain-at-large to the Union armies during the war of the rebellion. He was at the battles of Shiloh, Pittsburg Landing and Murfreesboro, served through the Chattanooga campaign, and marched into Richmond with the vanguard of Grant's conquering army. In the captured city, and

earlier in the hospitals, Mr. Moody nursed and preached, teaching friend and foe alike to love him. During the Spanish-American war he worked at Tampa, Chickamauga, Jacksonville and Camp Alger. He would have followed Shafter's corps to Santiago, but for the protest of his physician.

His last address in Chicago was at the Bible Institute, Nov. 10, 1899, while he was on his way to Kansas City, where the first collapse came. In October he conducted his last "campaign against sin" in Chicago, preaching at the First Baptist Church, the Western Avenue Methodist Church and the Chicago Avenue Church to immense gatherings. His throat failed him Oct. 5, and he was compelled to abandon the Friday and Saturday meetings.

THE EVANGELIST AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Mr. Moody's most notable work in Chicago in recent years was done during the summer of the World's Fair. He made a special effort to reach the multitudes that poured into the city from all parts of the world, the best known ministers of England and the continent coming to Chicago to talk to the thousands whom his meetings attracted. During most of the summer he held daily or bi-weekly union services in eight churches, two theatres, five tents and a dozen mission halls, besides continuing the regular work of the Bible Institute. On Sundays the attendance at the various meetings frequently reached 50,000.

Chicago mourned for Moody in the midst of its Christmas preparations. Many prominent Chicagoans paid high tributes to the dead evangelist. Some of them follow :

Dr. William Macafee, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Evanston : "For more than a quarter of a century he was one of the most useful men and one of the greatest religious forces in the Christian world. On questions of Biblical criticism he was not considered an authority. No manner of protest will check the advance of truth. One thing his life makes very clear, and that is that no vital part of the Gospel is affected by the criticisms of the times. All that is necessary for the salvation of men remains unimpaired."

Dr. Henry Wade Rogers, president of Northwestern University : "The whole Christian world will learn with profound regret of the death of Dwight L. Moody. He was a power for good, and his influence has led thousands of men and women to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. That he was a remarkable man we must all agree ; that he was a good man no one will deny ; that he accomplished splendid work must be conceded. In his death the Church suffers a severe loss. The carping critic, who thinks it is a badge of superiority to assail, he did not escape. But no one ever questioned the purity of his life or the integrity of his character or his earnestness of purpose. He did a good work and a greater than any of his detractors. He has passed to his reward. I am sorry that we are not to look upon his face again."

GLOWING TRIBUTES TO MR. MOODY.

Amos W. Patten, Professor of Biblical Instruction at Northwestern University—"I think that there is no doubt but that the universal verdict of the people will be that Dwight L. Moody was the evangelist of the century, if not of Protestantism of modern times. He certainly has done a vast work in bringing people to comprehend the simple basis of the Christian life and leading them to read the Bible and to believe it as God's message to men. He has not simply been a preacher, but he has been an organizer. The Y. M. C. A. in this country can never repay the debt to Moody for the inspiration which he has given to its work. He has done a great deal to unite the churches, to bring them to a common basis of evangelical work. We shall never forget Moody's downright earnestness, his simple faith and his large-hearted Christian character."

Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus—"Mr. Moody was a Christian in every sense of the word. He lived in the Gospel ; he felt it and he was an earnest evangelist. He preached in the midst of the doubt of the Nineteenth century, and he carried conviction to the heart. His religion was the Bible, and he was blessed with a power to move men to think of the teachings of that book. His

life was a magnificent triumph, standing upon the most important facts of all the ages."

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch—"While it is a fact that I did not agree with the doctrines of Mr. Moody, I always admired him for his earnestness and the intensity with which he preached his religion. He possessed an element of intensity that is missing altogether too much from the orthodox churches of to-day; there is too much intellect and too little heart. He put his heart into his work, and for that I have also admired him."

Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones—"Mr. Moody tried to fit the old theology with the modern humanity and to reconcile the ethical and social problems of the day with a rather non-ethical scheme of salvation. He was a representative of the old evangelists, but instead of appealing to the fears in men of God he appealed to their love. He was an earnest and a remarkable man."

A MAN OF GREAT ENERGY.

Dr. W. C. Gray, Editor of the 'Interior'—"Energy was the trait of Mr. Moody, and he showed it when he began evangelistic work here in Chicago thirty years ago. He was earnest in all things and possessed of great intensity. He knew human nature and he knew the Bible, and he had the power and the force to combine the two effectively. He knew how to appeal to men and to convince them of the truth of the Bible."

The Rev. William A. Burch, pastor of the South Park Avenue Methodist Church—"The death of Mr. Moody is a blow to the religious world. He was a power, and his earnestness won men and caused them to think of those things he said. He was energetic, too, in his work, and by his very force of character convinced every one of his earnestness and his faith in the Bible."

Dr. H. C. Jennings, Western Methodist Book Concern—"In common with the rest of the world I regret the death of one of the most earnest workers in religion that the world has ever known. Mr. Moody accomplished more for religion than perhaps the world will ever know."

Dr. John H. Boyd, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church

of Evanston—"Nature was kind to Mr. Moody. Her gifts were many and large. Divine grace so perfected and directed Nature's endowments as to make him a most masterful personality. His evangelistic labors, his writings, his schools, evidence this power. But there are things which he did more significant than these. He created a new method in Christian effort and in himself supplied the ideal. He has influenced the style of preaching for a whole generation. He has created a school of thought and given an emphasis to truth which teaches the very essence of religion, and will impress the Christian world more and more."

Dr. Herbert Fisk, Northwestern Academy—"Mr. Moody seemed to me to be the greatest evangelist of modern times. He was pre-eminently a lover of righteousness and turned many to righteousness. He will be one of those who will shine as the stars."

The Rev. P. H. Swift, First Methodist Church, Englewood—"The world has lost a great and a good man. He was a power in the evangelistic world, and has brought many souls to Christ."

THE WORLD LOST A FRIEND.

The Rev. H. Francis Perry, Englewood Baptist Church—"The church and the Christian world have lost a very dear friend. Only Sunday W. P. Hall, of New York, who occupied my pulpit at both services, told of Mr. Moody's greatness. Prayers were said that he might be spared to us, but God has willed it otherwise."

The Rev. George R. Wallace, Pilgrim Congregational Church—"I am much pained to hear of Mr. Moody's death. The sinner has lost his best and dearest friend."

The Rev. H. Atwood Percival, Normal Park Presbyterian Church—"Mr. Moody's life work was for Christ. His place will not be filled very soon."

The Rev. C. G. Kindred, Church of Christ, Englewood—"Moody's death is a nation's grief. The church world will miss him very much."

John V. Farewell—"Mr. Moody was a great man—a man of tremendous ability and energy. If he had gone into trade he

would have achieved as great success as in preaching the Gospel. If he had been a politician, he might have been President of the United States. Humility was his platform. Good, strong, common sense his unfailing guide. His modesty was unusual. Only once have I heard him speak of his own preaching or its effect upon his hearers. Then he told of a sermon he preached in a church in the north of London. He said a stone wall seemed to rear itself between him and the people. He could not break it down, and at last, with a sinking heart, he asked those who wished to be Christians to stand up. More than half the throng responded. Afterward he learned that a bed-ridden old woman of the parish had prayed that good might come of his visit, and he took the thing as a lesson against pride in his own powers. He believed that not he, but God, working through him, wrought the marvelous conversions attending his preaching. And always he preached God's love for man—not hell."

DESCRIPTION OF A TRUE EVANGELIST.

Mr. Moody once gave a reporter his idea of what an evangelist should be. He said: "The work is varied and a great variety of men is needed for it. We need scholarly evangelists and we need evangelists who come out from the common people, but every man to succeed must have common sense, an unblemished character, consecration, large sympathies, love for his fellowmen, faith, patience, enterprise, energy, familiarity with the word of God, and, most of all, the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Briefly, the ideal of the evangelist must be the preaching of the simple Gospel in the power of the Holy Ghost and the coming in actual contact with the people."

His advice to the working people of Chicago in 1893 was: "First of all, seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness; believe in His promise, which I have never known to fail, that all things will be added unto them; second, to pray to God for work; third, to be as patient as possible during times of hardship; fourth, to look earnestly for work; fifth, take any honest employment that offers itself; sixth, study economy."

The news of Mr. Moody's death brought grief to the Bible Institute. Classes went on without interruption, but sorrow hung over the big building at 80 Institute place, and the students and children made no secret of their tears. The Rev. R. A. Torrey, Director of the Institute, left for Northfield to attend the funeral services. Dr. Torrey declared that Mr. Moody's death would make no difference in the conduct of the Bible Institute.

"We have lost our leader and a loving father," he said, "but the institute will be able to continue its work, though we will sorely miss Mr. Moody's counsel and assistance. We own the buildings and I have faith that we will be able to enlist support enough to eke out our insufficient endowment. Mr. Moody was beloved by every man or child who knew him. That was part of his power—the love he had for every one of God's creatures, though the greater part was, I believe, the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. He was humble as a child, though his wonderful energy and dominant personality sometimes made him seem self-assertive. His gospel was the gospel of God's love."

MR. SANKEY'S HEARTFELT TRIBUTE.

In the magazine "Success" Ira D. Sankey, the co-laborer and friend of the great evangelist, has this to say of him:

"I consider Dwight L. Moody the most remarkable man of the century, distinguished especially for his devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ, and the betterment of the world. His character is marked by great common sense and by the utmost sincerity, his heart by singleness of philanthropic purpose, and his life by the tremendous power of achievement. His work has resulted in the conversion of hundreds of thousands of men and women in the two great English-speaking nations, England and America, marking him as the greatest religious general of his day. I believe his name will be held in everlasting remembrance by millions of the best people in the world."

Ira D. Sankey, associated with Mr. Moody for many years in his evangelical work, when he learned of Mr. Moody's death, said:

"Mr. Moody was the greatest man the country has ever seen. He was a God-fearing man and a God-like worker, never too tired to continue his work in the vineyard of the Lord. I visited Northfield ten days ago. There I found Mr. Moody in so critical a condition that the physician would not permit me to see him. Therefore I knew he was very ill, but I did not expect his death so soon. I am sorry that I did not see him before his death in order that I might have gotten his last message to the world.

"Mr. Moody and I were together for twenty-seven years. We met at a Y. M. C. A. in Indianapolis and arranged at that time to begin our evangelical work. We traveled together throughout this country and later went to Europe. While in London we preached to an audience of 17,000 on one occasion. The largest assembly which we secured in this country was in Philadelphia, where 11,000 persons congregated to hear us in the old John Wanamaker building.

HIS FAVORITE HYMNS.

"Mr. Moody was a man full of energy and good work. He was a loyal friend. His favorite hymns were 'When the Mists Have Cleared Away' and 'The Ninety and Nine.'"

The Rev. Wilbur Chapman, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York, who knew Mr. Moody as intimately as any man, was deeply touched by the news of the evangelist's death.

Mr. Chapman said: "He was the most lovable man I ever knew, and aside from my own father he filled a larger place in my heart than any other man. His chief characteristic was his honesty. He was the most genuinely honest man I ever knew and as sincere a man as ever lived.

"He had perfect confidence in the word of God, and never took any stock in the so-called 'higher criticism.' The only time I ever saw him angry was when he was discussing the utterances of one of these critics. He could read a man through and through and was as keen a judge of human nature as I ever knew.

"He believed thoroughly in prayer. I knew his secret

Christian life, and I saw him before and after his sermons and in times of perplexity, when he talked to God as freely as my own children talk to me. He had perfect confidence.

"On one occasion he needed a sum of money—\$5000 or \$10,000—to complete the Mount Hermon School, and he sat down and wrote for the money to a man in a large city which I will not name. He knew that no human means would induce this man to give the money. Before sending the letter he took it to his chamber, placed it in a chair, and kneeling, prayed over it as only Moody could pray.

"The letter reached the man at breakfast. He read it and threw it aside as preposterous. But there was something peculiar about it, and he read it again, and a third time, and finally went to his library and wrote the check, sending it in a letter in which he explained the circumstances and said he hastened to write before he went to his office for fear he might change his mind.

PRACTICED WHAT HE PREACHED.

"Mr. Moody practiced what he preached. He never did a mean thing in his life, and if he injured another unwittingly he was the first to make it right. He believed in the second coming of Christ, but he did not wish to give his belief prominence, because he did not think fads should be put forward."

Bishop I. N. Joyce, of the Methodist Church, said, in regard to the death of Mr. Moody :

"I had known Mr. Moody for twenty-five years and had met him on many occasions. He was one of the purest and truest men I ever knew. He was a most thoughtful and careful student of the Bible, and seemed to understand the different departments of that book and know how to use them with great effect among his congregations. He was a great friend of young men, and his influence over them was remarkable. He was a devoted and laborious worker, and so far as I know the money he received nearly all went to aid poor young men or struggling colleges or churches.

"Mr. Moody was a remarkable reader of human nature, and seemed intuitively to understand how to apply the truth to men

in keeping with their disposition and nature. He was also a good writer. He wrote many books upon different subjects relating to Bible doctrines, and many of them have been translated into foreign tongues and circulated in lands beyond the sea. His Gospel songs, also, which he and Mr. Sankey published, have been translated into nearly all languages and have had a marvelous effect. I have heard his songs sung by natives in their own tongue in China, Japan and Korea. The church of Jesus Christ has lost one of the most effective workers it ever had in the death of Mr. Moody."

Dwight L. Moody was one of the remarkable men of the century. Few religious leaders exercised so deep an influence over the lives of such large numbers of their fellow-beings as did this great evangelist. In his power over men Moody has been likened to the apostles who went forth to preach the Gospel in the early days of Christianity. He was much like the early Christians in his simple, sincere faith, in his democratic instincts that led him to look upon all men as brothers, and in his unselfish devotion to the cause of religion.

HIS OWN BELIEF WAS FIRM.

Moody was able to convince men because of his own unflinching belief in what he had to say. He furnished a conspicuous example of the power of faith to effect results. The faith alone, however, might not have been so mightily effective but for the keen human sympathy of its possessor which enabled him to understand men and the ways of reaching them. He was no respecter of persons. His mission was to rich and poor alike. The democratic spirit of the Gospels took deep hold on him, not as a mere academic conception, but as a reality, and in consequence he was enabled in turn to acquire and retain a strong hold on the people. Added to his other qualities was the gift of sound common sense, which preserved him from the errors into which men of strong religious convictions oftentimes fall. His characteristic frankness of manner and directness of statement were charming to all who came in contact with him. The pathetic and the humorous

in Moody's anecdotes were so blended as to entertain and to influence the emotions of his hearers almost at the same time.

Moody was a power in two continents. Whether on the whole he had most influence in America or in Great Britain one could hardly say. Moody began his cosmopolitan career in Chicago. It was there that he discovered himself and began to find out the power that was in him. It was there that he learned how to meet men, how to deal with all sorts of people, how to get others to work, how to get people to work together. He gained a prime part of his real education in Chicago, a part of it in the army during the war of the rebellion, a part in conventions held in Illinois and in all sections of the country, and was himself in in process of education to the end. An expansionist from the beginning, he went in 1873 to Great Britain, where he conducted for two years the most remarkable campaign of evangelism of the century. Eminent Scotchmen, like Henry Drummond, who were in the best position to know, declare that the visit of Moody and Sankey to Scotland made "nothing less than a national epoch." It was a similar impression which this movement made in London, in Manchester and other cities of England.

MADE REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES.

Moody was in a way one of the greatest of modern discoverers. He seldom went anywhere without discovering some young man or some woman over whom he exerted a decisive personal influence at a critical moment, and indicated an open door to some peculiarly effective career. A multitude of such persons might be mentioned on both sides of the Atlantic who have since made their own mark in all the professions in almost all parts of the world. Mr. Drummond himself was one of these. It was Moody's influence over him which proved to be the making of him. If it had not been for Moody it is doubtful if Drummond would ever have been heard of. As it is, Drummond's influence has probably been on the whole quite as great on this side as on that side of the Atlantic.

After Moody was first in England he was in constant

communication with many of the most influential clergymen and Christian workers and educators there. Every summer for many years he had his own interdenominational, interstate, national and international "parliament of religion" in connection with his Northfield "conferences." At these delightful and enthusiastic educational camp meetings Moody was always the dominating personality, inspiring every one with something of his own spirit, thus multiplying his own power, in part at least, a thousand times over and in all directions.

A MAN OF LEVEL HEAD.

He never made any serious mistakes. There was no flaw in his character. He commanded an absolutely universal respect. Rich and poor, high and low, learned and illiterate, cherished almost exactly the same feelings toward him. The kind of influences which he began to put forth in Chicago forty years before went on growing and extending to the day of his death — and as the tidings of his death were borne to every part of the English speaking world, his influence seemed to be greater than ever. It is not an exaggeration to say that the twentieth century will be in certain pervasive and vital respects appreciably different from what it would have been were it not for the distinctive spiritual and moral forces which Moody imparted and put forth.

It is interesting to trace the early history of the man who has filled so large a space in the religious life and activity of the universal Church, especially the accounts given of his conversion, and his entrance upon his unparalleled career of usefulness.

Scores of stories about the conversion of Mr. Moody have been published. Mr. Edward Kimball, through whose influence Mr. Moody was converted, thus tells of that event:

"To tell the story correctly I must go back of the important event a few weeks to Thanksgiving day many years ago. A Thanksgiving family dinner party was assembled at the Moody home, which was on a farm a mile and a half from Northfield, Mass. At the table among others were Samuel and Lemuel Holton of Boston, two uncles of the Moody children. Without any

preliminary warning young Dwight, a boy of about seventeen, spoke up and said to his Uncle Samuel: 'Uncle, I want to come to Boston and have a place in your shoe-store. Will you take me?' Despite the directness of the question, the uncle returned to Boston without giving his nephew an answer. When Mr. Holton asked advice in the matter from an older brother of Dwight, the brother told his uncle that perhaps he had better not take the boy, for in a short time Dwight would want to run the store.

MORE FOND OF FUN THAN OF BOOKS.

"Dwight was a headstrong young fellow who would not study at school, and who was much fonder of a practical joke than he was of his books. His expressed desire to go to Boston and get work was not a jest that the boy forgot the day after Thanksgiving. The two uncles were surprised when one day in the following spring Dwight turned up in Boston looking for a job. His Uncle Samuel did not offer him a place. Dwight, when asked how he thought he could get a start, said he wanted work and he guessed he could find a position. After days of efforts and meeting nothing but failures, the boy grew discouraged with Boston and told his Uncle Lemuel he was going to New York. The uncle strongly advised Dwight not to go, but to speak to his Uncle Samuel again about the matter. The boy demurred, saying his Uncle Samuel knew perfectly well what he wanted. But the uncle insisted so that a second time the boy asked his Uncle Samuel for a place in his store.

"'Dwight, I am afraid, if you come in here, you will want to run the store yourself,' said Mr. Holton. 'Now, my men here want to do their work as I want it done. If you want to come in here and do the best you can and do it right, and if you'll ask me when you don't know how to do anything, or, if I'm not here, ask the book-keeper and, if he's not here, ask one of the salesmen or one of the boys, and if you are willing to go to church and Sunday-school when you are able to go anywhere on Sundays, and if you are willing not to go anywhere at night or any other time which you wouldn't want me or your mother to know about, why,

then, if you'll promise all these things you may come and take hold and we'll see how we can get along. You can have till Monday to think it over.'

"'I don't want till Monday," said Dwight; "I'll promise now." And young Moody began work in his uncle's shoe store.

"A remark the boy's uncle made afterward will give an idea of the young man's lack of education at this time. The uncle said that when Dwight read his Bible out loud he couldn't make anything more out of it than he could out of the chattering of a lot of blackbirds. Many of the words were so far beyond the boy that he left them out entirely when he read and the majority of the others he mangled fearfully. The young man came on Sunday to the old Mount Vernon church to Sunday-school. He told Superintendent Palmer who he was and asked to be placed in a class. The superintendent brought Dwight to the class I was teaching and he took his seat among the other boys. I handed him a closed Bible and told him the lesson was John.

IGNORANT OF THE BIBLE.

"The boy took the book and began running over the leaves away at the first of the volume looking for John. Out of the corners of their eyes the boys saw what he was doing and, detecting his ignorance, glanced slyly and knowingly at one another, not rudely, of course, you understand. I gave the boys just one hasty glance of reproof. That was enough; their equanimity was restored immediately. I quietly handed Moody my own book open at the right place and took his. I didn't suppose the boy could possibly have noticed the glances exchanged between the other boys over his ignorance; but it seems from remarks made in later years that he did, and he said in reference to my little act in exchanging books with him that he would stick by the fellow that had stood up by him and who had done him a good turn like that.

"Then came the day when I determined to speak to Moody about Christ and about his soul. I started down to Holton's shoe store. When I was nearly there I began to wonder whether I

ought to go just then during business hours. And I thought maybe my mission might so embarrass the boy that when I went away the other clerks might ask who I was, and when they learned might taunt Moody and ask if I was trying to make a good boy out of him. While I was pondering over it all I passed the store without noticing it. Then when I found that I had gone by the door I determined to make a dash for it and have it over at once. I found Moody in the back part of the store wrapping up shoes in paper and putting them on shelves. I went up to him and put my hand on his shoulder, and as I leaned over I put my foot upon a shoebox. I feel that I made a very weak plea for Christ. I don't know just what words I used nor could Mr. Moody tell. I simply told him of Christ's love for him and the love Christ wanted in return. That was all there was of it. It seemed the young man was just ready for the light that then broke upon him, and here, in the back part of that store in Boston, the future great evangelist gave himself and his life to Christ."

ALWAYS ATTACHED TO CHICAGO.

Mr. Moody was a Chicago man. It was there that he passed the days of his early humiliation. Chicago scarcely recognized his worth until he had gone abroad and captivated the British Isles. If he had had a small soul he would never have darkened the doors of Chicago again. But he was more generous than most men and never lost his attachment to the scenes of his early struggles and small beginnings.

Mr. Moody's claim to greatness did not rest on his intellectual strength, but on his goodness. The standard of his character was his unqualified and immovable faith in God and in the Bible. With this faith he combined simplicity, honesty, sincerity, humility, zeal, an abhorrence of egotism, and a broad charity.

Most men would concede offhand that Mr. Moody was not an intellectual giant. Yet he had a common sense so sturdy that it seemed almost identical with intellectual power. His energy also was abounding. It reached out for the greatest things in his line of work and accomplished them all. No man ever secured easier

access to the consciences, to the confidence, and to the purses of his fellow-men. No man ever so deliberately turned his back on opportunities for growing rich. His books and his sermons are read and admired over the whole earth. In all this there is no proof of intellectual supremacy, but there is proof of something equally worthy and far more beneficent.

As a speaker he reached larger audiences than any man of his generation. As a Christian educator, he has founded four institutions of learning of more than national influence. As a friend, he was the personification of Great-Heart, Henry Drummond declaring him to be the "biggest human I have met." As a husband and father, no one was ever more devoted, and though his own life was lived in the glaring searchlight of the public eye, his home was preserved sacred to domestic joys.

NOTHING OBSCURE ABOUT HIS MESSAGE.

Mr. Moody knew his Bible, and he knew men. If he chose to shut out from his mind the distractions of theologians and the by-paths of literature, it was because he knew these were not essential to his peculiar mission. In the midst of doubt and confusion he towered above his contemporaries as one who knew and spake with authority. His message was as clear to the common mind as to the educated. He never got above the ordinary man, the plain man of the shop, the farm or the factory. He refused all titles and preserved to his death the simple "Mr. Moody." The thousands of dollars handed him by wealthy men for use in his Christian enterprises, never appeared in personal gratification in any way, and even the \$1,125,000 which he received in royalties on his books, were used by him in the extension of Christian education and evangelistic work.

Avoiding even the appearance of seeking money, he published evangelistic literature for all classes at prices so low scarcely any publisher would have ventured to duplicate them. The most profitable of all his publications, the Moody and Sankey Hymns, became so as if by the intervention of Providence. During his first tour of Great Britain, Mr. Moody tried publisher after publisher

in London, offering all kinds of terms, even to making the preparation of such a book of hymns a pure gift to the one who would publish it in book form. Without exception, they refused, and Mr. Moody published it at his own expense. No other book except the Bible, has attained a larger circulation, and the returns have been used in building up the Bible schools and for other charitable objects.

The story of Mr. Moody's rise from poverty to world-wide influence is one of the most romantic Providence ever displayed in the history of men. Faith and human effort have seldom been more closely joined. Mr. Moody was slow in finding his sphere, but when he found it, he made giant strides. His entrance into business in the boot and shoe store of his uncle in Boston, his arrival in Chicago in 1856, as a clerk at nineteen years of age, later acting as a salesman in boot and shoe stores, are facts sufficiently familiar, as is also his starting up a small business for himself. Why he did not continue in business, and the different steps which led him into his life work, are not so generally known.

GREAT IN HIS SIMPLICITY.

It is doubtful whether even Mr. Moody's closest friends fully realized the simplicity—the simplicity which always characterizes greatness—the earnestness and absolute sincerity of the man. These, united with that strange power we call magnetism, formed a combination absolutely unique in the modern religious world. Perhaps London's great preacher, Spurgeon, was the nearest parallel that can be cited, but his limitation was indicated in the fact that London, and not the world, claimed his efforts. Mr. Moody was known in London, in Edinburgh, and in San Francisco almost as well as he was known in New York or the other leading cities of the United States, excepting Chicago. Chicago had the closest personal knowledge of the man and his work, and there were no more sincere mourners anywhere at the death of the great evangelist than in the city to which he gave his first strength in Christian effort. It was in Chicago that he expanded, achieved his first and greatest successes, learned the sources of his power

and that secret of reaching the people in which he has possibly never had an equal.

It is told of him that when he began his religious work his employer asked him how he expected to support himself, he replied: "God will provide for me if He wishes me to keep on, and I shall keep on till I am obliged to stop." He did keep on, and only death stayed that wonderful energy and zeal which have left such an impress upon modern Christianity and the world.

Starting with the proposition that the Bible and Christianity are true and divine, Mr. Moody did not stop to discuss what to him were minor questions of religious belief, forms of worship or articles of creeds. His creed was the Bible, his field the world. Hence he belonged to all churches in a sense that none other of the great preachers of the century belonged. Spurgeon was a Baptist, Beecher a Congregationalist, Talmage a Presbyterian, but Moody was content to be known simply as a Christian.

PREACHING WAS DIRECT AND PERSONAL.

At his work Moody was the most simple and direct of men in the pulpit. His preaching was always personal, and he impressed it individually upon the members of the congregation that his message was meant for them, not to be passed over the shoulder to the next one and so on till it got out of doors and affected no one. This, with his earnestness and sincerity, his wonderful familiarity with the Bible, the homely aptness and strength of his speech and illustrations, was the secret of his marvelous power.

Moody, the Gospel preacher; Sankey, the Gospel singer, and Bliss, the Gospel poet, made in the more active days of the Evangelist's work an agency that arrested and compelled the attention of men to their spiritual needs as no other during the century has done. To have been the foremost Evangelist of the United States was much; to be the mightiest Christian worker of his time is far more, and this claim may be safely made for Dwight Lyman Moody.

CHAPTER IV.

Rapid Growth of Moody's Mission Work.

IN spite of all discouragements, Mr. Moody kept his one great aim in view, and his influence grew from day to day. People who at first did not know what to make of him, so uncommon was his zeal, soon saw that he was in earnest, was laboring not for his own glory, was a diamond, although a rough one, and gave him their confidence and support.

He had a rare experience with the Christian Commission, that famous organization that did so much during the great Civil War for the soldiers on the battlefield. He was brought into living contact with men who were in such a position that they appreciated every kind word, every cup of cold water, every brotherly grasp of the hand, every plain and simple truth taught in the Bible, and every effort that was made for their welfare. Young Moody—for at that time he was young—not only conferred a blessing upon the men in camp and field, but by mingling with men and laboring for them he gained a great benefit for himself.

He became skilled in dealing personally with individuals. He learned how to touch their emotions, how to reach their hearts, how to interest them in the subject of religion, how to answer skeptics, and how to present plain truths in a simple way. All this experience and all this tuition which fitted him to be a great teacher he had acquired when he went back to Chicago. Very soon it was found that his mission school was growing rapidly and required a much larger building for its accommodation. It was plain that its borders must be enlarged in order to make room for the large number of poor and degraded children that were attracted by their friend and benefactor and were willing to attend the school he had established for their benefit. And so, not far from the old Market Hall, a spacious chapel was built in 1863, at a cost of about \$20,000. It was considered a most remarkable financial

success that Mr. Moody was able to raise all this money by his own unaided efforts.

As religious impressions were made upon these young persons and many of them were attracted to a Christian life, what church connection they should form became a serious question. They were advised by Mr. Moody to give their names to some evangelical minister in whose church they would find a home, and where they would be cared for. This was the best disposition, it was thought, that could be made of them. Any one coming from a Presbyterian family was advised to go to a Presbyterian minister. So with children of Methodist or Baptist or Episcopalian parentage.

CONVERTS WITHOUT A HOME.

While this plan worked very well with the daily prayer-meetings and Young Men's Christian Association, it failed so far as the North Market Mission was concerned. It has been stated that there was not in Chicago at that time a single church and congregation that would have afforded a proper home for these young outcasts. In this way arose the necessity for an independent church connected with Mr. Moody's work. Accordingly, all the ministers of the city, together with many other friends of Mr. Moody among Christian workers, were invited to meet in council for the purpose of taking into consideration the project of a new church that should be a home for the people, especially that class that had been gathered into the North Market Mission.

There was a very good attendance and it seemed as if substantial results would follow. On this occasion Mr. Moody was in excellent form and gave a remarkable address. He briefly reviewed his work, pointed out its prominent features, stated the difficulties and trials under which it had been carried on, and the necessities of the case at the present time. As he proceeded it became evident that the project of forming a new church did not meet with universal favor.

One good Episcopal brother felt constrained to withdraw from the council, although he wished Mr. Moody's work success.

Among Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists various objections were raised, either as to church forms or doctrines, and the result was that Mr. Moody's mission did not receive ecclesiastical endorsement.

But for all this a church was organized for the 300 converts and to all intents and purposes Mr. Moody was made the pastor of it. He had strong support from influential men in the city, who believed that in reaching the lowest classes of the people and doing them good he was accomplishing more than all the churches of Chicago put together. Feeling this, they were not backward in giving him their individual support. This, in many instances, consisted of personal labor from Sunday to Sunday, and evening, to evening during the week. In addition to this, sums of money were contributed from time to time as they were wanted. The North Market Mission had passed the critical period of its history and was now a living fact and a substantial success.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT CHURCH.

It is to the credit of the Congregationalists that they organized "The Illinois Street Church" and fathered the enterprise, when probably but for them the whole project would have failed. When candidates were received into membership the ordinance of baptism was administered by some of the ministers present, and the same may be said of the communion services. It should be noted that this church is an independent organization and in this respect is entirely free and untrammelled.

From this time on the congregation increased rapidly, and the work grew and became as prosperous as might have been expected from the efforts of the devoted band of laborers who had it in charge. There was a bell in the tower of the church, and it was a common saying in Chicago that this bell never ceased to ring. Meetings of all kinds were going on, and it may with truth be said that the place was hot with Gospel work. In addition to these services others were held in various places, and in many parts of the dark city lights were kindled. Mr. Moody was in the habit of overseeing all of these meetings and made it a point

as far as possible to appear in every one of them, even if it were only for a short time.

One amazing feature of the movement was the fact that it was never allowed to languish. There was one continuous revival. It is often said that when there is a period of unusual religious interest it is soon over and there comes a cold and painful reaction. But it was not so in this case. The altar fires were burning all the while and there was not a day throughout the year which did not witness some progress made and some victories for the Gospel. Other men would have become exhausted and would have been compelled to rest, but Mr. Moody's vast resources of physical strength carried him through labors under which others would have been crushed. Even when he thought he was weary and needed rest he would suddenly come forth like a giant and appear to be as fresh and vigorous as if he had just returned from a vacation.

NOT SO TIRED AS HE THOUGHT.

His old friend Col. Hammond mentions this instance: "Mr. Moody came to see me one Sunday, after his morning service, seeming to be quite tired out. He threw himself into a chair and burst out with the following exclamations: 'I am used up—can't think, or speak, or do anything else. There is my meeting at the church to-night—you must take it. I have absolutely nothing left in me.'

"Knowing that Mr. Moody never asked help unless he needed it, I promised to take the service off his hands. When the time came I went down to the Illinois Street Church, and found the house quite full. I was about to commence the service, when the door opened, and in walked, or rather rushed, Mr. Moody, followed by a long procession of young men whom he had picked up in saloons and at street corners, and brought with him on an errand which, to them, was evidently a new one.

"Mounting the platform with a bound, he seized the hymn-book and commenced, and from beginning to end of that service I had nothing to do but to keep out of the way.

"It appeared that he had taken an hour or two of rest ; and then, having no care about the evening service on his mind, he took up his old familiar work of bringing in recruits, at which he was this time more than usually successful. As he led the way to church some happy thought struck him, and between the street corner and the pulpit he arranged a sermon, which was one of the most effective I ever heard him preach."

An amusing account is given of Mr. Moody making two hundred calls one New Year's Day. He started out to make this number and succeeded in doing it. Of course he could stay only a short time in any one place, and his call could not exceed more than two minutes. He would jump from the carriage followed by one or two friends he had taken with him, rush into the house, look around and say :

"I'm Moody ; I guess you know me. How are you all ? I wish you all a Happy New Year. Let us pray."

THE YOKEFELLOWS.

Then down he would go on his knees, and after a few words of supplication would spring to his feet, seize his hat and start for his carriage. This visit would be repeated at the next house and so on. Toward night the friends who were with him were completely tired out and were compelled to go home exhausted. But Moody kept on and, after he had finished, seemed able to begin again and go through the same round. This is a striking illustration of both his physical endurance and his amazing zeal. Even the horses on this day were tired out, and he was compelled to make the last of his visits on foot, but he persevered and reached all the places he had on his list.

A band of helpers was organized by Mr. Moody called the Yokefellowes. Their business was to go out into the highways, to visit from house to house, to stand on the corners of the streets, to distribute tracts and printed invitations to the meetings at Illinois Street Church and at Farwell Hall. Wherever there were crowds of people these young men were to be found, and in this way Mr. Moody's work was kept before the eye of the public

and was carried on vigorously. One young man tells how he became a member of the Yokefellows and an active worker in the mission.

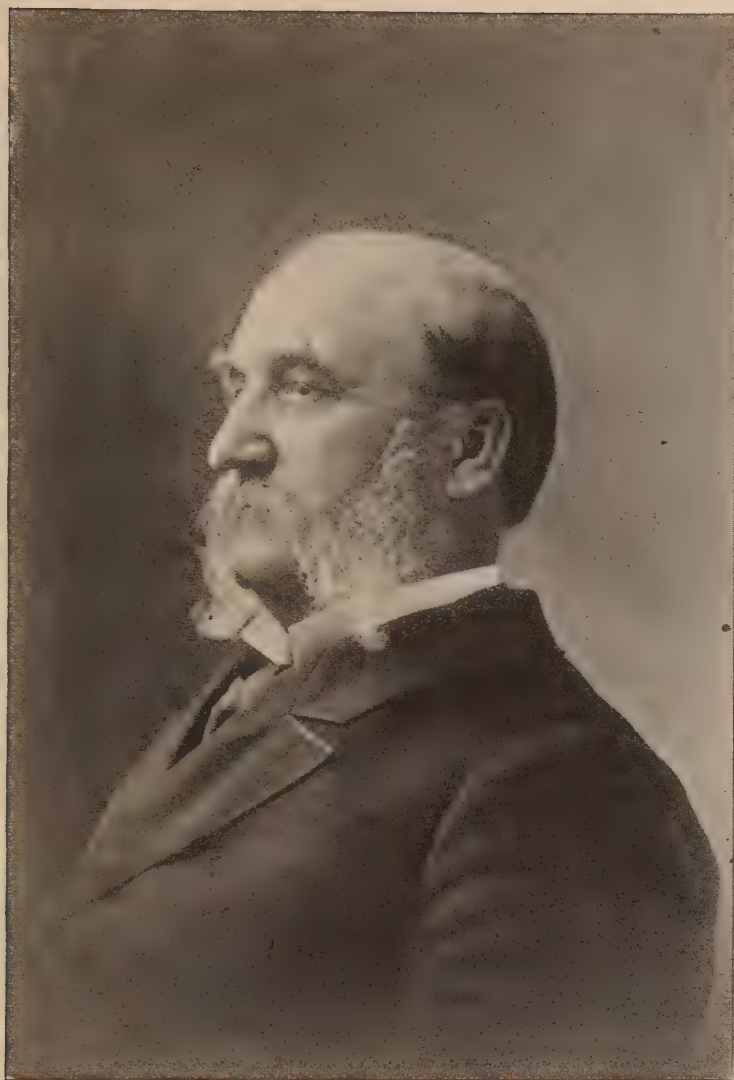
"I was a stranger in Chicago. One Sunday morning I was standing at a street corner, not very far from Mr. Moody's church, staring about, not knowing what to do with myself or which way to go. Mr. Moody, who was just then sending out the Yokefellows to their morning stations, came up to me and said, familiarly: 'Here, take this pile of papers, stand at that corner, and give one to everybody who goes by!'

"Glad to hear a friendly voice, and to have something to do, I took the papers, and gave them out as directed; and I have been a member of that band ever since."

WILD BOYS BECOME NOBLE MEN.

It is interesting to trace the history of some of the wild boys who were gathered into the mission. It was the beginning of a new life to many of them. They saw the folly of a life of sin and debauchery; their thoughts were turned to better things, their self-respect and pride were awakened and through the gracious influence which was brought to bear upon them they grew to be useful citizens and noble men. It was Mr. Moody's idea to give everybody something to do. Afterward he was always in the habit, when he went to a new place, of preaching from the text, "To every man his work," the aim being to stir up slumbering Christians to activity and thrust them out as missionaries wherever it was possible for them to gain a hearing or do any good.

It is a matter of record that Mr. Moody was always deeply interested in the great organization known as the Young Men's Christian Association. He gave much time and labor to the branch in Chicago, and this, like his mission, grew on his hands until he did not know where to find a home for it or what to do with it. At first the Association was located in the Methodist Church block, but these quarters became too small, especially after new departments were organized. It was felt that a home must be



IRA D. SANKEY

WHO COMPOSED THE MUSIC AND SANG THE INSPIRED SONG

"THERE WERE NINETY AND NINE THAT SAFELY LAY
IN THE SHELTER OF THE FOLD,
BUT ONE WAS OUT ON THE HILLS AWAY,
FAR OFF FROM THE GATES OF GOLD—
AWAY ON THE MOUNTAINS WILD AND BARE,
AWAY FROM THE TENDER SHEPHERD'S CARE,
AWAY FROM THE TENDER SHEPHERD'S CARE."

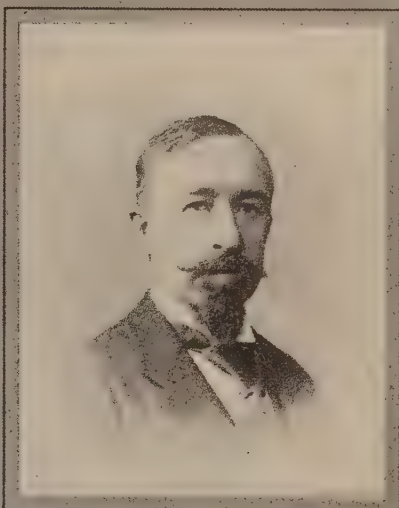
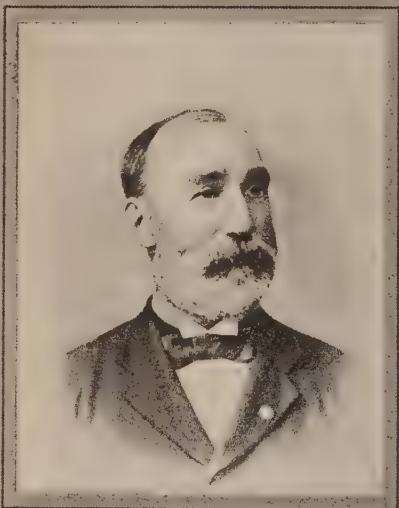
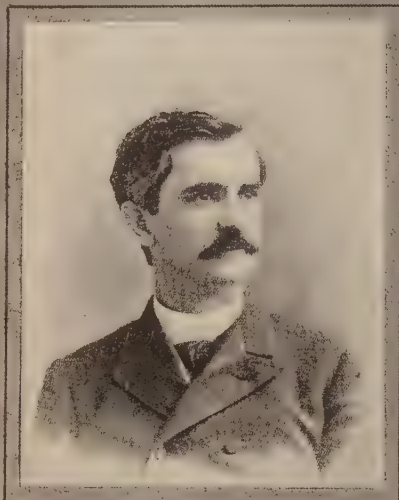


HON. JOHN V. FARWELL
MR. MOODY'S MOST EFFICIENT CO-LABORER IN CHICAGO



DR. N. P. WOOD

MR. MOODY'S FAMILY PHYSICIAN AT NORTHFIELD, WHO WAS WITH HIM
DURING THE CLOSING HOURS OF HIS LIFE



REV. A. C. DIXON

MAJOR D. W. WHITTLE

A. P. PITT

GEORGE C. STEBBINS

CO-LABORERS OF MR. MOODY

provided for the young men, and the matter of obtaining a new building was made a subject of earnest prayer.

There seemed to be, however, great difficulties in the way, and any one with a faith less resolute would have been defeated at the outset and would have given up the undertaking. Still there was vast wealth in Chicago; there were very liberal men who had large ideas of Christian usefulness; it was only necessary that their hearts should be touched and then their pockets would be opened and all money that was needed would be obtained.

MOODY MADE PRESIDENT.

People were frequently turned away from the daily prayer meeting, and it was very evident that larger accommodations would have to be provided. "The only way to do this," said one of the brethren, "is to make Mr. Moody president of the Association." His success in raising money for the Illinois Street Church was well known. But Mr. Moody was a man of more zeal than knowledge—so it was thought by many; he lacked the graces and refinements that were thought essential to the highest degree of Christian endeavor; and there were many genteel people who looked coldly upon him and his work. This Young Men's Association was now the strongest in the Northwest. Many prominent men were connected with it; they were educated, refined, capable of conducting public services with acceptance, and the proposition was to place over them in official position a young man whose only recommendation was that he had been successful in establishing a mission and a church for the slums.

There was great opposition to the nomination of Mr. Moody, but he and his friends carried the day after a spirited, though friendly, contest, and it was afterward felt that no one thing in the history of the Association had added more to its influence and success. The majority of his opponents gracefully acquiesced in the decision, believing that if the Lord had educated him for a special work, this was all that was necessary and they had no right to interfere.

The plan for obtaining a new building proposed by Mr. Moody was to organize a stock company, with twelve trustees, who should be responsible for erecting the new building and should hold it in trust. Interest at 6 per cent. should be paid upon the stock after the building was finished. This was to come out of the rentals of such rooms in the building as the Association did not need for its own purposes. If there was any excess of revenue this was to be applied for buying in the stock, and by pursuing this plan the Association would finally be freed from debt. And as soon as out of debt, then the revenue was to be applied to extending the operations of the Association, thus keeping its great religious object in view.

GREAT FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

Now we have to state a very remarkable fact, which is that this young man whom many acknowledged as the president of the Association with evident misgivings, and almost doubted his capacity for anything good, soon placed stock for the new building to the amount of \$101,000. This not only secured the erection of a splendid edifice, but it showed what a marvelous financier had the undertaking in hand. The building committee had the sagacity to locate the structure in the business centre of the city, where it would not only be accessible to everybody, but where its rooms would command a ready rental at high prices. Not only was there a reading-room, prayer-meeting room, committee rooms, offices for the various departments and employment bureau, but there was a large hall capable of holding three thousand people. In fact the building was complete in all its appointments, and could not have been better adapted for the purposes it was intended to serve.

It was dedicated on Sunday evening, September 29, 1867, and was solemnly consecrated to the service and worship of God. The event created an unusual stir in the religious circles of the city. An immense throng of people assembled, and the large platform was filled with prominent ministers of different denominations, all of whom were ready to recognize the remarkable success of the

undertaking and wished the work of the Association God-speed. Public records of the day have preserved a synopsis of the address delivered by President Moody on this occasion. It was as follows:

“If there is one thing more than another for which Chicago is distinguished, it is the rapidity of its growth in size, wealth, and in the extent of its trade. But of all the great and swift successes which have come to us, none is more striking than that of the Young Men’s Christian Association.

“During the last month, while we have been getting in sight of the end, many a man has said to me, ‘Don’t get proud.’ That is good advice. I feel, more than anything else, and more than ever before, that Jesus has accomplished this great result for us. And for this wonderful blessing I want you all to praise Him.

MUST GO AND SEARCH FOR THEM.

“A few years ago this Association was growing weaker and weaker, and at one time it came very near dying. Those who organized it made the mistake of supposing that if they opened some rooms, and gave notice of meetings to be held in them, sinners would come there of their own accord to be saved. But they were not long in finding out that if they would save the lost they must search for them in the byways and dark places, where they are hidden away from the light of Christ and His Gospel.

“Then we began to go out and bring in. That was just what Christ told us to do. And now, because we have obeyed Him and gone to work in His way, Christ has helped us to build this hall. But it seems to me the Association has just commenced its work. There are those, indeed, who say we have reached the limit of our power. But we must rally round the Cross; we must attack and capture the whole city for Christ.

“When I see young men, by thousands, going in the way to death, I feel like falling at the feet of Jesus, and crying out to Him with prayers and tears to come and save them, and to help us to bring them to Him. His answer to our prayers, and His blessing on our work, give me faith to believe that a mighty influence is yet to go out from us, that shall extend through this county and

every county in the State; through every State in the Union, and, finally, crossing the waters, shall help to bring the whole world to God.

“We have been on the defensive too long. It is time we went into the conflict with all our might, straight into the enemy’s camp.

“It has been said that the Association is now fairly established, and has all the money it needs; but if we should begin to think so, it would be the death of us. When we stop trying to enlarge our work for the Lord and raise more money for it, we shall become stale and stupid, like some of the rich institutions of the Old World, which are settling down into indolence, and dying of dry rot, because they are ‘full and have need of nothing.’ We must ask for money, money, more money, at every meeting; not for the support of the Association—as it now is—but to enlarge its operations.

VAST MISSIONARY WORK.

“We want to build homes for young men and for young women; mission schools; Magdalen asylums; reformatory institutions of various kinds; as well as places of resort for innocent amusement, and mental and social culture; so that there may be no excuse for our young people being caught in the traps which Satan sets for them all over the city.”

Somebody has said that the great mission of the Young Men’s Christian Association is to kill sectarianism, and Mr. Moody on this occasion seemed to take the same ground, for he called attention to the fact that people of every religious name and denomination could become members and were all united in one Christian family. The enthusiasm of the meeting was very great and there was heartfelt rejoicing at the success of a noble undertaking, the object of which was to benefit the young men of the city and form the centre of religious enterprise, the effect of which, without any doubt, would be felt throughout the entire Northwest.

The treasurer of the association at this time was Mr. Farwell, without whom it is hard to see how Mr. Moody could have accom-

plished what he did in Chicago. This man was a tower of strength. He was rich in heart and richer in pocket. For him to see a chance to do good was to do it. Mr. Moody had already proved his generosity, and in all the religious history of America there is scarcely a name that deserves more to be honored by the Christian public than that of Mr. Farwell, the wealthy philanthropist and humble worker of Chicago. Mr. Farwell's address on this occasion was as follows :

"Twenty-five years ago," said he, "there might have been seen, wending their way through the dirty streets of Chicago, a number of casks on wheels, distributing the waters of the lake at the houses of the people. A little later, a few favored ones were supplied with water, by means of wooden pipes, from a small tank, which was filled from the lake by the surplus power of the engine in the only flour-mill at that time in the place.

LOCATION OF THE BUILDING.

"Then some enterprising capitalist conceived the idea of a mammoth reservoir, large enough to supply the whole city, and the lot on which this building stands was bought by the Chicago Hydraulic Company as a location for it. But the rapid growth of the city rendered this plan inadequate, and the municipal government, taking the matter into their own hands, built huge reservoirs in each division, still taking the water from near the shore, where it was always more or less impure.

"This system, in its turn, has been supplanted by the tunnel, through which pure water from the depths of the lake—an inexhaustible supply—is brought to the homes of our people.

"I have thought, since these walls were commenced on the very spot once selected for our central reservoir, and now to be dedicated as a spiritual centre, whence we trust the pure Water of Life shall flow in every direction, of which if a man drink he shall never thirst again—I have thought that God's hand was in all this, and that, while we bless Him for the pure water from the depths of the lake, we should also magnify His goodness, which has taught us how to pass beyond the shores of shallow and turbid

sectarianism, and draw our spiritual life from the pure depths of the heart of Christ, and, by means of a Christian union which knows no differences of church or creed, to send out that tide of blessing all over this great city.

"This building is a practical demonstration of the unity of Christ's Church. Here we are not Baptists, nor Methodists, nor Presbyterians; we are simply Christians; and as soon as the Lord wills it, nothing will delight me more than to see, as the result of such enterprises as this, a complete and hearty union of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ—such a union as will sweep away sectarian distinctions, and make His Church a unity in diversity, with one pasture, one flock, and one Shepherd.

"This enterprise, whose successful issue we celebrate to-night, has long been in contemplation. But only of late has any one had faith enough to conceive of its present proportions. It is well this project was delayed, or it might have been only a water-cart, instead of a great central reservoir."

ADDRESS BY GEORGE H. STUART.

At this time the name of George H. Stuart, president of the United States Christian Commission, was widely known. He was a resident of Philadelphia, a very earnest layman, a man highly respected in the business community, and he was the patron and advocate of every good cause. Mr. Stuart went to Chicago for the express purpose of attending the dedication of the Young Men's Christian Association building. The public press of the day recorded the rousing, enthusiastic welcome that was given him, the admirable manner in which he had conducted the work of the Christian Commission during the Civil War preparing the way for his hearty reception.

He commenced his speech by saying: "I have travelled eight hundred miles expressly to be present at the dedication of the first hall ever erected for Christian young men. Let me take you, in thought, to a store in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, and introduce you to a modest business man, Mr. George Williams, who, in 1844, was a clerk in that house. In those days he used to

invite his fellow-clerks to his own little room for prayer—I too have prayed in that room—and the result of those meetings, on the 6th of June, 1844, took the form and name of the ‘London Young Men’s Christian Association.’ From thence the organization has spread through Europe and America; and its work, by all kinds of good men on behalf of all kinds of unfortunate and bad men, has demonstrated its usefulness and power.

“The Chicago Young Men’s Christian Association was revival-born. Springing into life after the great awakening of 1857-8, it was among the first in existence. It was also among the earliest and most successful missionary organizations brought into use in connection with the war. God has been with you. You have had the ‘God bless you!’ of thousands of soldiers; and, now that the war is over, untold thousands of sinners out of Christ wait for your peaceful ministry in his name.

“EXPECT GREAT THINGS.”

“In the year 1865 your Association attained its majority; and now, with the hope of youth, and the vigor of manhood, it commences a new and splendid career, blessed with the confidence and supported by the beneficence of all branches of the Christian Church. Therefore, inscribe upon your banners the words of the heroic missionary Carey: ‘Attempt great things for God, and expect great things from God.’”

The dedication of this magnificent building was an occasion of great rejoicing and the friends of the Young Men’s Christian Association throughout the country felt that a tremendous impetus had been given to their work. On all sides the question was asked, “Have you heard the good news from Chicago?” Other cities followed in line, and, and it is gratifying to state that some of the finest buildings on the American continent have been erected at immense cost to make provision for the religious wants of our young men, and enable them to escape the snares and wiles, the traps and pitfalls so freely laid for them.

Near the close of the meeting above referred to a name was given to the building, which had hitherto been without any.

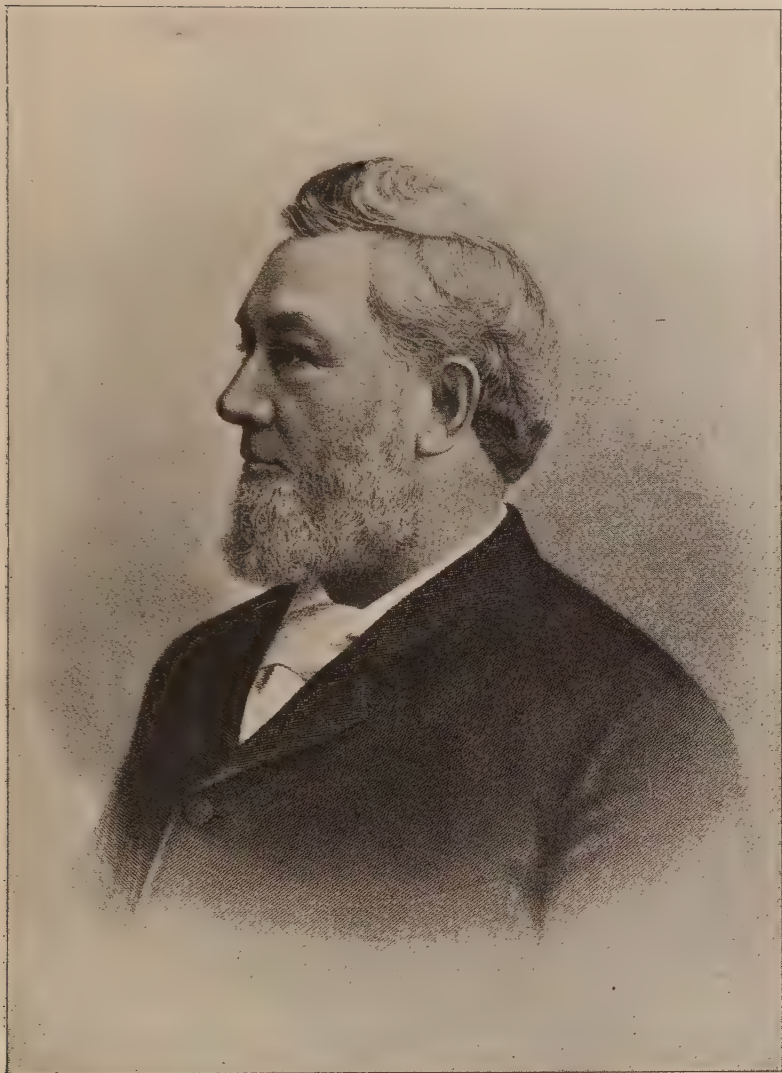
There seemed to be but one opinion as to what it should be called. Mr. Moody rose and said : " It was the generous subscription of thirty thousand dollars, by the chairman of our building committee, which purchased this land, and gave us at the outset a good hope of all we see to-night. Now, by way of giving honor to whom honor is due, I propose that we name this building Farwell Hall. All in favor say ' Aye ! ' "

A tremendous shout went up which showed the popularity of the man whose contributions had been so generous. Thenceforth the building was to be called by his name. Mr. Moody being a very practical man and always having an eye for chances, called for contributions from all persons present and his appeal met with a generous response. It seems a singular providence that a good work of this description should be interfered with by calamity. It was not long before the new hall was reduced to ashes and the splendid structure was laid in ruins. People everywhere who read the news were appalled, and feared lest the noble undertaking of providing a Christian home for young men in Chicago would after all be a failure. But the kind of stuff of which Moody and his fellow-helpers were made triumphed over the misfortune and the work went on almost as if nothing had happened.

FAITH SUPERIOR TO FIRE AND FLOOD.

What was to be done when all the hard labor and success of so many months were destroyed in an hour by one fell sweep of devouring flames? But faith can outlive fire or flood or disaster of any kind. Before the fire went out that consumed this new and magnificent building, the loss of which was very great as it was only partially insured, a new subscription was opened and the work of raising money to repair the damage that had been done was begun. Mr. Moody and Mr. Farwell were pledged to undertake the work and carry it through to completion. How it was done perhaps nobody knows ; nor is it necessary that anybody should know ; suffice it to say that a new home for young men rose upon the ruins of the old.

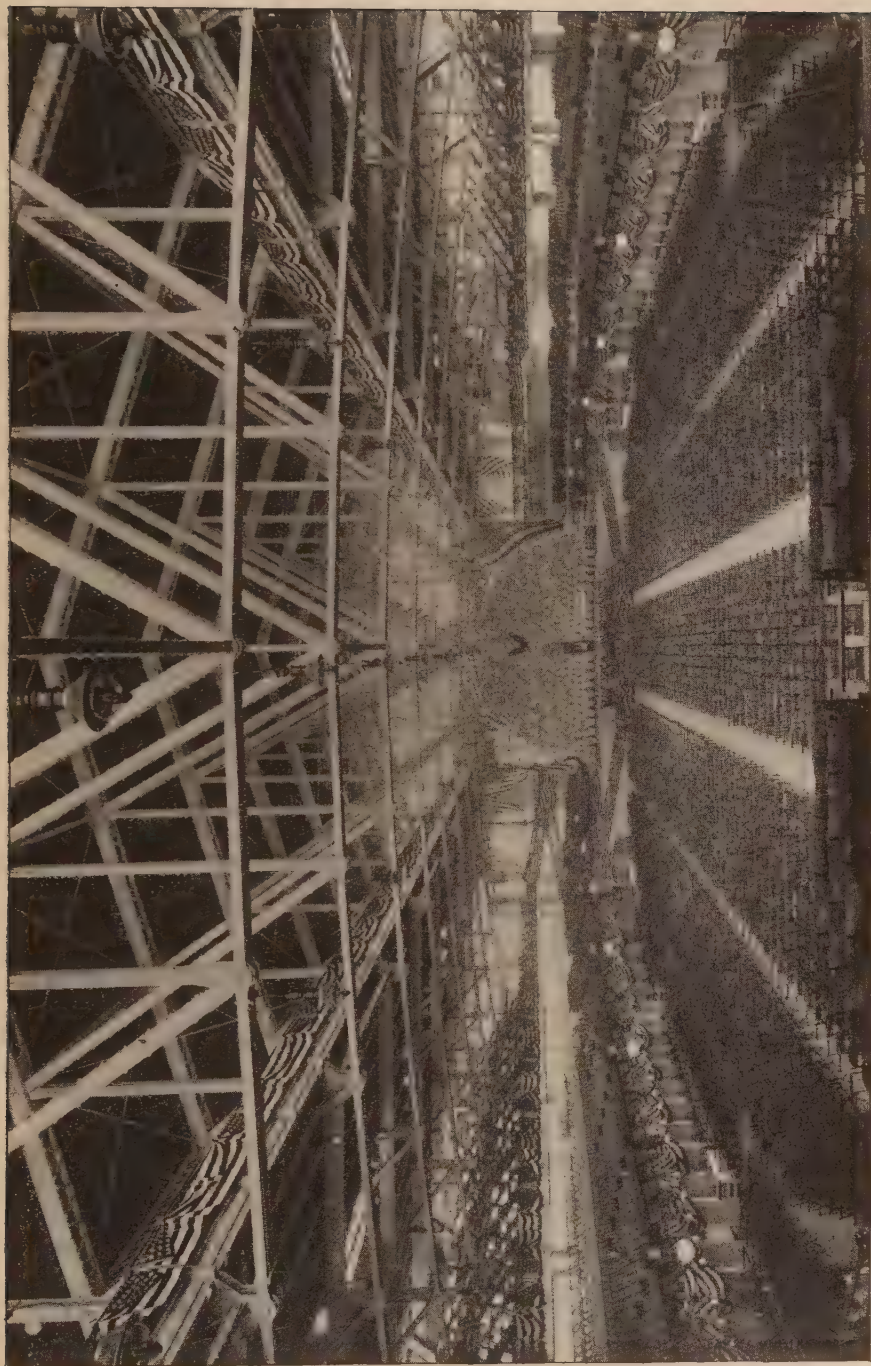
Mr. Moody held the office of president of the Young Men's



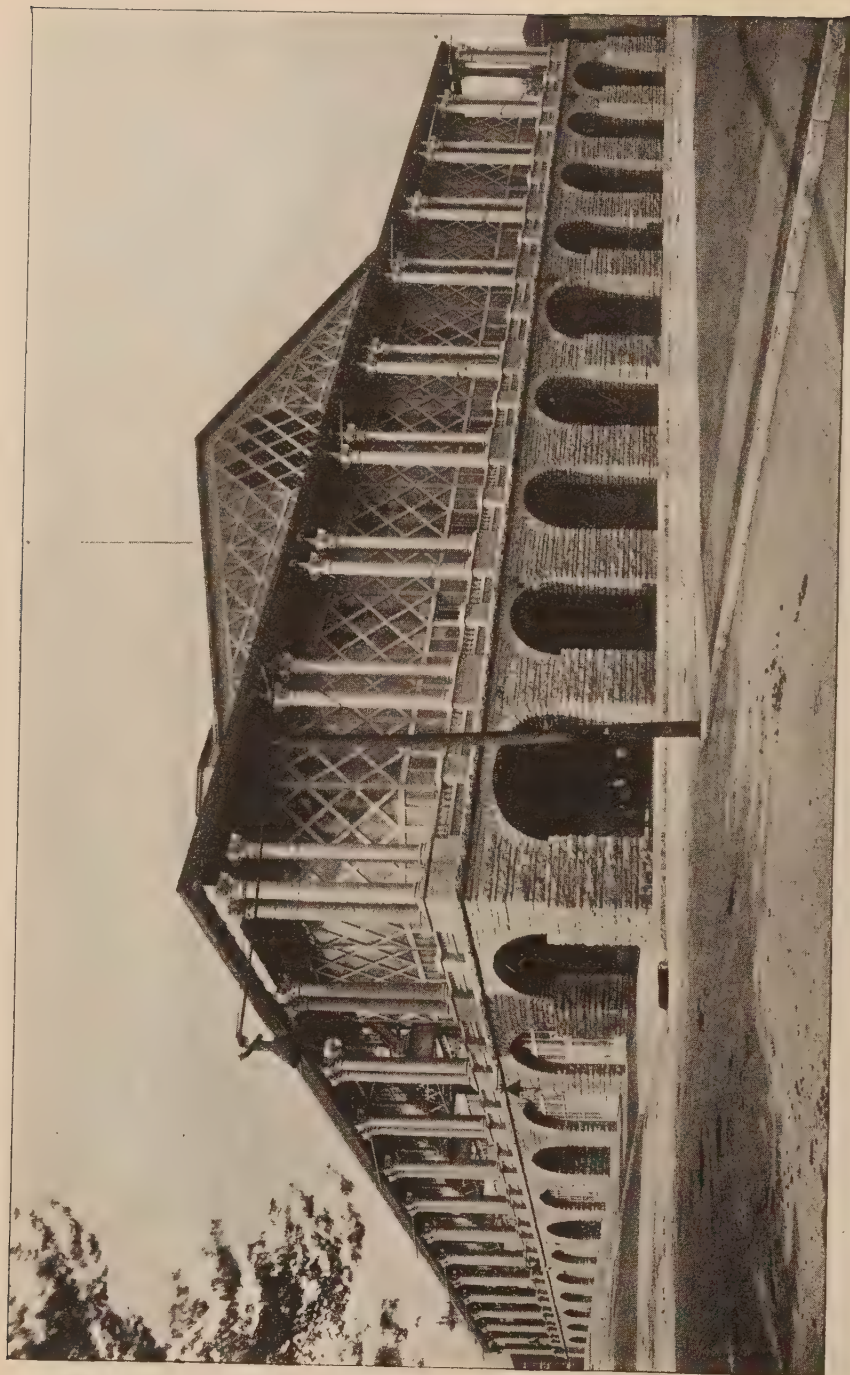
T. W. HARVEY
PROMINENT IN MR. MOODY'S WORK IN CHICAGO



MR. MOODY'S FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS—GATHERED FROM THE BY-WAYS OF CHICAGO.
MR. MOODY AND J. C. FARWELL ARE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND



INTERIOR OF CONVENTION HALL, KANSAS CITY—WHERE MR. MOODY PREACHED HIS LAST SERMON



CONVENTION HALL—KANSAS CITY

THIS HALL WAS THE SCENE OF MR. MOODY'S LAST LABORS AND IS THE LARGEST BUILDING IN WHICH HE EVER HELD SERVICES IN AMERICA

Christian Association for four years, and might have held it longer if he had consented to be re-elected, but he acted as vice-president, with Mr. Farwell in the chair. Various devices were put into operation for the purpose of securing funds with which to pay off the indebtedness on the new building and carry on the work of the association.

Among other things a splendid banquet was given at the Tremont House, to which the ministers and leading business men of the city were invited. All doubtless knew why they were asked to be present on this occasion. They knew very well what Messrs. Farwell and Moody had in mind. People generally get in a happy, generous mood when they are eating, and on this occasion considerable enthusiasm was awakened over the work of the association and an appeal was made, first, to the stockholders to make a donation of stock or interest money to the association, and next to other persons for new subscriptions.

TREASURY HANDSOMELY REPLENISHED.

The plan worked admirably and a large amount of money was realized. Kind friends donated this supper, and while the association was not out of pocket for any expense, its treasury was handsomely replenished to meet current obligations and to carry on the work of the following year. This incident of the banquet shows how fruitful Mr. Moody was in devising means for raising money. In fact, great success always attended him when he had under consideration the question of ways and means.

Why was he so much more successful than others? This is something that was often asked and many persons were puzzled when they attempted to account for his financial achievements. Really, there was nothing mysterious about it. He was an earnest man, perfectly devoted to his work, always had large schemes in hand for benefitting others, and thoughtful business men had absolute confidence in his honesty and good sense. He could get a million dollars when others could not get a thousand.

There have always been in this country very wealthy Christian families who felt that they could make no better disposition

of their property than to give it for just such purposes as were represented by Mr. Moody. It is not at all likely that he came anywhere near exhausting his resources in the matter of securing financial assistance for any of his undertakings. One thing was certain to everybody: he was not enriching himself. He could have left a vast fortune, but his fortune is in his great name, his schools for the welfare of the young, and the multitudes who were blessed under his ministry. He built his own monument in the hearts of myriads, and his name and fame will endure longer than marble or bronze.

While Mr. Moody knew his own deficiencies as a public speaker and never sought opportunities to appear in public, many calls came to him, some of them from distant places where Christian conventions were to be held. His great qualification was his practical sense and his experience in reaching the neglected masses. He was in the harness; he knew every line of religious activity; he knew just where failures had been made and what measures would bring success.

READY FOR THE HUMBLEST SERVICE.

Many ministers and others much older than himself were willing to sit at his feet and learn how best to attain the ends they all had in view. Generally at such public gatherings he was content to fill some small unimportant place; he did not travel a hundred or a thousand miles merely to show people Dwight L. Moody.

An amusing instance is related of the manner in which he was compelled on one occasion to occupy the chief place on the programme of a Sunday-school convention. Announcements had been made far and near that unusual talent had been secured, and "distinguished speakers" from Chicago would be present. Mr. Moody started with Mr. Hawley, the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, who never imagined himself to be anything more than a humble worker, and quite incompetent to fill the position of a "distinguished speaker." The convention, which was in one of the counties of Illinois, was in great expectation, and

had set apart an entire afternoon for the gentlemen who had been invited from abroad to address them.

Mr. Moody and his friend were simply scared, as they were the only "distinguished speakers" from Chicago who were on the ground. It should be said that they did not reach the place until two o'clock on the morning of a cold night, when, having learned the situation, they were too anxious to retire and sleep, and were too tired to sit up with any degree of comfort. They spent their time in prayer and in attempting to prepare themselves for the occasion.

The morning session of the convention was dull and draggy, and did not seem to realize expectations. When the afternoon came and the two men were on their way to the church, Mr. Moody in passing a public school building engaged it for that afternoon.

TOOK THE ROOM ON FAITH.

His friend asked him what he wanted of that school-room. "I want it for an inquiry meeting after we get through," said Mr. Moody. There was no doubt whatever in his mind but there would be persons to attend such a meeting; he engaged the room and was sure they would come.

Mr. Hawley was to speak first, while Moody prayed for him; then Moody was to speak while Hawley prayed. Mr. Hawley gave an address about twenty minutes long to the very large congregation present. Taking his seat, Mr. Moody came to the front of the platform and poured out such a torrent of red-hot words—words so full of spiritual life and vigor—that the people stared in surprise, and then were moved profoundly by the eloquence of this unlettered, rugged young giant from Chicago. He spoke for over an hour, and when the invitation was given for persons who wished to converse on the subject of religion to go to the school room, the place immediately filled, and about sixty of those who were present expressed themselves as having received a great blessing before the meeting closed.

From the work of that day a revival commenced and spread

with great power through the county and the surrounding country. This experience was most valuable to Mr. Moody, as it taught him that he had capabilities for the work which he had scarcely dared to acknowledge before, and that an open door was set before him. He felt that his work was owned of the Lord, and that the seal of divine approval was placed upon his efforts.

It was thought by some people that he acted largely from impulse, confounding this with inspiration. It was often feared that what he thought was a Divine direction or command was nothing more nor less than a human emotion. This, it was said, led him sometimes to do strange things. Still, these very things that were accounted strange often resulted in great good. While going through the State one time endeavoring to arouse Christians to greater activity, he was riding with a gentleman who was taking him to the place of his next appointment. They passed a small school house, and coming to a dwelling, Mr. Moody stood up in the wagon and called aloud.

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS ANNOUNCED.

A woman came to the door and asked what he wanted. He inquired if any religious meetings were held in that neighborhood. She assured him that there were not.

"Tell your neighbors," said Mr. Moody, "that there will be prayer meetings in that school house every night next week."

Coming along to another house, they found the teacher of the school, and she was told to have the children announce the meetings and request everybody to attend. The man who was travelling with Mr. Moody was very much surprised, and asked him who was to be responsible for these services and conduct them.

"You are," said Mr. Moody.

The man was greatly astonished and declared he had never done such a thing in his life. "Well," said Moody, "it's time you had. The appointment is made and you will have to keep it."

The good brother found there was no way of escape and went and did his best. The meetings were a great success, were inter-

esting and profitable, and although started in this offhand way, they accomplished lasting good in the neighborhood.

Concerning the career of the great Evangelist in Chicago during his early religious labors, it must be admitted that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Chicago had within its bounds a remarkable man, but did not know it. Growing up in their midst was a flaming herald of the Cross who was destined to shake the world with his invincible courage, his apostolic zeal, and his power of speech and Christian effort. He did not himself know how great he was. It is well that it was so, for he was kept in humility and there was no opportunity for pride.

Years afterward, when he returned to the city of his first labors, he was the same simple, unaffected, unostentatious man that he had always been. He was laying a good foundation for future usefulness when he began his mission work. Led step by step, he went forth as a conqueror, and the record of his brilliant career is worthy to be placed beside that of the greatest and most successful laborers in the vineyard.

HARD LABOR FOR MANY YEARS.

Moody's career was a refutation of the theory that hard work and the continual expenditure of energy are necessarily destructive of health and life. While it is true that his age was only sixty-two at his death, and while it is possible that overexertion in his latter years may have hastened the end somewhat, the fact remains that for more than a generation he had been laboring with unwearied and almost incessant activity, often amid scenes of tremendous excitement, when the atmosphere about him was surcharged with emotional electricity as multitudes accepted his fervent invitation to renounce their sins and embrace the simple, unfaltering faith of which he was the uncompromising apostle. Yet this strain did not wreck his nerves or transform him into a peevish invalid. With a tendency toward broadening views in the final years of his life, he never lost an iota of his implicit belief in the gospel which he preached, and his record until fatal illness at

length overtook him beyond the threescore mile-post was an illustration of generally healthful and invariably cheerful manhood.

Of the value of his work in reviving popular interest in evangelical Christianity there can be no doubt. Those churchmen who criticised his methods were forced to admit that these were highly efficient in reaching and arousing the "plain people" of this country. When Robert G. Ingersoll began his assaults on the Christian faith, adorning his oratory with the decorations of a superb rhetoric, and barbing his shafts with biting satire and trenchant wit, many devout believers felt that a serious peril menaced the church.

AN INFLUENCE THAT CANNOT DIE.

But all the eloquence of the famous gladiator of disbelief failed to exert a tithe of the lasting influence over the hearts and minds of men which was exerted by the direct, homely appeals of Moody, intensified by the honest faith that was in the man, and aided as they were during many years by the touching harmonies of Sankey's voice. Together these champions of faith not only undid the greater part of what Ingersoll's audacity had accomplished; they were potent in turning the tide in the other direction, and in kindling a renewal of Christian belief and practice.

In the latter third of the nineteenth century the Christian Church was fortunate indeed in possessing so faithful, fearless and efficient a soldier as Dwight L. Moody.

Moody had immense force. The fire of zeal that burned in him spread warmth wherever he went, kindling cooler men to sympathetic action. Thus it was that churches throughout the country welcomed his coming, they knowing that it meant a season of enthusiasm which would long outlast his departure. He knew the world, he understood human nature, and had loving pity for it. The old saying about hating sin and loving the sinner was eminently true of him.

Moody did a great work. Many thousands of men and

women are better for his having lived. Their lifted and broadened and purified lives are the noblest of monuments to his. A good man, his deeds live after him to bless mankind.

Even as a revivalist he differed widely from the old time revivalists of the last generation, who terrified the sinner into repentance by holding him over the precipice where he could see the lurid fires of the pit seemingly eager to envelop him. Mr. Moody doubtless held exactly the same beliefs as to the character and duration of future punishment as his predecessors did. But, without, perhaps, being exactly conscious of the fact, the seeming harshness of this dogma was softened by his profound belief in the goodness and love of God. It was upon that thought he most often dwelt, never failing to bring it in even when he referred to the certainty of future punishment. This characteristic of his exhortations separated him widely from the revivalists of the past and gave his teachings a much more general acceptance than was accorded to previous evangelists.

AN EXPERT IN COMMON SENSE.

Nor was that all. Mr. Moody was a man of the rarest common sense. He never indulged in religious cant and had small patience with those who did. A man of the people himself, he knew instinctively how to reach the heart of the people. Though not an educated man, he was in his own line one of the most powerful and effective speakers of this generation. His style was terse, vigorous and cogent, and his thoughts were clothed in homely and simple Anglo-Saxon which it was always a pleasure to listen to or to read.

A man of genuine human sympathies and at the same time intensely practical, he made it his object in life to preach Christianity because he believed that Christianity was a good thing for men in the present world as well as the world to come. Incidentally Mr. Moody gained many honors and was able to support himself from his labors, but it would have been just the same to him had poverty and obloquy been his reward. He had no selfish ends to serve.

During his last few years Mr. Moody broadened in many ways. He read and studied in certain lines to great advantage, and his acquaintance with a multitude of distinguished men and women in Europe and America freed him from some of the limitations of his earlier years. His work for the Christian training and education of boys and girls at Mount Hermon and Northfield, Mass., abundantly deserves the success that has come to it. And these excellent schools are perhaps the best monument to the great evangelist. His words have been the means of regenerating a countless number of lives, and the memory of his blameless and useful career will long remain an inspiration to those who knew him.

CHAPTER V.

Moody and Sankey in Great Britain and Ireland.

MR. MOODY went twice to England, yet without attracting wide attention or creating any deep impression. He was thought to be an earnest devoted young man, but he did not at this time exhibit the rare power in reaching the hearts of men that characterized him at a later period. When he went abroad the third time he took Mr. Sankey with him, and the combination proved to be a powerful one.

It must be said that on this trip Mr Moody had a definite object in view. He was not going to England to scratch around and see if he could find some work; he was not going there with the intention of waiting, in the hope that there might be some opening for him that would enable him to make himself useful. We have said he had a distinct object in view; what was it?

"I am going to England to win ten thousand souls to Christ." These were his remarkable words—words that some people would have thought were not only bold, but almost rash. They did not appear so, however, to those who knew the man. He was not, therefore, an adventurer waiting for chances; he knew exactly what he wanted to do, and fully intended to accomplish his object. He knew enough of the English character and the wide field for evangelistic work to convince him that once he got the right start he could surmount all obstacles and do a grand work.

He had been in correspondence with a number of friends in different localities who favored his coming, just as they would favor labor of this kind performed by any earnest man. The most singular thing was that when Mr. Moody arrived in Liverpool with his friend Sankey, two of his old friends had died in the interval of his voyage, and a third was inclined to believe the time in his locality was not ripe for such a movement. It is of interest to know that Mr. Sankey hesitated about accompanying Mr. Moody,

as at this time he had an urgent invitation from the well-known singer, Philip Phillips, to go with him to the Pacific Coast for the purpose of giving sacred concerts. A friend said to Sankey, "Go with Moody ; don't go with Mr. Phillips. Two workers in the same line, and especially two singers, are pretty sure not to agree." Mr. Sankey took this advice, and it is safe to say never afterward regretted it.

Upon reaching Liverpool they found that the only possible opening was at York, the very place from which their friend, Mr. George Bennett, the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, had telegraphed that the town was so cold and dead as to forbid any hope of success. Now, mark the characteristic spirit of Mr. Moody: in this instance the qualities that made him great shine out with remarkable clearness. How did he answer such a discouraging message, one that would have blocked the passage of almost any other man and caused to give up in despair? He telegraphed him instantly: "I will be in York to-night." And to York he went.

A CITY SOUND ASLEEP.

Mr. Bennett's account of the spiritual lethargy of that town was not overdrawn. York was dead and cold. There was no stir among the people, no going out to meet these heralds of the cross. Quietly, without noise or tumult, without blowing any trumpet, they reached their destination and prepared to begin their labors. If they had been men of little faith they would have been disheartened at the very outset. The only encouragement they found was the response given to their appeal for churches to be opened on the following Sunday. With a good deal of reluctance four were placed at their disposal, one Baptist, one Congregationalist, and two Wesleyan.

Their first meeting on Sunday morning was in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association and was attended by only eight persons, but they knew the Lord was not with numbers and they were not dismayed. That meeting of eight persons was the beginning of a vast and wonderful movement which swept over

Great Britain and Ireland and affected multitudes of people both among Christians and those who were not. From such small beginnings the grandest results sometimes flow ; the mustard seed becomes a tree and the fowls of the air lodge in its branches.

Other meetings held on that first Sabbath were better attended and some progress was made during the week, but the fact that York, so far as religion was concerned, was a dismal Arctic region was painfully evident.

Mr. Moody saw at once that his preaching must be directed to professors of religion, with the hope of arousing them from their slumbers. Concerning these, Mr. Bennett said, "they needed almost as much waking up as the famous Seven Sleepers themselves."

Probably at no time during the career of the evangelists were they so sorely tried and so beset with discouragements as during the early part of their labors at York. In the second week the truth began to tell and some special interest broke out in one of the Wesleyan churches.



IRA D. SANKEY,
THE FAMOUS GOSPEL SINGER.

It was interesting to note the reason why Mr. Moody grew in favor with the people from day to day. It was all on account of his Bible talks and expositions of the Scriptures. It was seen at once that he was a man mighty in the Word; this won the sympathies of Christians and brought them over to his side. These talks were very plain and direct, dealt with the simple fundamental truths of the Gospel, and were sent home, as an athlete would say, "right from the shoulder."

It was an unusual sight to see the people going to the churches on a week day with their Bibles in their hands, ready to follow the reading. It is stated as a fact that very soon there sprang up such a demand for Bibles with index and concordance, that the publishers were compelled to print much larger editions, and even then were unable to supply the demand as the Evangelists passed from one place to another. Whatever else can be said, there was certainly a revival of interest in the Bible.

NOVEL FEATURES OF THE WORK.

Mr. Moody also introduced inquiry meetings, in which Christian people were expected to get in close contact with individuals who were ready for religious instruction, and were willing to be led in the right way. These were something new, and anything that is new must fight its way to public recognition, however good it may be. If the angel Gabriel were to come down from heaven, there are plenty of people who would ask for his credentials. The proof these inquiry meetings was in the results, and nothing could be said against them, except by those who were opposed to Christian work of every sort.

Mr. Moody closed his work in York with an all-day meeting in which for every hour he assigned some special topic and had a leader appointed to take charge. The very novelty of this meeting attracted attention, and was approved by Christians generally, although it must be said that the chief obstacle in the way of the work in York was the critical coldness and indifference of the ministers, many of whom looked upon the Evangelists as interlopers who were running before they were sent. Yet the all-day meeting

was a fitting close to the work that had been carried on. There was an hour for confession; another for praise; another for experiences; another for testimony; another for young converts to witness for Christ; and, last of all, an hour for communion, which was conducted by several ministers, with an address among others by Mr. Moody.

North of the city of York, on the coast of Durham, is the large town of Sunderland. This place was reported to be as dull and unpromising for evangelistic work as York itself was. But there was one good Baptist brother in this place who had been to York and attended some of the meetings, with the result that he caught fire and was all aglow. He made up his mind that on his own responsibility he would invite Moody and Sankey to hold services in his church. He was a zealous minister, and was ready to adopt any measures that would stir the people and push on the good work.

“NOT MAD, MOST NOBLE FESTUS.”

And here it may be said that one main reason why Mr. Moody did not enlist at once the sympathies and co-operation of the ministers and other influential persons was the fact that his methods were somewhat new, seemed to many to be ultra and extreme, and they, therefore, hesitated about giving him their support. His only reply was that extreme worldliness and indifference required extreme treatment. After all, it is not strange that ministers and others wished to look and examine before they began to adopt and praise. Mr. Moody stuck to his own measures, for he had proved them too long to doubt their efficiency, and he was not ready to give them up because some timid conservative brethren shook their heads and said, “It was never so seen in Israel.”

The Rev. Arthur Rees was the man who invited Mr. Moody to Sunderland; his heart was in the work. In speaking of the situation, one gentleman said, “Mr. Moody had one whole minister, three-fourths of one other, and nothing, or next to nothing, of all the rest, who helped in his meetings.”

Mr. Rees was a broad-minded liberal Christian, and although

a Baptist, while Moody and Sankey were not, this made no difference in the warm welcome he gave to these men and the heartiness with which he supported their labors. But the field was very tough, and for a time it seemed as if the ground would never be broken up. The congregations were large, drawn out of curiosity, just as people would have flocked if a circus had come to town; the preaching was acceptable and the singing of Sankey was wonderful, but for all this the work dragged and results were very meagre. Finally Moody said, "We can never go on in this way. It is easier to fight the devil than fighting the ministers."

One day there came a delegation from the Young Men's Christian Association to ask Mr. Moody to give them an address in Victoria Hall on Sunday afternoon. "O, yes," said Moody, "I'll preach for you." "We don't want you to preach for us; we want you to preach for Christ." "All right," said Moody, "I'll be there to preach for you."

WERE AFRAID TO TAKE THE RISK.

Then the committee went on to explain that the reason why the association had not gone in with Moody and Sankey heart and soul was not because of any want of sympathy, but because he had come to them in a sectarian connection. The association felt that they could not take the risk of identifying themselves with any particular sect. Mr. Moody saw the force of the objection and explained to the delegation that there was no significance whatever in his holding meetings in a church of one denomination, for he was just as willing to go to any other church. But in order to remove all this apprehension he conducted his services afterward in Victoria Hall, saying that he was always anxious to go where he could do the most good.

It is amusing to read of the impression that was made upon the young men who visited him. They were a good deal disappointed by the rough appearance of the evangelists and their off-hand manner. One said he thought it was a money making scheme out and out. This shows how easy it is to get mistaken impressions. It was only natural that suspicion should be awakened,

for these men were quite unknown and their reputation had not yet been made.

A very pleasant incident that contributed largely to aid the work in Sunderland was the emphatic endorsement of Mr. Moody by the famous Wesleyan preacher, Rev. William Morley Punshon. Mr. Punshon's name was known throughout the world as a most eloquent preacher and a warm friend of all true evangelical work. It seems that some of the Wesleyan ministers of Sunderland thought they sniffed Calvinistic theology, not so much in Mr. Moody's discourses, but in some of his exhortations to inquirers, and they were in doubt about giving him the right hand of fellowship. Mr. Punshon was at this time President of the Wesleyan Conference and happened to come to Sunderland to attend a special service.

ENDORSED BY HIGH AUTHORITY.

Fortunately he had known Mr. Moody in Chicago and had no reason to doubt the genuineness of the man or his work. He knew Mr. Moody had done wonders in Chicago, that his spirit was broad and catholic, that he was thoroughly in earnest and, if properly supported, his coming to Sunderland would prove an event in the religious history of that city. Mr. Punshon wisely advised all the ministers to co-operate with Mr. Moody. Still several ministers opposed the movement, wrote pamphlets against it and tried to defeat it.

Such urgent appeals, such indiscriminate offers of the water of life to everybody willing to receive it, such an utter absence of all ecclesiastical forms and fussing, could not be tolerated by some men of the cloth. However, suffice it to say, the opposition was lived down and the city of Sunderland was taken by storm. Some disliked Mr. Sankey's solos, but many were impressed by them and he kept right on singing. Some thought too much pressure was used to bring people to an immediate decision; all Mr. Moody could say in reply was, "now is the accepted time," and for this he had the warrant of the Bible itself. What could all the little petty criticisms and narrow minded objections avail against the words of Scripture?

The next place visited by Moody and Sankey was Newcastle. This town is in the midst of the coal regions of the north, and has a large population of plain, working people. The fact that a large business in coal is carried on accounts for the saying about "carrying coals to Newcastle." The idea is that it is quite superfluous to do some things. But it was not superfluous to bring these evangelists to Newcastle, for there they had one of their grandest triumphs, and it was in this town that the floodgates were opened and a mighty influence went forth that affected the whole British kingdom.

The services were not only announced in the churches and newspapers, but large placards were posted stating that at such a time and in such a place Mr. Moody would preach the Gospel and Mr. Sankey would sing the Gospel. The manner of announcement was enough to arouse public attention, and the largest places in town were crowded with eager listeners from the first. The worthy pastor of the Presbyterian Church, who had met Mr. Moody on one of his former visits to England, was somewhat shocked at this announcement. But he attended the first meeting. Being a little late, he found Mr. Moody sending a large number of inquirers into the separate room for religious conversation. "Here, Brother Lowe," exclaimed Moody, "go in and talk to all these inquirers. You'll find so many of them that you'll have to make them into a class."

CHURCHES THROWN WIDE OPEN.

During the first week of the services five separate churches were placed at Mr. Moody's disposal, and services were held in all of them, but he finally conducted his meetings in one church, and that the largest in the city. The eagerness to attend these services was so great, and the crowds were so enormous that one brother actually declared he was glad when Moody went away. The people who could not gain admittance were so disappointed as to often become disorderly. Mr. Moody declared that he would stay in Newcastle until he had conquered the prejudices of ministers, and had made the people acquainted with his true motives,

Very soon the most of the ministers in Newcastle were heart and soul with him. Surrounding towns and villages felt the overflow of the great wave of religious power, and shared in the blessing. Hundreds of meetings were held in outside places, and the community far and near was thoroughly awakened. One all-day meeting had been held at York; two were held at Newcastle. These meetings were so novel as to call out large crowds of people. One of them was a most remarkable praise service, conducted by Mr. Sankey. By this time all the north of England and Scotland had heard what was going on at Newcastle. The newspapers were full of it, and many ministers and others, who had come from distant places to see the wonders of grace returned to tell the story, and in this way new interest was created in many localities.

GRAND INVASION OF SCOTLAND.

We next find Moody and Sankey in Scotland. One might ask at the outset, what will such men do in such a place as Scotland? Scotchmen are hard-headed, disposed to argue, fond of dogmas, and have a profound reverence for the doctrines and traditions of the past. It has been said that if you take a hair that is so fine nobody else can split it, a Scotchman will split it, and then split the pieces. If the Evangelists can move Scotland they will have to be pronounced extraordinary men; we know that they did move Scotland, and it could not have been by mere human power.

It must be said one thing was in favor of Mr. Moody, and that was his intimate knowledge of the Bible. The Scotch are great Bible students; it is customary in all the churches for the people to open their Bibles and follow the minister while he reads, and half of Scotch preaching consists in expounding the Scriptures. The ministers there go on doing it year after year.

Mr. Moody came without any "Rev." to his name, without any college education, without any diploma from a theological school, without anything whatever to recommend him, except his zeal as an Evangelist, and the fact which was now greatly in

his favor that he had been meeting with success. But what in the world was to be done with Sankey? Sankey was singing Gospel hymns, and the Scotch had always sung the Psalms of David, in one version or another. The introduction of hymns into Scottish worship was fought, tooth and nail, as if they were productions of the devil and would overthrow all evangelical religion. Yet here was a man singing hymns, and with a small organ to help him, or as the Scotch in derision called it, a "a kist fu' o' whistles."

Still, it must be said that a vast number of people in Scotland were thoroughly disgusted with theological controversies and hair-splitting, saw nothing in cold arguments to edify a soul thirsting for the water of life, and were ready to rise in rebellion against stereotyped doctrines and forms, and begin an evangelical revolution. Years before, when Richard Weaver, a converted collier, an extraordinary man, without education, but with great natural force and ability, went through Scotland preaching his simple sermons and singing his very commonplace hymns, thousands followed him wherever his services were held. Mr. Moody had this in his favor, that his work had been blessed in other places, especially in Newcastle.

POWERFUL SUPPORT FROM MINISTERS.

Thus there were ministers of great influence who were ready to welcome the Evangelists. Among these was Rev. John Kelman, of the Free Church in Leith, a suburb of Edinburgh, who had been to Newcastle, and with his own eyes and ears had seen and heard wonderful things. He could not rest until he had stirred up his brethren to avail themselves of the grand opportunity they had of having special work carried on by these men from America. With him was Rev. J. H. Wilson of Edinburgh, a host in himself, and Mr. Moody having been invited by these two men, considered he had call enough to warrant his going to the "modern Athens" in the strength and faith of the simple Gospel.

Immediately there was a strong anticipation of a great awakening, and a daily prayer meeting was appointed to make prepar-

ations for what was coming. The first service was held in the Music Hall, November 23rd, where a dense crowd assembled to hear the preaching and singing. Mr. Moody was sick and unable to be present, and Rev. Mr. Wilson was compelled to take his place. The next evening Mr. Sankey's instrument had gone wrong, and he was compelled to drop out of the meeting. But Edinburgh was stirred through all its borders, and from the outset vast congregations flocked to the churches and public halls, and the revival was the only thing apparently that occupied the minds of the people. Meetings would be going on in half a dozen different places at the same time, all of them thronged to the doors and great numbers unable to obtain admission.

SCOTLAND ON FIRE.

Very rapidly the interest spread from one place to another, until it seemed as if all Scotland was ablaze. Everybody was talking about Moody and Sankey, and while there were some who were disposed to be critical and ridicule bad grammar and lack of education, the great mass of common people knew their man by a kind of instinct, and took him for the time being as their prophet. All through the country the newspapers began to give notices of the meetings, and the work of Moody and Sankey in Scotland was nothing less than a great public event. Parents attended the services with their children, and masters and mistresses sent their servants in the hope of their receiving spiritual benefit.

Dr. Horatius Bonar expressed the belief "that there was scarcely a Christian household in all Edinburgh in which there were not one or more persons converted during this revival." Ministers were very solicitous lest those who visited the inquiry room to receive instruction should be led astray by persons who were not fully qualified to converse with them and point out the way of life. To remedy this, tickets were issued by a committee appointed for the purpose, to such persons as they considered competent for this work after they had conversed with them and learned their qualifications. This proved to be a good system and worked admirably. A large number of religious workers, many

of whom possessed great tact and discretion, came forward and offered their services, and it is safe to say that without them the grand results would not have been realized and the movement would not have been such a complete success.

Of course, Mr. Moody's vast work could not go on without arousing opposition. At such a time the devil is always very jealous of doctrines, and greatly alarmed lest there shall be false teaching. It began to be whispered around that Mr. Moody was not quite orthodox, that he held some strange notions, that people must be on their guard lest the truth should be perverted, and even his personal character was attacked in the hope of defeating his usefulness. Somebody received, or claimed to have received, a letter from America stating that many of the brethren did not favor Mr. Moody and his methods. He resolved to strangle this lie before it got its boots on and made ready for a run.

OPPOSITION COMPLETELY SQUELCHED.

No man in all America could command such strong endorsements as he could, and he resolved to obtain them without delay. The most influential ministers and laymen of Chicago sent a strong letter of endorsement which completely squelched the petty lies and insinuations that the contemptible minions of vice and wickedness were scattering broadcast in the hope of injuring the grandest leader in the Christian world. They crawled into their miserable holes—these scapegraces did—and were not seen or heard of afterward.

In spite of everything, however, things would sometimes occur in the meetings that were to be regretted. When a great flood sweeps down the valley there is sure to be a lot of driftwood with it, or, rather, it would be more appropriate to say, that when the good seed of the kingdom is being sown the enemy is sure to come at night and sow tares along with it. But the hearty manner in which the ministers who had faith in Mr. Moody—and nearly all of them soon came to have it—stood up for him, relieved the situation and the work went on triumphantly. Dr. Bonar had his soul stirred with righteous indignation, and put out a pamph-

let embodying a noble defense of Moody and Sankey. Half of Scotland were satisfied with any endorsement from this man, for they had perfect faith in his sincerity and wisdom ; we had almost said that a more lovely, angelic man never lived.

Large numbers of persons from different parts of Scotland visited Edinburgh during the meeting, drawn by extraordinary accounts of the things that were taking place. The battle had been fought and the victory won. The old town of Edinburgh had been captured, and along with it pretty much the whole of Scotland. People sent applications from distant places for workers to come and help them, and the men who had been baptized with faith and enthusiasm went out to carry the gracious influence of this evangelistic work.

A MULTITUDE OF CONVERTS.

Converts were numbered by thousands. The most difficult question was as to what should be done with them, how the lost sheep gathered back should be brought into the fold, what Christian homes should be provided for them, and how they should be strengthened for their new life. Anyone can see at a glance what a demand was made upon ministers for thorough revival work, and that only men of this spirit would be likely to gather the fruits of Mr. Moody's labors.

One of the most powerful influences working against Moody and Sankey working in Edinburgh was a celebrated infidel club. A number of men carried on an organized opposition to Christianity, and were naturally very much disturbed when the whole town was running wild after religion. One evening the chairman of this club came to Mr. Moody's meeting, and afterward went into the inquiry room for conversation. When Mr. Moody spoke to him, he bristled up and was very anxious to enter into an argument. Mr. Moody thwarted him in this purpose, knowing very well that an argument would settle nothing. He asked the man if he wished to be a Christian. He said he did not, and that he had a very poor opinion of Christians.

"Would you like me to pray with you?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Well," said the other, "you can try your hand on me if you like, but I think you will find me a match for you."

Mr. Moody knelt down by his side and prayed for him. A notable fact is that this very man was brought in afterwards, and along with him seventeen other members of this infidel club. One of this number afterward became an evangelist, and tried his best to undo the evil he and his fellows had done.

Suffice it to say, that a very deep and genuine work resulted from the labors of the evangelists in the Scottish capital. Of course there was now an open door for them in all directions, and if they could have multiplied themselves a hundred fold they would have had enough, and more than enough, to do.

VAST THRONGS IN GLASGOW.

Mr. Moody was in Glasgow in 1872, but no special interest was created at that time. Before he and Mr. Sankey went there from Edinburgh, prayer meetings had been held for a month to prepare a way for their coming. They began their services on the 8th of February, 1874. Great crowds of people poured out and filled several of the largest churches. At a previous meeting of the ministers, called for the purpose of making arrangements, it was noted with great satisfaction that ministers of all the branches of the Presbyterian Church, including the Establishment, together with others not of the Presbyterian faith and order, were seated on the same platform, exhibiting a very happy spirit of harmony.

Thus Mr. Moody was able to unite Christians of every name and bring them together in one vast working phalanx. When the evangelists arrived in Glasgow they found everything in readiness, and predicted from the outset that a great blessing would follow. All sorts of meetings for all classes of people were held, and a systematic effort was made to reach everybody in the city. People came in from surrounding places and went back to tell what the Lord was doing. In one instance five young men attended some of the meetings and then went to their distant homes, where special interest was created at once by what they had to relate.

One remarkable feature of the Glasgow services was the great number of requests for prayer. Requests would come in on behalf of people away at the ends of earth—in Canada, in the United States, in Australia and in far away New Zealand. A letter was received from a young man in New Zealand stating that prayer had been answered for him, and he had ridden a hundred and fifty miles to post a letter to his parents seeking reconciliation with them after an unfortunate disagreement.

BRAWNY MEN WITH DINNER-PAILS.

Open-air meetings were held in various places, and men in their working clothes with their dinner pails in their hands would stop and listen eagerly. In carrying on these services the Young Men's Christian Association took an active part. Nor were the children neglected; special services were held for them, and these were attended by multitudes. Mr. Moody found great favor with the general public. In one of the large ship yards an invitation was signed by 500 workmen requesting him to address them during the noon hour. Out of this grew a prayer meeting in that place which was attended by many of the 2,000 workmen. Members of the regular choir that had been organized for the services went every day and sang to them.

Thus the work went on very much as it had done in other places—the same preparation, the same unity among Christians, the same great crowds moved by a common impulse, the same earnest preaching, the same thrilling hymns sung by Mr. Sankey the same inquiry meetings and similar results. Bands of young men and young women went out into the alleys and by-ways, gathering in the great number of those who had lived all their lives under the shadow of churches yet had seldom, if ever, stepped inside. The work pervaded all classes and there was but one opinion concerning it. No one doubted that it was genuine, was carried on with proper motives and was producing a lasting effect upon the religious life of the city, and, in fact, upon Scotland generally.

On the 16th of April there was a remarkable Christian Con-

vention held at the Kibble Crystal Palace, a place that would seat 6,000 persons. This convention was composed largely of Christian workers, and was attended by the most eminent ministers, not only in Glasgow, but from other places. During Mr. Moody's last week the services were held in the same place, and night after night the spacious edifice was crowded and many were unable to gain admittance. On one evening there was a meeting for shop-girls who were unable to get to an early service. This meeting was held very late, and it was estimated that 9,000 of this class were in the building and outside. The next evening it was estimated that 7,000 young men attended the service.

THRILLING GOSPEL SONGS.

Over all these vast assemblies Mr. Sankey's clear, ringing voice, full of pathos, tenderness and power, was heard, holding the multitudes breathless with his Gospel songs. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of this most remarkable religious work in the west of Scotland. It was about this time that Mr. Sankey found in the corner of a newspaper that hymn which has since become famous, entitled "The Ninety and Nine."

It was a fugitive piece, floating around and apparently unnoticed, but Mr. Sankey saw at once what a power it possessed if set to proper music. He hastily wrote out a tune, but without any thought that it would last longer than for temporary use, his intention being to have Mr. P. P. Bliss, or some other music composer, write a tune that would be as, he thought, more appropriate. But "The Ninety and Nine" as Mr. Sankey sang it has lived, and will doubtless live to the end of time.

The following are the words of probably the most famous hymn that Mr. Sankey ever sang :

THE NINETY AND NINE.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far from the gates of gold.
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherds care.



BETSEY MOODY
MOTHER OF THE GREAT EVANGELIST



WANAMAKER FALLS—NORTHFIELD



FREDERICK MARQUAND MEMORIAL HALL-NORTHFIELD SEMINARY
BUILT IN 1884 AT A COST OF ABOUT \$60,000



1. NORTH FARM-HOUSE WHERE MOODY BEGAN HIS SEMINARY
2. STONE HALL—CONTAINING CHAPEL AND RECITATION ROOMS

“Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?”
But the Shepherd made answer: “This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find My sheep.”
But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard it's cry—
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.
“Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way
That mark out the mountains track?”
“They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.”
“Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?”
“They are pierced tonight by many a thorn.”
And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
“Rejoice! I have found My sheep!”
And the angels echoed around the throne,
“Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!”

Henceforth a triumphal progress attended Moody and Sankey, and the success of their labors was assured beforehand. While they were in Scotland many invitations from Ireland came, and so after leaving Glasgow they began services in Belfast. Their first meeting was held on the 6th of September in one of the large churches at 8 o'clock in the morning. Even at that early hour the place was crammed long before the time for the service, and many were turned away from the doors. The second meeting at 11 o'clock was held in a larger place. and a still larger place had to be secured for the evening. Here, as elsewhere, a daily prayer meeting was established and became an important adjunct to the work. Some one in speaking of it said it was the center of the whole movement.

As showing the great eagerness of people to hear the Evangelists, a meeting was held one evening for those who had not been

able hitherto to gain admittance. Tickets were issued for this service, and applications were received for more than three thousand. On one occasion as many as six hundred men responded to an invitation to enter the inquiry room.

One of the features of the work in Belfast was an immense outdoor meeting held in the early part of October. So great was the interest felt and the desire to attend, that the railway companies reduced the fare and ran special trains. The committee of arrangements had resolved to bring together a hundred thousand people, their motto being, "All Ireland for Christ."

RECEIVED EVERYWHERE WITH DELIGHT.

From Belfast the Evangelists went to a number of other places, and to give accounts of their services would be simply a repetition of what has already been narrated. They were received with great favor everywhere; opposition had been lived down; ministers and churches were united in the work; Mr. Sankey's singing produced the same marvellous effects, and Mr. Moody's preaching went home to the hearts of the people. After returning to Belfast to hold a farewell service, an attack was made upon the citadels of sin in Dublin. Here extraordinary scenes were witnessed, and the city was shaken to its center.

Mr. Moody had labored under such disadvantages by holding his meetings in buildings that were not large enough for them, that when he went to Dublin he made it a condition that his services should be held in the Exhibition Palace, a magnificent structure that was built for a place of amusement. Even this large building was filled day after day and the work went on with amazing power. Sometimes as many as seven hundred inquirers would be found after the services, showing with what power and effect the truth had been proclaimed.

One meeting worth mentioning was held among the soldiers of the garrison near by. Mr. Moody was quite at home with these soldiers on account of the experience he had in the work of the Christian Commission during our Civil War. In his most telling manner he related many incidents, told stories to the

men by which they were greatly affected and made to weep like children, and completely gained their confidence by the warm interest he took in their welfare.

Mr. Moody having finished his labors in Ireland returned to England where, in many places, his coming was awaited with eager expectation. He held services in nearly all the large cities, such as Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham and Liverpool. One after another these places were turned upside down; they were shaken by the mighty power of the truth preached and sung by these strange men of faith from a far land.

IMMENSE MEETINGS IN LARGE CITIES.

In Liverpool especially, where Mr. Moody had become well known on one of his former visits to England, he received a hearty welcome and the Christian people seemed to be unable to do enough to make the undertaking a complete success. They were all enlisted in hearty support of the efforts made to evangelize the masses. Here, as in Scotland and Ireland, multitudes of people poured out to attend the services and immense meetings were held. The same may be said of the other large towns through which the evangelists went.

It is stated that in Birmingham larger audiences were gathered than ever had assembled before in that city to hear the Gospel preached, and it seems that Moody and Sankey were particularly happy in this town, where their services had been held in Bingley Hall. "I must say," said Mr. Moody, "I have never enjoyed preaching the Gospel more than since I came to Birmingham. We have reached so many people. I think, if we could, we would take up Bingley Hall and carry it round the world with us."

But it was reserved for London to rise up in enthusiasm and give the evangelists such a reception as they never had before. London is the largest city in the world. When it moves it moves like the ocean. Mr. Moody began his work on the 9th of March, 1875. Elaborate arrangements had been made for the services, including a preliminary meeting of ministers of all denominations

numbering several hundred. They questioned Mr. Moody very closely, and this was what he desired. He wished to remove every doubt and prejudice and prepare the way for a grand union movement that should include the clergy of the established church and all others. Finally one good brother wished to know what was Mr. Moody's creed. He replied that it had been written for a long time. The learned brethren got out their pencils and paper prepared to take notes.

"Please state it," said one of the company, looking gravely over his spectacles. Mr. Moody's instant reply was, "You will find it written in the 53rd chapter of Isaiah"—a reply that was received with hearty applause.

In different parts of London work was carried on for several months. At Islington, in the northern part of the city, is a great hall belonging to the Agricultural Society and used for their annual exhibitions. This place, among others, was opened to the tens of thousands who were anxious to attend the meetings, and not long after Mr. Moody's death Mr. Sankey on one occasion stated that he thought the largest number of persons they had ever gathered under one roof was in this hall, and that 17,000 were present.

It would be useless to attempt to reduce to figures the result of Mr. Moody's work in great Britain and Ireland. In each of the large towns, several thousand persons professed conversion, and connected themselves with the different churches. The fame of the evangelists by this time had filled the world. England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales had endorsed the work, which it was not difficult to do, since it stood upon its own foundation, and its genuineness and power could not be denied. Mr. Moody's dream of winning ten thousand souls to Christ in England, which was thought by many to be only a dream, had been more than realized, and to say that ten times that number had been led into a new life, would probably come nearer a true statement of the case.

CHAPTER VI.

Moody's Great Work in America.

UPON the return of Moody and Sankey to this country they found themselves in great demand. The question was not whether an open door would be set before them, but where they should begin their labors for the evangelization of America.

Mr. Moody's first duty, as well as pleasure, was to visit his old home at Northfield. Love and devotion to his mother formed one of the most impressive features in his character. To the early training received in his poor mountain home the great Evangelist attributed those elements of personal character which crowned with success his efforts in spreading the Gospel and in advancing the cause of education.

It fell to the lot of this noble woman to be rewarded for her struggle with poverty and debt as few mothers have been blessed. She lived to see her son universally honored. The obscure New England village of Northfield became noted as his birthplace and her home. Massive seminary halls overshadowed the homestead. Across the Connecticut Valley, on the side of Mount Hermon, college buildings were erected. To the hundreds of students she was known and loved as "Grandma" Moody. Each summer scholars and students from all parts of the world made pilgrimages to that shrine of worship and instruction.

Habitually when returning to Northfield from his ministry, Mr. Moody would drive direct to the home of his mother to receive her welcome before joining his immediate family. For more than fifty years he sought counsel and approval at her knee. Betsey Moody was spared to her son until the closing days of her ninety-first year. When she began to fail Mr. Moody was holding meetings in a distant city. It was not known that her end was near and he was not notified. Toward the close of the week the Evangelist became restless and an uncontrollable desire to go home possessed him.

For no other reason he canceled his engagement and started for Northfield, arriving at his mother's bedside in time to receive her last blessing.

Mr. Moody spent the fall of 1875 at Northfield, where he received visits from many eminent ministers and Christian workers. During this time he held some meetings in his native town, and had the pleasure of seeing one of his brothers, Mr. Samuel Moody, received into church fellowship. He afterward became President of the Northfield Young Men's Christian Association, and was a useful man in the community.

Meanwhile urgent invitations for evangelistic work had come to Mr. Moody from New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia. He received a friendly visit from Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, widely known as an eloquent preacher and zealous worker, who evidently went to Northfield to secure Mr. Moody, if possible, for work in the "City of Churches." Dr. Cuyler thus describes his visit:

THE EVANGELIST AT HOME.

"Mr. Moody took me all about through that beautiful mountain country, stopping every little while to speak to some neighbor, and remind him of the meeting that evening at the Congregational Church in the village, or to say a few words of encouragement to some young convert whom we happened to meet, or introducing his guest, and saying: 'This is my good friend, Dr. Cuyler. He is going to preach to-night; come and hear him;' and so on through a whole morning's ride. He was full of work, and continually running over with it, and when I got back to Brooklyn, I said to my people, this man Moody has the secret of success in the Lord's work. He is at it, hard at it, and always at it.

"That evening the church was full. Moody looked over the congregation, and then said to me: 'Half the people below are Unitarians, and half in the gallery are Catholics.' But it was all the same to him, so long as they felt themselves to be sinners in need of the Saviour, or were Christians and loved Him."

At length it was decided that Moody and Sankey should begin their work in the Rink, in Brooklyn, a building capable of holding

6000 people. This would have been an immense congregation for any other man, but it might have been doubled without causing any inconvenience to either of the Evangelists. They were apparently equal to as many thousands as could be gathered under one roof. The services began on the 24th of October, with an immense throng in attendance, and thereafter were continued with unabated enthusiasm. Brooklyn, with all its famous preachers, had never been so thoroughly aroused.

Of Mr. Moody's preaching, Dr. Cuyler said :

"Mr. Moody never preached better than he has in Brooklyn. His discourses on 'Confession of Sin,' on 'Christ saving the lost sheep,' and on 'True repentance,' were models of arousing, searching, and soul-guiding sermons. The critics discover that he will persist in putting 'Isrel' for Israel, and 'they was' for they were, and 'done it' for did it; but what matters it that the Queen's English gets an occasional wound, while the sword of the Spirit is being thrust into the hearts of the King's enemies? It is all very well for Brother Moody to say modestly 'that there are plenty of ministers in Brooklyn who can preach far better than I.' But some of us *know* that there is not a minister among us who can pack so much soul-saving truth of God into a concise, portable form, and send it home with so much momentum as Dwight L. Moody."

INCIDENTS OF THE INQUIRY MEETINGS.

Of the work in the inquiry meetings, held in the Reformed Church and in the Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, many incidents were related by Mr. Charles M. Morton, the successful missionary at the Plymouth Church, Bethel. This ex-soldier who has given an arm for his country, and who seems to have given all the rest of himself, soul and body, to Christ, was formerly a kind of under-pastor of Mr. Moody's Church in Chicago. He said in the "Illustrated Christian Weekly:"

"Almost from the beginning the inquiry meetings have been filled with persons of both sexes and of all ages and conditions."

"An old man and his wife, both gray-headed, came forward together to the front seats and prayed for 'eleventh hour' mercy,

and went away rejoicing. Grateful tears coursed down the cheeks of each of them."

"A young man in the employ of a Brooklyn tailor, on his way to a customer with a suit of clothing just finished, stopped in at the Rink for a little while, and went on rejoicing in Christ. He will attend to his employer's business more promptly in the future."

"On one side of a Christian worker knelt an old, gray-headed man, and on the other a tender girl of seventeen. As the tears coursed down their cheeks, the father and daughter began the Christian life together."

A SKEPTIC RISES FOR PRAYER.

"A confirmed skeptic came to the Rink to gratify the curiosity he had to 'hear Moody and Sankey,' but could not get in on account of the throng. Wandering over to the Reformed Church, he met a Christian acquaintance who persuaded him to remain, and they had a long conversation. The next night he came to the same meeting, and was among the first to rise to be prayed for. Walking home from the meeting he said; 'Well, I didn't think the time would ever come when I should prefer a prayer-meeting to a theatre.' That day he had bought himself a little pocket Testament, and when his friend marked a special verse or two for him, he expressed the warmest gratitude. A praying mother, whose faithfulness has never waned, had much to do with all this."

"It is amazing," says one who had been with him, "how Mr. Moody can do so much and live. He attends and conducts a morning prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle; a second meeting at 4 P. M., for Christian instruction; preaches at 7.30 at the Rink; goes at a little before 8.30 to an inquiry meeting in the church opposite; rides thence down to the Tabernacle, and preaches to a congregation of clerks and salesmen and mechanics, a young men's meeting at 9 P. M. Then I suppose he goes to bed. Every meeting is well attended; generally crowded."

"Last week he gave notice that this week admission to the Rink would be by ticket. The tickets would be given only to non-church



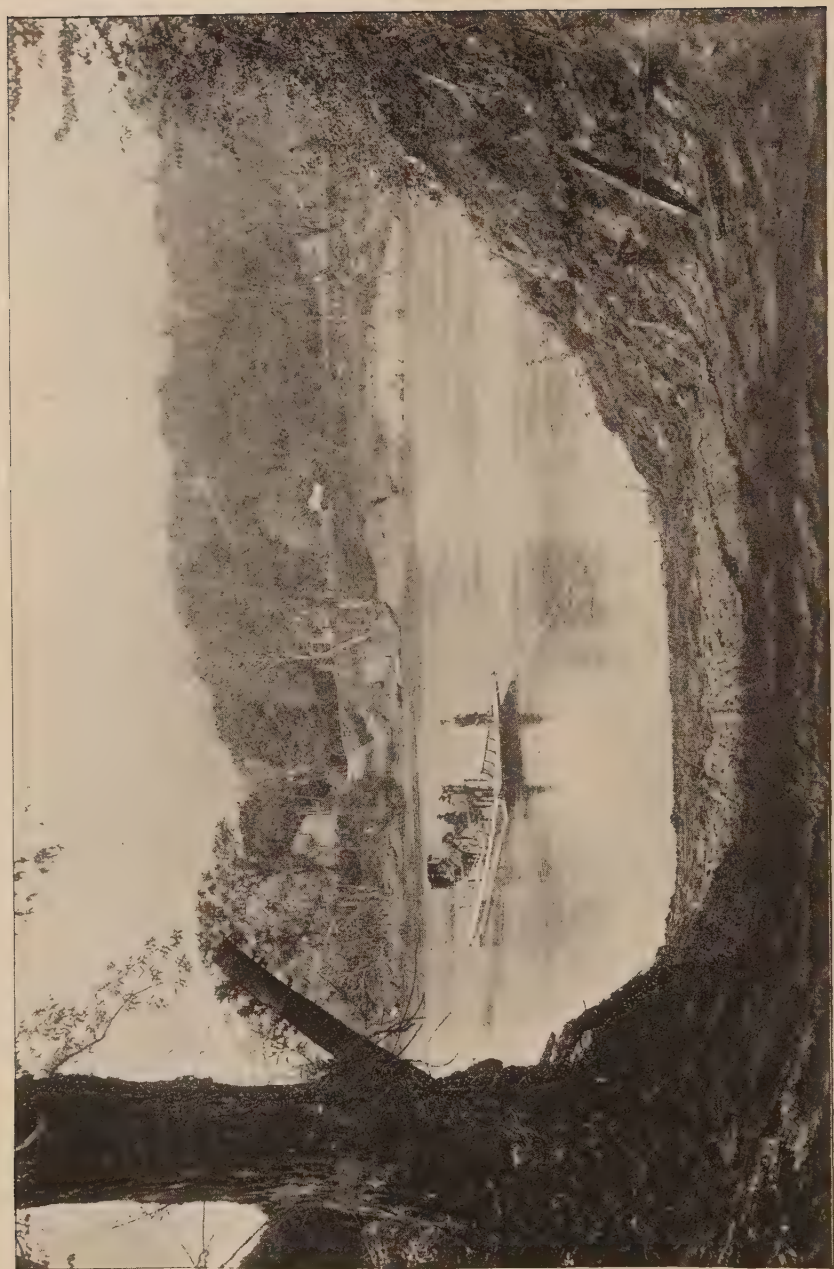
CAMP LIFE DURING A MOODY CONFERENCE AT NORTHFIELD



REV. GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D. D.
ONE OF MR. MOODY'S MOST TRUSTED AND SUCCESSFUL HELPERS



TRINITARIAN CHURCH AT NORTHFIELD



OLD FERRY BETWEEN NORTHFIELD AND MT. HERMON

members. 'We have entertained you church people long enough,' said he; 'we propose to dismiss this audience and to speak to another congregation.' It seemed like a hazardous experiment. Would seven or eight thousand people, not church members, go after tickets to hear the Gospel, obtainable only on the ground that they were non-church members? The actual result was a greater crowd than ever. The committee say that if they had possessed twenty thousand more tickets they could have disposed of them all."

Mr. Sankey's gift of song had much to do with the success of the meetings, and through the efforts of the hymn and tune writers who produced so many popular songs which he introduced to the public, there arose a new species of religious psalmody—the "Gospel hymns," commonly known then as "Moody and Sankey tunes." It is an interesting sidelight on the character of Mr. Moody that the immense profits derived in later years from the copyright royalties on these hymns were wholly used for religious purposes and the establishing of Christian institutions, no penny, it is said, ever going into the Evangelist's private purse.

GREAT AWAKENING IN PHILADELPHIA.

Preparations for a great evangelistic movement had long been going on in Philadelphia. Anticipating the multitudes which their foreign reputation promised, the old Pennsylvania Railroad freight depot, which had been recently abandoned, now the Wanamaker store, was secured for the meetings and fitted up to seat about 13,000 people, and from November, 1875, to April, 1876, it was crowded three times a day every day in the week. As many as 16,000 tickets were taken up at single meetings. The number of conversions at these meetings was very great, as was shown by the large number of acquisitions to the membership not only of the city churches, directly traceable to depot meetings, but also of churches for hundreds of miles around.

Mr. Moody's great capacity for leadership was then promptly recognized. His sincerity was unquestioned. There was not an element of gain in it for him or Mr. Sankey. No collections were taken up. The royalties on the hymn books issued by them were

used in Evangelistic work, principally in Chicago, and distributed by a committee, of which the late George H. Stuart was chairman, although they amounted up to this time to more than \$300,000. The one collection made was at the close of the series of meetings for the special purpose of paying off the debt resting upon the Young Men's Christian Association Building in Philadelphia. A prominent philanthropist started it at \$25,000, and the entire collection amounted to \$125,000.

THE IMMENSE TABERNACLE.

The use of the old freight depot was given by Mr. Wanamaker, for many years one of Mr. Moody's warmest friends and generous supporters. He was about to establish the largest retail store in the world, and stopped his plans for reconstructing the building until the Moody services were over. He personally superintended the work of fitting it up and getting it ready for the meetings. The following description, written at the time, conveys a good idea of the great tabernacle:

"Ten large doors give easy ingress to a broad vestibule running on three sides of the building. Inside of this is the new audience room. Four main isles running the entire length of the hall are crossed by eight others, from all of which there are doors of entrance or exit. The platform stretching across the rear of the hall is forty-five feet deep. The main floor rises toward the end remotest from the platform, to give to those in the rear seats a full view of the speaker. Ten thousand two hundred chairs are placed in order on the main floor and platform.

"The exposed beams and rafters of the building are painted white, tastefully lined with blue, and ornamented with scarlet. About one thousand gas burners give light to the hall. The isles are laid with cocoa matting. The building is well heated by steam, and the ventilation is thorough. Across the platform end of the hall and along the sides are inscribed appropriate texts of Scripture.

"Large rooms are arranged for inquiries at the platform end of the hall, also a private room for Mr. Moody, with access under the

platform to his desk. Ample provision is made for reporters, also for the committee of arrangements and its secretary.

"When lighted and filled this building presents an imposing appearance. Nothing like it in extent and commodiousness was ever before secured in Philadelphia for a public gathering of any character. The preparation of it within the time taken and at the expense involved is in itself an evidence of revived interest in the Lord's work in this city."

Mr. George H. Stuart was chairman of the Executive Committee, and Bishop Newton presided over the Ministerial Committee, while the strongest, most active and efficient men to be obtained made up the rank and file of these organizations. Together they formed a host.

The plan for work in the inquiry-rooms was substantially the same as that employed in the former great revivals. The workers were tried and trusty men and women. They spoke with their Bibles in their hands, turning to those passages which seemed best to meet the case. In short, it was the Bible method over again.

WELL TRAINED FOR THE WORK.

Rev. Dr. Newton, in speaking of the preparation for this work, says: "A part of this preparation was to have a class of Christian workers trained and ready to go into the inquiry-rooms and render service there, in guiding anxious souls to Jesus. This class was composed of between three and four hundred Christian men and women. These were gathered from the different churches in the city known to be in sympathy with the Evangelists and their work. They were the best specimens of Christian knowledge and experience that these churches could furnish. And when convened together this body of 'Christian Workers' made up a deeply interesting assembly.

"The preparation of these workers was intrusted to a committee of four ministers, representing the leading Protestant denominations. The Rev. Dr. Breed represented the Presbyterian Church; the Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, the Baptist; the Rev. Dr. Hatfield, the Methodist; and the present writer the Episcopal Church.

This committee met the workers several times for general counsel and directions in view of the solemn and responsible work in which they were to engage. At these meetings each member of the ministerial committee addressed the workers in turn. There was no concert or agreement beforehand as to the points to be discussed, and yet the most delightful harmony prevailed through all the exercises.

"No one jarring or discordant note was struck from the beginning to the end. If a stranger had been present he might have listened most attentively to the teachings of these men, representing the leading branches of the Protestant Church; and for the life of him he could not have detected the slightest shade of difference in their teaching. From anything he saw or heard there he could not have told who was the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist or the Episcopalian. The watchmen on the walls of Zion were seeing eye to eye."

MR. MOODY'S LETTER TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

Wherever the Evangelists had labored they left behind them a large number of converts who wished to keep in constant communication with them in order to receive sympathy and help in the new life they were living, the trials and responsibilities of which many of them felt themselves too weak to bear. While in Brooklyn Mr. Moody wrote a kind of circular, apostolic letter to all such. It was published in Philadelphia and sent out on its helpful mission to all in every place who had, through him, received the words of life.

This letter assured them that they were not forgotten by their great leader, that they were not like lambs left to perish without the care of a shepherd, that they had grand moral support in their conflicts and were sure of victory. The letter was as follows:

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: Since returning to America, in response to my invitation, I have received precious communications from many of you. Were it possible I would gladly reply to each; but, as I have not opportunity for this, I shall avail myself of the

columns of "The Christian" to send to you all a few words of greeting.

I praise God continually for what he has done for you in saving your souls through the blood of Jesus Christ his Son. You are much on my heart, and in my prayers. But most glad am I to know, that when I cease to remember, Jesus himself bears each one of you in continual remembrance before his Father. You are graven upon the palms of his hands (Isa. 49: 16), and written upon the heart of his affections (Ex. 28: 29); and of you he has said, "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand" (John 10: 28).

SOURCE OF DAILY COMFORT.

You have taken the Lord Jesus for your Redeemer, and it has become eternal salvation unto you. Now, Jesus is something more to you. He has become your High Priest. His great business in heaven to-day is *to represent you*—your needs, your infirmities, and your trials. I want you to know this very fully; for no other truth can give you more daily comfort, or more firmly establish you in a constant holy walk. Having died to save you, Jesus lives to keep you. At the cross He washed you from the condemnation of sin; at the mercy-seat He will cleanse you from daily defilement.

Some of you have written me how old besetting sins are annoying you. Take them straight to Jesus. Don't rely too much on yourselves in overcoming them; don't follow human advice too much, or copy the example of other people too much in gaining the victory. Spare yourselves this weariness. Cast it all before your blessed Advocate, and let Him bear you and your burdens too.

And do not, above all, forsake your Bibles. You can never separate Jesus the Word made flesh from the written Word. He who proclaimed Himself *the Way*, declared also that He was *the Truth*. Pack your memory full of passages of Scripture, with which to meet Satan when he comes to tempt or accuse you; and be not content to simply *know* but strive to *obey* the Word of God. *Never think that Jesus has commanded a trifle, nor dare to trifle with anything He has commanded.*

I exhort the young men to be sober. Exercise yourselves unto godliness; run the race according to Paul's motto, "Looking off unto Jesus;" draw your inspiration and power directly from Himself.

I exhort the young women to great moderation. Your sphere of testimony may not be public; your place of usefulness may not be large; in your own homes "adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour." Keep one little thought in mind—"I have none but Jesus to please." And so make your dress as simple as you know will please your Lord; make your deportment as modest as you know will commend itself to Him.

ABOUNDING LOVE AND KNOWLEDGE.

And for you all, "among whom we have gone laboring," our prayer is, "That your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment; that ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere, and without offence, till the day of Christ, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God" (Phil. 1 : 9, 10, 11). Mr. Sankey joins me in Christian love.

Your brother in Christ,

D. L. MOODY.

A watch-night meeting was held, which produced a deep impression on all present. As it drew toward midnight Mr. Moody introduced a novel feature, which produced a most telling effect. The scene is thus described by the "Sunday School Times:"

The close of the year was at hand. The Depot Church was crowded. Twelve thousand persons sat listening intently to the words of the earnest evangelist. Mr. Moody had concluded a sermon from the text, "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him." The appeal had come home with power to many who now longed for words of personal counsel, or who were burdened with anxious doubt. An ordinary inquiry-meeting, such as usually follows Mr. Moody's sermons, was not practicable then and there; for the services in the main room were to continue until the new year opened.

Said Mr. Moody: "You always show an interest in the inquiry-meetings. I often see some of you who are outside looking in at the doors to see what is going on in there. Some of you have been in there. Some of you would like to go there to-night; but we've no chance for such a meeting now. So I propose to turn this whole meeting into an inquiry-meeting. Here is the Rev. Dr. Plumer, of South Carolina. He is seventy-four years old. He has been living on borrowed time for four years. For fifty-five years he has been sitting at the feet of Jesus. I'm going to put him on to the witness-stand, and question him before you all. Dr. Plumer, will you take the pulpit?"

A VERY IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

The venerable clergyman, with his commanding form and patriarchal presence, arose, and with tremulous movements took the stand before the vast congregation. He gave his Bible greeting from the seventy-third Psalm to the waiting hearers. Mr. Moody plied him with questions in his own peculiar way. In reply every word was spoken with distinctness and with deep feeling, as if under a sense of weighty responsibility in thus witnessing for the Lord.

It was a most impressive service. Many a soul present seemed to feel himself the questioner, and to listen as for his life to the answer. In that solemn hour it was as if God's prophecy for the latter days was fulfilled: "And I will give power unto my two witnesses." Their speech and their preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

As usual in other places, Mr. Moody held a great Christian Convention in Philadelphia, which was attended by over a thousand ministers and by a vast concourse of people. Persons of every description, including even Roman Catholics, united in praise of the services that had been held and the evident good that had been accomplished. When Mr. Moody held his farewell meeting, three thousand converts received tickets of admittance. His last discourse was from the word "Able." Among other things he said:

"I've long since got over having confidence in myself. My only safety is in Christ. Better men and women than any in this hall have fallen. David had been God's king twenty years, and yet he fell. Keep on watching right on down to the grave. If you are lifted up, and conceited, thinking you're strong enough to fight it out yourselves, you'll fall. And now, turn to Isa. 41: 10: 'I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.' Be more concerned to have God take hold of you, than that you take hold of God. Put your hand in God's hand, and say, 'Hold me.' There are two lives every Christian must live. The first, a life with God; the second, a life before the world. Keep both of these. See that the downward life, which strikes below the surface and roots itself in God, is lived right, then the outward life will take care of itself.

NOT ROOTED AND GROUNDED.

"We have too many surface Christians. They are like trees rooted in a little skin of earth, or top of a rock. A storm of wind comes and over they go. Have a deep-rooted, inner life, not a superficial one. I've just been down in Florida. They've had a very dry time there, no rain of any account for months. But the orange-trees, looked so vigorous, that I inquired how it was. 'Why,' said a man, 'orange-trees have a tap-root that goes clear down to water.' So do you strike down. Be rooted and grounded. If you live in this way there'll be no trouble about your standing.

"Now turn for amoment to 2 Timothy 1: 12: 'For I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' What had Paul committed to him? Why, his soul, of course. That he is able to keep. Somebody asked a man to what persuasion he belonged? He answered, 'To the same persuasion as Paul!' 'And what was that, pray?' said the inquirer, 'To the persuasion that is able,' and that is the very best persuasion. If you had to keep your own souls Satan would get them before you reach home.

"People say, 'Well, a great many of these young converts will fall away.' That's true. The parable of the sower will hold good,

I suppose, as long as the world stands. A man came into Chicago and opened a store where two or three other men had failed. He went right into the same business, too, and the people wondered how he kept going. By and by it came out that he had a very rich brother. So have you a rich brother, and He will supply all your needs."

Some of the statistics of the Philadelphia meetings read almost like romance. From November 21, 1875, to February 4, 1876, the aggregate attendance was 1,050,000. The average daily attendance, including the several meetings held every day, was 22,000. On one Sunday 28,000 persons were present at the different services. A committee of ladies gave out in one week 19,000 tickets to persons who acknowledged that they were not Christians. The blessed results of the meetings were long manifest and formed an era in the religious life of the Quaker City and vicinity.

TESTIMONY FROM THE CHOIR LEADER.

Professor W. J. Fischer, of Philadelphia, gained a reputation for the masterly manner in which he trained the great choir of 800 voices that sang in the old freight depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad during the first Moody and Sankey revival in that city. Later his name became associated more closely with those of the two great Evangelists by reason of his setting to music several of the more favorite hymns of the dead leader.

Professor Fischer said: "The Evangelists came home from England, and, following the meeting in Brooklyn, the largest continuous gathering that the two Evangelists ever addressed assembled in Philadelphia. The movement was started by a few prominent clergymen in town, and hundreds took it up. The only place of sufficient size in which to hold the crowd that promised to come was the old depot at Thirteenth and Market streets. We gathered from churches, both in this State and outside, a body of 800 of the finest voices in the East, and welded them into a choir, which Mr. Moody declared he had never heard equaled.

"The meeting continued every evening for three months, and

the attendance daily was about 16,000. The effect in the town was thrilling, although cynics scoffed and poked fun. The mission of Mr. Moody found fruit here, and his appearance was welcomed ever afterward with joy. Many of the most prominent persons in the country attended the meetings during their continuance, and President Grant was several times an interested spectator. The entire affair was squarely honest and a sincere work. Not a cent was paid to any one, and the critics who sometimes derided it as a money-making affair did the sort of harm that is contemptible.

NOT ANOTHER LIKE HIM.

"Mr. Moody had very little music in him, and with difficulty could tell one note from another, yet he would often go into strange places and dives and open up with a hymn that, notwithstanding the lack of harmony, won everybody by its truth. Yes, I think he was a wonderful man, and I think we shall not see another so whole-souled for a long time."

Mr. Moody's great work in the immense Hippodrome building of New York city was begun on Monday night, the 7th of February, 1876. People said to him, "You will not do much in New York; it is a hard city; you will not succeed there." His reply was, "Is not the God of our fathers enough for New York city? Cannot our God take this city and shake it as you would a little child?" This faith was well founded, for if ever New York was shaken it was during this marvellous series of evangelistic meetings.

In the presence of a vast multitude and surrounded by the most prominent ministers and business men of the metropolis, Mr. Moody preached his first sermon from the words: "But God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and foolish things of the world to confound the wise; that no flesh should glory in his presence."

The most elaborate preparations had been made in the big Hippodrome for holding the services, a very efficient committee and corps of helpers having been organized long before the Evangelists arrived. Mr. Moody declared that up to this time he had never

received better assistance. The first week had not ended before the average daily attendance on the combined services amounted to 20,000.

It is not necessary here to give detailed accounts of the great work in New York, for the reason that in its essential features it was precisely like the work which has been fully described in other places. There was the same curiosity, the same great outpourings of people, the same prayerful earnestness, the same thrilling scenes in the inquiry-rooms, the same magnificent leadership, and the same impressive effects produced by Mr. Sankey's songs.

AN EMPEROR ON THE PLATFORM.

At one of the services the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro II, with some friends, sat on the platform in seats reserved for them. The Emperor was greatly moved by one of Mr. Sankey's hymns, and deeply interested in Mr. Moody's discourse. It has been said that some of Mr. Moody's sentences were rather pointed, to which the only reply that could be made was that he did not have an Emperor to preach to every day.

On the other hand, it was said that Mr. Moody did not know the Emperor was present. Opening his eyes in amazement he remarked: "Why! I thought it must be some warm-hearted Methodist preacher, just come in from the country."

One grand result of these meetings was the help given to the Young Men's Christian Association of New York city. Wherever Mr. Moody went he interested himself in the work of the Association, and his strongest appeals were made on its behalf.

It is not essential to a history of Mr. Moody's work in this country to follow him from one city to another through all his brilliant career. He visited nearly all the towns of any considerable size, and stirred their religious life to its lowest depths. From Hartford, where the Rink that held 3000 persons was filled to overflowing, at all the day and evening meetings, resulting in over 1200 conversions, he carried the work to New Haven and assailed the citadel of young manhood in Yale College. It was a remarkable spectacle, this rude, unlettered man, commanding the atten-

tion, even the admiration, of one of the foremost universities of the world.

In Mr. Moody's later years he broadened and developed in a way that caused surprise. He was quick to learn, ready to adapt himself to circumstances, and grew both intellectually and spiritually. His last services at Kansas City called out vast multitudes, and Convention Hall, holding many thousands, was packed to listen to his appeals.

MOODY'S FAMOUS SCHOOLS.

In this connection it will be fitting to note the great educational work he carried on and the institutions he founded. These institutions are unique in character, and offer an unequaled opportunity for young men and women of limited means to secure an education that will thoroughly equip them for Christian life and service. They consist of the Northfield Seminary and Training School for young women, Mount Hermon School for young men, and the Bible Institute, Chicago. All are incorporated.

For twelve or fifteen years before his death the energies of Mr. Moody were chiefly devoted to a work peculiarly adapted to the needs of the present time—the training of young men and women as lay workers in the churches, the stimulation of inactive Christians, and the consecration of student lives to missionary service. It would be a useless task to weigh these two periods of his life against each other—the revival period and the educational period—to determine which has been of the more lasting value to the cause of Christ. Each has met a great need. The methods used to train Christian workers and promote evangelism in the churches have centred at Northfield and at Chicago.

In the former town, on opposite sides of the beautiful Connecticut River, Mr. Moody founded the Mount Hermon School for boys and the Northfield Seminary for young women. At Chicago he founded—with the liberal support of Chicago business men—the Bible Institute. Though some thoughtful Christian people have differed from some of the methods employed, there has never been any question of the high motives and the widely helpful

results of this work to which Mr. Moody gave his mature judgment and his loving care.

The Northfield plant consists of about 1200 acres of land and about thirty buildings, beautifully situated and excellently equipped. With present endowment it is valued at one and a quarter millions, and is practically free from debt. At Chicago the buildings, land and endowment exceed \$250,000 in value. The Northfield schools have about 400 students each, who are charged \$100 per annum for board and tuition. The actual cost is about \$200. At Chicago the amount required approximates \$150 each for 300 students.

VAST SUM REQUIRED FOR THE INSTITUTIONS.

In brief, therefore, a sum of about \$125,000 is annually required to maintain the work inaugurated by Mr. Moody on the principles successfully pursued for many years. This was largely raised by his personal efforts. His friends wished to express their appreciation of him and their gratitude to God for his accomplished work by sharing the responsibilities bequeathed to his children by raising the limited endowment to \$3,000,000, the interest on which, at four per cent., would guarantee the perpetuation of his work in all its prosperity. Such an endowment would be a monument to his memory more enduring than brass or marble, and just such a memorial as he himself would have most desired.

The seminary at Northfield was established primarily for the daughters of the farmers of that section who could not afford to send them to existing educational institutions. The idea had been conceived as early as 1875, when Mr. Moody had resolved to make Northfield his permanent home. Driving through the country he came, one day, upon a poor home before which he saw a mother and two daughters braiding willow baskets. The father was a paralytic, and helpless. Deeply affected by the evidences of privation and of the narrow life and meagre opportunities to which the young women were subject, but examples of many, he decided that his efforts should be directed toward securing for them better things.

The founding of the school followed. He first purchased a few acres of barren farm land in the front of his own house on which to erect a suitable building for his school, but without waiting for this improvement he opened a school in his own home with eight pupils quartered in an extension which he built to his house. Soon he had twenty-five pupils. From that the school had grown to 400 students. There are 210 acres of land, eight dormitories, a gymnasium, a library, a recitation hall, an auditorium, and farm buildings. Over 2300 students were trained in its halls up to the time of Moody's death. So great are the demands upon it that many pupils are annually turned away.

STUDENTS DEVELOP INTO MISSIONARIES.

Many of the students leave the seminary to engage in missionary work at home and abroad, while others take a course preparatory for university work, but a large proportion, of course, return to their homes after a term or two at the school, and they have made the name of Northfield a familiar one through a wide section.

The establishment of the school for boys next engaged Mr. Moody's attention, and the beautiful home of the institution at Mount Hermon followed. This started on a larger scale than had the seminary. It boasts of a recitation hall, science hall, chapel, dormitories, and twelve cottages, with a farm of 800 acres. Its faculty numbers twenty-six, and the students nearly 400 annually, many of whom are fitted for Yale, Harvard, and other New England colleges, while others are fitted for missionary work. As with the girls, the majority receive their final training here.

Courses in Bible study, dressmaking and cooking are given at the Bible Training School. In addition to the arduous duties the care of these enterprises involved, he superintended the famous summer conferences at Northfield, attended by thousands from all parts of the United States and many other parts of the world; spoke at revivals all over the country, and exercised personal supervision over his Bible Institute in Chicago.

Out of the Northfield schools have grown two of the most sig-

nificant religious movements of the century—the Student Volunteer Movement and the Northfield summer conferences. In both of these Mr. Moody has been the leading spirit. In both he has shown two qualities that have grown with the years until they won for him the respect of all and the love of thousands: his never-failing kindly common sense, which might be compared to Abraham Lincoln's, and his tolerance. These were qualities that made him a favorite with students.

To see Mr. Moody with a crowd of Harvard and Yale and Princeton men on old "Roud Top" at the sunset hour, guiding them upward to the throne of grace, was a sight to bring strange thrills to careless hearts. Moody on the city platform, earnest, practical, colloquial, humorous, persuasive, pathetic, was a leader to study and to admire. Moody among his "boys" there on the hill, with every eye turned upon him as he spoke of the divine love and the joy of service, while the shadows fell quietly over the valley until the river was quite hidden and only the afterglow lightened the western sky—this man was a brother to be loved.

That is a sight we shall see no more. He has passed beyond the sunset, facing always heavenward. But he wist not that his face shone.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Moody's Ministry to Men.

BY BISHOP WILLARD F. MALLALIEU.

ONE of the peculiarities of the times in which we live is the marked absence of men from the public worship of God on the Sabbath. As a rule not more than one-third of the average congregation is composed of men. There must be reasons for this condition of things. It will not do to assume that any one reason will afford a sufficient explanation. Manifestly there are three or four reasons that have a very direct bearing upon the problem.

First of all, it is evident that the modern, reckless rush of business so taxes the mental and physical strength of men, that, when Sunday dawns upon this working world, all toilers, whether of hand or brain, are very much inclined to make it a day of rest, and, if not prevented by religious scruples, a day of recreation. There must be an occasional interval when toil ceases or the strongest and most enduring constitutions will certainly break down.

Evidently it has not occurred to many of these toilers that one way, and, indeed, one of the best ways, to rest and refresh both body and mind is to lay aside the usual work-day clothing, put on the Sunday suit, and go to church, and so enjoy the singing, give interested attention to all the services, and mingle with the people. For one day in the week, at least, this will break up the monotony of life; and toil ceases to be a drudgery when these restful seasons are both regular and frequent.

In this connection it must not be forgotten that the vast changes that have taken place in our modes of life within recent years have most seriously affected the status of working men and women. Fifty, even forty, years ago there was very little work on

Sunday, except that of mercy and necessity. In those days there were no Sunday trolleys, no railroad passenger trains, no freight trains, no open places of amusement, no misnamed sacred concerts, no public performances in public squares and commons and parks by brass bands—in fact, but very little, if any, open and inexcusable desecration of the holy day. Now we have them all. The change in the business and social affairs of our rapidly growing and very heterogeneous nation involves the employment of large numbers of men on the Sabbath, and, by consequence, they are prevented from attendance on public worship, even if they were so disposed. Hundreds of thousands are thus deprived of Sabbath rights and privileges or they are thrown out of their positions, so that they must work on Sunday or starve.

MANY THOUSANDS EMPLOYED ON SUNDAY.

Then the Sunday newspaper that lives and thrives from one end of our country to the other, not only involves the running of special railroad trains, but the employment of many tens of thousands of men and boys in selling and distributing. These papers are not religious, they are very far from it. Many of them are full of foul reports, and they are the chroniclers of scandals and crime. Not a few of them in their spirit and tendency are thoroughly immoral.

Notwithstanding all this these papers go into millions of our homes every Sunday morning, and there is not one of them all that can be considered helpful to the development of religious thought, or pure intellectual culture. These papers are utterly worldly, and a large percentage of them are unfit to be tolerated in Christian homes. The men who read these papers are, for the most part, tempted to stay away from church, and multitudes yield to the temptation.

Again it cannot be successfully denied that there is a decided drift towards skepticism on the part of great numbers of men. This drift has been fostered and stimulated, if not created, by the absurd hypotheses of our so-called modern science. Possibly the worst results come from the theories of evolutionists. These

theories are in direct opposition to the teachings of the Bible in regard to the origin of man; they eliminate from the life the supernatural so far as prophecy and miracle are concerned; they leave no place for the testimony of the Word of God in regard to the supernatural origin of the human nature of Jesus; they do not assume to recognize the immortality of the soul.

MEN WHO HAVE NO USE FOR CHURCHES.

This modern form of undiluted and crass materialism is really as old as the mud philosophy of Egypt and the atomic theory of Greece, is essentially destructive to all forms of religious faith and worship and leaves man in a helpless and hopeless condition in regard to a future life. Logically enough when men accept these views and theories they have very little use for churches or public worship. Then if, in addition to all this, we have authorized religious teachers who hold and promulgate these umbiblical and unchristian ideas, and moreover spend a good share of their time in tearing the Bible to shreds, and attempting to prove its untrustworthiness, is it at all remarkable that busy, hard-worked, earnest men should turn away from the sanctuary, and restrain prayer, and cast off the fear of God, and year by year drift heathenward, and in many cases with sadly accelerated velocity?

Now the whole world knows that Dwight L. Moody stood boldly, manfully and squarely against all these things that have been mentioned and others more or less intimately related to them. On the other hand, it is known and universally conceded that first, last and always he was the friend of the working man. He most strenuously opposed the oppression of the poor. In the interest of all toilers he antagonized the desecration of the Sabbath, not only because it is a violation of the divine command, but because it is a cruelty inflicted upon every son of honest labor, and upon wives and children.

He knew very well that the Sunday newspaper is one of the worst enemies of the Sabbath institution, and of the holy convocation of the people for the purpose of public worship. He had

not the remotest sympathy for the oppositions of science, falsely so-called, nor for the destructive rationalistic criticism of the present day, that discredits the reliability of the Word of God ; and, he did not fear to declare his convictions in regard to these two insidious but deadly foes of the Gospel and the house of God.

His pronounced views and intense antagonism of these all too prevalent evils did not hinder men from attending the preaching of Mr. Moody. Men of brains and good sense, men who have ideas and convictions of their own, are not possessed of itching ears. They are not found crowding the pews of invertebrate preachers. They are not much given to seeking for preachers who deal in weak and lachrymose platitudes, or use only honeyed words.

MEN LIKE POINTED PREACHING.

A real stalwart man likes a preacher that probes his conscience, that compels him to look straight into his own heart, that sets him to thinking about the ultimate outcome of his personal conduct. Men knew when they listened to Mr. Moody that he was a man among men ; that he had a great throbbing heart akin to their own ; they knew that he was no doctrinaire with abundant learning, and very little or no real common sense ; they knew that whether he had more or less of scholarship he certainly understood the daily life of men, and that he could search through their inmost souls, holding aloft the blazing torch of divine truth. Men like to hear such a preacher, and they will go to hear him, and they went to hear Mr. Moody.

Dwight Lyman Moody was a prophet of God ! When one of the flaming chariots of the heavens swung low on Friday noon of the twenty-second of December, 1899, he stepped in and ascended to the eternal glory. This supreme century has produced no such prophet as he who has walked and lived among us for the past sixty-two years. Indeed the century has produced very few men who can be considered his equals, especially when we have an adequate conception of the extent and power of his influence to mold and fashion the lives of men.

He was familiarly known wherever the English language is

spoken, for though he had not travelled extensively in foreign lands, yet his various books, and the books that have been written about him, and the Gospel Hymns which have been scattered far and wide by multiplied millions have carried his name and fame to the ends of the earth. Humanity owes him a debt of gratitude which it can never repay, and the debt will continually increase as the years go on.

For all time his name will be written with the names of Finney, Edwards, Asbury, Wesley, Whitfield, Luther, Huss, Wicliff, and other prophets, "Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Men always loved to hear such prophets as these, and they loved to hear Mr. Moody, and they went to hear him as they have gone to hear no other.

BENEFACTOR OF YOUNG MEN.

Pre-eminently he was a benefactor of men, especially of young men, who waited on his ministry. He possessed to a very unusual degree those native qualities and characteristics that command the confidence and loyal following of men, whether young or old. Not all but some of them may be mentioned, at the same time suggesting that the elements of success are measurably within the reach of all, and that in proportion as they are possessed, developed and utilized will be the influence and usefulness resulting from association with men.

It seems somewhat paradoxical, and yet it is eminently true, that his nature was composite, and in him two decided opposites were most happily combined. There was something about him as attractive and beautiful as the blue Connecticut winding through the lovely meadows and beside the graceful slopes of Northfield Valley, while there was also something about him as rugged and strong and stable as the forest-clad craggy hills where he was reared. Men enjoy this combination of opposite qualities in a preacher, for it appeals to what they themselves know and feel.

Again, he knew men and things; he knew truth and God. His early life on the farm, his experience in business as a clerk, his service in the Christian Commission during the Civil War, his continual mingling with men, gave him an abundance of practical knowledge in regard to the affairs of daily life. In the various enterprises which he instituted and carried forward to success, he showed such aptitude in planning, directing and controlling that he commended himself to earnest, thorough and successful business men.

DEVOTED STUDENT OF THE BIBLE.

He knew the truth as the result of the most persistent and honest study of the Bible. If ever the sufficiency and excellence of the English translation of the Bible has been illustrated it was in his case. Without knowing a word of Greek or Hebrew, he sought for the treasures of wisdom stored in the sacred volume, and he found them, and gave them to the people in rich abundance.

He knew God in personal and abiding communion. He took the divine challenge, "Ye shall seek for me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." He found God and walked with Him for years in blessed fellowship as real as that of Enoch. Like Stephen of old he was full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Thus equipped he was a veritable dynamo of power, and whenever and wherever he touched the world men were compelled to acknowledge that his was a masterful spirit, and so as he led they followed.

Dwight Moody with all his soul despised and hated shams of any and every kind and quality. Life was to him a tremendous reality, and he was tremendously real. Wherever he went he invariably created this impression of himself. He never wore a mask and never attempted to conceal his real thought and purpose. He was candid to the last degree and was as honest in all his being as the sunlight.

There was not the slightest trace of the modern effeminate, emasculated namby-pambyism about his thought, speech or methods. He was a broad-gauge, noble, virile, whole-souled man.

Nobody ever took him for a weakling. He did not need petting and flattery. He stood out before the world as a man of strength both in purpose and action.

He never affected to be more than he really was. He did not think more highly of himself than he ought, but his personality was most pronounced. He was himself always and everywhere. He was perfectly sincere. He lived in the full light of unclouded noonday with all the windows of his soul wide open to all the universe. There is small occasion for subterfuge or concealment on the part of honest people, and he was so absolutely honest that it never occurred to him that there was anything to be concealed.

HIS UNIVERSITY WAS THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

It is true that he held no college diplomas. The New England District School was his only Alma Mater, and yet all his life long he was most eager to learn. With unfeigned delight he could sit at the feet of any real teacher who excelled him in knowledge; but he had his own convictions in regard to all questions of doctrines and experience. These convictions were not vagaries; they were not the offspring of fanaticism. These convictions were not reached by any hasty generalizations; as a rule they were slowly and cautiously formed, and, in the last analysis, only those were retained that were based on what to him were the clean and explicit teachings of the Word of God.

The Bible was the touchstone by which he invariably tested all theories and the standard by which he weighed and measured his own conclusions and experiences. He would build only on the solid rock of divine truth, and never on the ever-shifting sands of worldly, intellectual speculations.

His whole public life was a continual exemplification of the fact that he never sought for personal financial gain or emolument. He might easily have accumulated an abundant fortune; he might have left large wealth to his family, but he did neither. If ever a man illustrated the theory of John Wesley, to get all possible, to save all possible, and then give all gotten and saved, Mr. Moody did just this to a most singular degree. More than this, it may be said

of him that he never sought for the good-will or applause of his fellow-men by any compromise with any form of iniquity or worldliness, no matter how popular, nor by surrendering in the slightest degree his inborn conviction of truth and duty.

He would probably have come over in the *Mayflower* with Miles Standish if he had been in Holland at the time the Pilgrims were leaving, and he would have stood on the bleak hill-top at Plymouth and watched the lone ship in the offing as she spread her white wings for her return voyage, and not a sigh or murmur would have escaped his lips or heaved his breast, and not a tear of regret would have brimmed his eyelids. He would have been among those who said, It is ours to break the ice through with bleeding, freezing feet, if so we may open the way for men to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and read the Bible each for himself with none to molest or make afraid.

A MAN WHO NEVER KNEW FEAR.

If he had lived in the time of Cromwell he would have marched beside that greatest of Englishmen with his unconquerable Ironsides. He was completely fearless. It is altogether doubtful if he knew the meaning of the word fear as applied to men and things. And why should he fear? He had a conscience void of offence toward God and man, and so with his face to the sunlight he went boldly forward in the discharge of every duty. It was never a question with him, "how many, but where are the enemy?"

If he had been in Luther's place in Wartburg Castle undoubtedly he would have thrown the historic ink-stand with a better aim and a steadier and more vigorous hand than did Luther; and most likely he would have grappled with the intruder and thrust him headlong out of the narrow window. In the olden times; yes, in these times, men look up to other men who are fearless. Leaders of men are never the craven, trembling cowards that are forever taking good care of their own precious bodies and souls.

He was truthful to the last degree. Like General Grant, he would stop talking when he came to the end of truth telling. No

man ever doubted his word. The cunning arts of diplomacy, and the baser arts of duplicity were absolutely foreign to his nature and his ingrained principles.

His conscience was quick as the apple of the eye, and tender as the heart of an angel, but it was well and wisely trained and properly balanced, and also thoroughly informed and inspired by his extraordinary knowledge of the unchangeable, inerrant and absolutely infallible Word of God.

He was constant and steadfast in all the work and duties of public and private life, and was always hopeful and cheerful even amid the sorest disappointments. He was free from the slightest suspicion of moroseness, he was never gloomy or despondent, he was not over-reticent or taciturn; indeed, he possessed a vein of genuine humor that sometimes sparkled with keenest and kindest wit; but he was never light and trifling, never frivolous, never giddy, never inane and foolish. He lived too near to God, and his fellowship with Jesus was too intimate and unbroken to admit of frivolity.

In him was realized the answer to the prayer. Would that it might be realized in thousands of others:

" Lord give us men !
Strong and stalwart ones ;
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreath them
As her noble sons
Worthy of their sires !
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
Men who tread where saints have trod,
Men for country, home and God,
Lord, give us men ! "

Then, to crown all, his close touch with the poor and lowly, whose daily life and struggles he knew so well ; his personal apprehension of the infinite compassion and love of God for humanity so wrought upon his entire being that his divinely and graciously renewed heart became the source of the most genuine and ardent sympathy for all men, and apparently obliterated in him all traces of selfishness and unworthy ambition, so that it may be said

of him that he lived not for himself but for others. Men everywhere, and almost all of them, admire pure, unmixed self-sacrifice, they prize most highly freedom from selfishness, and they are willing to follow men who are free from whatever is sordid and base.

It is a sad mistake when men suppose that learning gained in the schools, that culture and refinement, that wealth and social position are absolutely essential to the greatest possible usefulness. It is character that counts. Holy living, which is the outward manifestation of holy, Christ-like character, is more influential, more potent for good than all eloquence, than all learning, than all superficial culture. One may have all these natural and acquired gifts and graces, and not having Christ-like character may live a very worthless life.

HE WAS A BROTHERLY MAN.

Then, if this character be possessed, the additional important element that is needed to insure supreme usefulness is plain, simple brotherliness. There must be in the make-up of every man who would move humanity upward and God-ward a touch of nature that makes all men akin. To benefit the lowliest and the humblest the arms of love and faith must reach down to the nethermost stratum of society. It greatly helps if one has been there himself; yes, if he originally came from there. The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering. He was born in a stable, the only refuge His mother could find in the home of her royal ancestor; his cradle was a manger, and he had not where, even at his best estate, a place of his own where he might lay his head.

It was distinctly to Mr. Moody's advantage that in early life he was inured to poverty and toil; that his poor widowed mother had hard work to keep the wolf from the door. How else could he have come so near, and always in a helpful way, to the great masses of working people, if he had not known all about the hardships incident to a very scant subsistence in early life?

Thus constituted and nurtured, it is not strange that he had a most astonishing influence over men, especially over young men. In spite of the unpromising character of his youthful environment,

his meagre scholastic opportunities, the multiplied obstacles and discouragements that were thrown and piled in his way by short-sighted though well-meaning friends, how surprising, indeed, how glorious, his career. And is not this career well calculated to humble all preachers who complain that men do not throng the sanctuaries where they minister when they remember how needlessly they are unlike this honored servant of God?

FAST RESULTS OF HIS GREAT LABORS.

During his public life it is estimated that his congregations would aggregate not less than one hundred millions of people. Of this vast multitude at least twenty-five millions were young men. By his word and example, by his unreserved consecration and his quenchless zeal, by his tender sympathy and heartfelt love unnumbered thousands of these were made better for all time; while scores of thousands of them were turned from sin to righteousness and brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

Magnificent man, faithful Christian, peerless Evangelist of the Nineteenth Century, he has left us! We shall never again in this life behold his manly form; never again listen to his startling pleading voice; never again will his earnest prayers bring us near the mercy seat. His work is done, though his influence will abide through all time. Our upward longing gaze follows him as earth recedes, and heaven opens, and God calls, until we see him pass the gate of pearl. Beholding now the King in his beauty, he walks the streets of gold, he wears his crown in paradise.

If we may not equal him in his high achievements, may God grant that, at least, the shadow of his falling mantle may rest upon us, and so our souls be moved to fuller consecration, to holier ambitions, and to more faithful, heroic and unselfish service and sacrifice than we have ever known in all the past.

W. F. Mallahan

CHAPTER VIII.

Funeral Services of Mr. Moody at Northfield.

“MR. MOODY had three great temptations in his life,” said one who knew him well, in conversation with the writer, regarding the last hours of the great Evangelist. “In his youth he was tempted by poverty before which many a man has fallen, but poverty proved a stepping-stone to him. Then came his great temptation of prosperity and popularity, which have carried down a great multitude of good men, but he used them as means of doing greater good than he could have done without them. Then in his last illness he was tempted by weakness, even helplessness, and he used them as means of comforting others.”

“But sometimes when adown the Western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gate swings inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

“And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.”

Mr. Moody knew early on the morning of December 22d, that he could not live; he passed away at noon. There were experiences in the last four hours that were not unexpected by those who knew the childlike faith of this man of God. He was natural, patient, thoughtful, to the last. Knowing that the end was fast approaching, the only fear seemed to be that his hard breathing might disturb his loved ones. In the early morning, coming out of a sinking spell, he said: “If this is death, there is no valley. This is glorious. I have been within the gates and I saw the children, Dwight and Irene” (his two grandchildren who had died).

His beautiful testimony: “Earth is receding. Heaven is

approaching. God is calling me," were among his last words, but those which were spoken last related more especially to his wife and children. In speaking of his death, he said that he had been an ambitious man, not to make money, but to have work to do, and he added: "I think it is time that I made my will now. Will, you may have the Mt. Hermon School to look after. Paul, you may have the Seminary when you are fitted for it. Emma, you and Percy (her husband), take care of the Bible Institute in Chicago."

"What about mother?" asked one of the children.

"Oh, she is like Eve; she is the mother of us all," he replied, with his old time smile. Then he placed his hand affectionately in that of the noble woman who has been in very truth a helpmeet for nearly forty years, and said: "You have been a good wife to me."

As the doctor saw him about to faint again, he went to his bedside to give another hypodermic injection.

"Is there anything gained by this?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Nothing except to give you strength and relieve your suffering."

THOUGHTFUL OF OTHERS TO THE LAST.

"Then, I think we will stop, for it is only prolonging the suffering of those who are dear to me."

And with this consideration for his wife and children he passed away, or to use his own words, spoken a few months ago:

"He is gone up higher—that is all; gone out of this old tenement into a house that is immortal, into a body that death cannot touch, that sin cannot taint, a body fashioned like unto His own glorious body."

This deathbed testimony is given at some length to explain the remarkable funeral which was held on Tuesday afternoon, December 26. It was truly a Christian burial service. The keynote was struck when Dr. C. I. Scofield, the pastor of the Congregational Church in East Northfield said, at the opening of the service:

"We are not here to mourn a defeat, but to celebrate a victory."

Mr. Moody died as he lived, a victor. He was buried as he died—a victor. There was, indeed, no martial music nor stately parade following a plumed hearse. In fact, there was neither hearse, nor funeral music, nor tolling bells, nor crape, nor veils to hide faces suffused in tears. Tears there were in the eyes of every one of the large congregation present. But there was no weeping, and the calmest faces in the church were those of the immediate family. The resignation manifested by Mrs. Moody was that of one whose husband had entered into joys unspeakable, which await her also, and which she is to share with him.

PRESENT STRENGTH IN SORROW.

"I hope no one will speak of me as fatherless," said the daughter, in the morning, to a friend. The clear voice of the elder son's wife was heard in the Gospel hymns manifesting sweet resignation; there was no suggestion of the death of two children, the serious illness of her father and the death of her devoted father-in-law, all within a year. The sons were as interested as if they were attending a meeting led by their father. The entire family were wonderfully sustained.

The day of the funeral was a perfect day—"one of the Lord's own days," a visitor called it. The sun rose clear over the mountain, at whose feet Northfield nestles. In the distance, on the foothills of the Green Mountains, patches of snow appeared. The morning was frosty, but in the afternoon, as the friends gathered for the service, the temperature had risen several degrees. Large parties from Boston, New York and other cities arrived soon after noon. A special train from Brattleboro, Vt., brought many friends. There were many well known clergymen and laymen present in addition to those taking part in the services. Besides Ira D. Sankey, Mr. Moody's associate for nearly thirty years, who was accompanied by his wife, there were three of Mr. Moody's singers in the audience—George C. Stebbins, D. R. Towner and F. H. Jacobs.

Passing Mr. Moody's house in the forenoon, a stranger would not have thought that death had been a recent visitor. No signs of mourning appeared. No crape was seen on the door. The window blinds were all open. People entered the house as if going to a reception. Inside, after the service, they sat in the library and parlor chatting pleasantly. Their conversation was mainly about Mr. Moody, recalling incidents in his eventful career, helpful words which he had spoken and deeds of kindness which he had done. At 10 o'clock, Dr. Scofield and Dr. R. A. Torrey, the pastor of the Chicago Avenue Church, and the superintendent of the Bible Institute in Chicago, conducted a service consisting of Scripture selections and a prayer. Then the body was carried to the church a half mile distant, on a bier by thirty-two students from the Mt. Hermon School. At 2.30 p. m., the public service began.

BEAUTIFUL FLORAL TRIBUTES.

Christmas greens festooned the galleries of the church, while on the coffin and about it were appropriate floral tributes from the trustees, faculties and students of the several institutions in Northfield and in Chicago. At the head was a pillow, in which a crown had been worked in white, with a purple ribbon on which Mr. Moody's words were seen, "God is calling me." An open Bible with "Victory. I Corinthians, xv: 55-57," on the left side and "II Timothy iv:7,8," on the other, rested at the foot. Palms, ferns, laurel, violets, cut flowers and callas were placed about the pulpit. When the cover of the cloth-covered coffin was removed, the face and hands were plainly visible from every part of the church. As the sun was setting a single ray entered a blind and rested upon the coffin. Gradually it rose until it reached the face of the friend so dearly loved by a multitude of people. This beautiful incident was at once noticed by the large assembly present at the services. With evening coming on and with the shadows deepening in the room the effect of this stray sunbeam seemed like a light sent from "within the gates."

Dr. Scofield had charge of the services which began with the

hymn, "A Little While," composed by Major Whittle and James McGranahan. The following is the first stanza:

"A little while !" and He shall come ;
The hour draws on apace,
The blessed hour, the glorious morn
When we shall see His face :
How light our trials then will seem !
How short our pilgrim way !
Our life on earth a fitful dream,
Dispelled by dawning day !

CHORUS.

Then come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
In glory and in light !
Come, take thy longing children home,
And end earth's weary night.

THE PASTOR'S APPROPRIATE ADDRESS.

After the hymn Dr. Scofield offered an invocation, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson read the Scripture lesson, and Dr. George C. Needham prayed. "Immanuel's Land" was the second hymn. Dr. Scofield said in his address:

"This is not the place, nor am I the man to present a study of the life and character of Dwight L. Moody. This will follow. But some things at least press to be said. Some things are so sure that no lapse of time, no quieter afterthought can unsettle them. No one will ever question that we are to-day laying in the kindly bosom of the earth the mortal body of a great man.

"Whether we measure greatness by qualities of character, by qualities of intellect, or by things done, Dwight L. Moody must be accounted great. The basis of Mr. Moody's character was sincerity, genuineness. He had an inveterate aversion to all forms of sham, unreality, and pretense. Most of all did he detest religious pretense, cant. At this point he held high and stern opinions. But nowhere did he apply them so relentlessly as in the sphere of his own life. In no morbid sense an introspective man, he was yet always testing his foundations at this point. Along with this fundamental quality, Mr. Moody cherished a great love of righteousness.

"His first question concerning any proposed action was, 'Is it right?' But these two qualities, necessarily at the bottom of all noble character, were in him suffused and transfigured by divine grace. Sensitive beyond most men upon the point of righteousness, Mr. Moody never doubted the power of God's grace to reconstruct the most defective character; and where he could see in any man a longing for this, his patience was inexhaustible. Besides all this, Mr. Moody was in a wonderful degree brave, magnanimous, and unselfish. We are not here to extol Mr. Moody after the flesh. Doubtless, this unlettered New England country boy became what he was by the grace of God. But the law of the bestowal of the talents is clear: 'To every man according to his several ability.'

WHAT MADE HIM SUCCESSFUL.

"The hiding of Dwight L. Moody's power lay in five things. First, in a definite experience of Christ's saving grace. He had passed out of death into life, and he knew it. The new birth was to him a subjective certainty. The Spirit witnessed with his spirit that he was a son of God. That delivered him from lust of earthly things, from deference to the great. The humblest of Christians, he yet could conceive of nothing more exalted than Divine sonship. Secondly, Mr. Moody believed in the Divine authority of the Scriptures. The Bible was to him the voice of God, and he made it resound as such in the consciences of men. Thirdly, he was baptized with the Holy Spirit and knew that he was. It was to him as definite an experience as his conversion, and when he preached he expected the Spirit to convert and convict men.

"Fourthly, he was a man of prayer. He believed in a living and unfettered God. It never occurred to him that the Almighty had tied His own hands by natural laws. He believed in the supernatural as available. The mountain about him was always filled with horses and chariots of fire. But, fifthly, Mr. Moody believed in work, in ceaseless effort, in wise provision, in the power of organization, of publicity. He expected the supernat-

ural to work but through the natural. He hitched his wagon to a star, but always kept his wheels on the ground and the axles well oiled."

President H. G. Weston, of Crozier Theological Seminary, followed Dr. Scofield. In closing his beautiful tribute to his friend, he made the statement deliberately that if Jesus Christ had been born in the present century with Mr. Moody's mind and body he believed that He would have done just about as Mr. Moody did. Dr. Weston said in part:

HELD MEN WITH HOOKS OF STEEL.

"I count as one of the greatest blessings of my life my acquaintance with Mr. Moody, the influence he has had on me, and the privilege of studying God's methods in his life and work. We instinctively attribute the success of every man who is eminent in attaching and influencing others to some special natural endowment, to education and training, or to a peculiar magnetic personality. Mr. Moody had none of these, yet no man has surpassed him in his power of attraction and influence, both over masses of men and over individuals of strong character, of executive ability, of great resources, whom he fastened to himself with hooks of steel, making them not only his lifelong friends, but his constant partners in all his good works. This marvellous power wielded so many years undiminished to the end we cannot explain by bestowment of any one peculiar, natural gift. He had none of them.

"What had he? He had life. I do not mean the manner of living, but what the Bible means by this word—what Christ means when He declares the purpose of His coming; I am come that they might have life, and might have it abundantly. God gave him life, made him a partaker of the Divine nature; and from the moment he received it the development, growth and manifestation of that life became the whole object of his existence. To it he devoted every power of his being, and that devotion kindled into intensest activity every latent energy of his nature, and made him the complete, round-sided, full-orbed man that he was, of

instinctive judgment and tact, and gave him his wonderful mastery of man.

"Then he nourished and strengthened that life by devotion to God's Word. He prized it as the treasure by which his life could be enriched. He realized to the full Christ's words: 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' That word he hid in his heart, as the seed is hidden in the earth that it may swell and grow. He hid it there, ready for use on every occasion and in every emergency. It was sweeter to him than honey and the honeycomb. His mind and heart were given to the study of the Word of God.

"But his life, like that of Christ's, was for others. He did not search the Bible to add to his knowledge, but to save men from sin. His first and dominant purpose was to have every man receive that life of which he had been made a partaker; to this his sermons were devoted; he counted everything but loss unless this were attained, and then he coveted for all the means of developing and utilizing that life.

SYMPATHY FOR POOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

"The sight of poor girls and boys deprived of the means of education would not let him rest until he had provided some method by which their lives should be enriched and made more in accordance with heaven's designs in conferring on them spiritual life. He dotted this fair plain with houses that young men and young women should have the means of so enlarging their lives that they might be useful to their fellows. His work was in the line of Christ's miracles, which never enriched the object with bounties of land or money or resources, but always gave power to life, making the dead eye to see, touching the dead tongue, the dead ear, the dead limb, and in His highest miracles speaking the dead to life.

"This likeness to Christ, this knowing the power of His resurrection and conformity to His death, was the reason that when he spoke every man gave him credit for the utmost sincerity.

It was the reason that men listened to him and believed him, and were influenced by him in the mass and as individuals. They saw not the man, but the truth he spoke. He had that wonderful egotism by which he could constantly speak of himself, and yet never draw attention to himself. Men saw in all that he was and did, the truth as it was in Jesus. I believe that if Jesus had been born in this century, and in this town, with Mr. Moody's body and mind, he would have lived and done about as Mr. Moody did.

"And so because Mr. Moody could in his measure use those great words of Christ, 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it abundantly,' because these words expressed his whole being, I loved and honored and valued him, and because of what he was, and, therefore, of what he did, I say to-day, I had rather be Mr. Moody dead, lying there in his coffin, than any living man on earth."

A GLORIOUS TRIUMPH.

Dr. Torrey made an earnest address, calling upon those present and Mr. Moody's friends everywhere to "go forward." In his address he said:

"It is oftentimes the first duty of a pastor to speak words of comfort to those whose hearts are aching with loneliness and breaking underneath the burden of their sorrow, but this is utterly unnecessary to-day. The God of all comfort hath already abundantly comforted them with a comfort wherewith in coming days they will be able to comfort others. I have spent hours within the last few days with those who are nearest to our departed friend, and the words that I have heard from them have been words of rest in God and of triumph. As one of them has said: 'God must be answering the prayers that are going up for us all over the world, we are being so wonderfully sustained.' Another has said: 'His last four glorious hours on earth have taken all the sting out of death.' And still another: 'Be sure that every word to-day is a word of triumph.'

"Two thoughts has God laid upon my heart for this hour.

The first is found in the words of Paul in I Corinthians xv: 10: 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' God has wonderfully magnified His grace and love in D. L. Moody. God was magnified in his birth. The babe that was born sixty-two years ago on yonder hill with all the possibilities that were wrapped up in him was God's gift to the world. How much that gift meant to the world! How the world has been blessed and benefitted by it we shall never know this side the coming of our Lord. God's grace was magnified in his conversion. He was born in sin as we are, but God by His providence, by the power of His word, by the regenerating power of His Holy Spirit, made him the mighty man of God that he became.

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY OF CHARACTER.

"How much the conversion of that boy in Boston forty-three years ago meant to the world no man can tell; but it was all God's grace that did it. God's love and grace was magnified again in the development of that character that has made him so loved and honored in all lands to-day. He had a strength and beauty of character possessed by but few sons of men; but it was all from God. To God alone was it due that he differed from other men.

OUR LEADER HAS FALLEN.

"The other thought is found in Joshua, i: 2: 'Moses, my servant is dead; now, therefore, arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them.' The death of Mr. Moody is a call to go forward. A call to his children, to his associates, to ministers of the Word everywhere, to the whole church. 'Our leader has fallen, let us give up the work,' some would say. Not for a minute. Listen to what God says: 'Your leader is fallen, move forward. Moses, my servant, is dead; therefore arise, go in and possess the land. Be strong and of good courage, be not afraid. As I was with D. L. Moody, so I will be with thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.' These are the admonitions we should heed to-day."

Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who had known Mr. Moody since 1875, said that in Mr. Moody's death one of the truest, bravest, purest, and most influential men of the century had passed to his rest and his reward. The Bishop said:

“Servant of God, well done;
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.”

KNEW AND LOVED HIM MANY YEARS.

“I first met and became acquainted with him whose death we mourn, in London in the summer of 1875. From that day, when he moved the masses of the world's metropolis, to the hour when he answered the call of God to come up higher, I have known him, esteemed him, and loved him. Surely we may say, and the world will endorse the affirmation, that in his death one of the truest, bravest, purest and most influential men of this wonderful nineteenth century has passed to his rest and his reward. With feelings of unspeakable loss and desolation, we gather about the casket that contains all that was mortal of Dwight L. Moody. And yet a mighty uplift and inspiration must come to each one of us as we think of his character and his achievements, for he was

“ ‘One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph.’

CONSECRATED HIMSELF TO THE SERVICE OF GOD.

“In bone and brawn and brain he was a typical New Englander; he was descended from the choicest New England stock; he was born of a New England mother, and from his earliest life he breathed the free air of his native hills, and was carefully nurtured in the knowledge of God and the holy traditions and histories of the glorious past. It was to be expected of him that he would become a Christian of pronounced characteristics, for he

consecrated himself thoroughly, completely and irrevocably to the service of God and humanity. 'The heart of no disciple of the Master ever beat with more genuine, sympathetic and utterly unselfish loyalty than did the great, generous, loving heart of our translated friend.

A MASTER OF THE SAXON TONGUE.

"Because he held fast to the absolute truth of the Bible, and unequivocally and intensely believed it to be the inerrant Word of God, because he preached the Gospel rather than talked about the Gospel, because he used his mother tongue, the terse, clear, ringing, straightforward Saxon ; because he had the profoundest sense of brotherhood with all poor, unfortunate and even outcast people ; because he was unaffectedly tender and patient with the weak and the sinful ; because he hated evil as thoroughly as he loved goodness ; because he knew right well how to lead penitent souls to the Saviour ; because he had the happy art of arousing Christian people to a vivid sense of their obligations, and inciting them to the performance of their duties ; because he had in his own soul a conscious joyous experience of personal salvation, the people flocked to his services, they heard him gladly, they were led to Christ, and he came to be prized and honored by all denominations, so that to-day all Protestantism recognizes the fact that he was God's servant, an ambassador of Christ, and indeed a chosen vessel to bear the name of Jesus to the nations.

OUR LOSS IS HIS GAIN.

"We shall not again behold his manly form animated with life, hear his thrilling voice, or be moved by his consecrated personality ; but if we are true and faithful to our Lord we shall see him in glory, for already he walks the streets of the Heavenly city, he mingles in the songs of the innumerable company of white-robed saints, sees the King in His beauty, and waits our coming. May God grant that in due time we may meet him over yonder." Thus closed Bishop Mallalieu's feeling tribute to his friend of many years.

Dr. Pierson, a friend of long standing, referred to the death of four prominent persons in the last few years—C. H. Spurgeon, in London ; Adoniram J. Gordon, in Boston ; Catherine Booth, the mother of the Salvation Army, and George Muller, in Bristol—and added that Mr. Moody's death was a greater loss than that of any of the four mentioned. Mr. Moody was a great man, he said, having the greatness of goodness. Everything that he touched succeeded. The speaker estimated that Mr. Moody had addressed audiences aggregating one hundred million people during his public life. His books have also gone into all the world ; he has erected a score of buildings in Europe and America, besides carrying on for twenty years his great educational institutions.

HIS HEART'S GREAT DESIRE.

"I have three children, and the greatest desire of my life is that they may be saved," said Mr. Moody in a sermon on "Heaven," "that I may know that their names are written in the Book of Life. I may be taken from them early ; I may leave them in this changing world without a father's care ; but I would rather have my children say that of me after I am dead and gone, or if they die before me, I would rather they would take that message to the Master—that ever since they can remember I have tried to lead them to the Master, than to have a monument over me reaching to the skies."

William Revell Moody rose and requested permission to add a word. This was his brief tribute of a loyal son to a loving father :

"As a son I want to say a few words of him as a father. We have heard from his pastor, his associates and friends, and he was just as true a father. I don't think he showed up in any way better than when, on one or two occasions, in dealing with us as children, with his impulsive nature, he spoke rather sharply. In every case he would come to us and say : 'My children, my son, my daughter, I spoke quickly ; I did wrong ; I want you to forgive me.' That was D. L. Moody as a father.

"He was not yearning to go ; he loved his work. Life was

very attractive ; it seems as though on that early morning when he had one foot upon the threshold it was given him for our sake to give us a word of comfort. He said : ‘ This is bliss ; it is like a trance. If this is death it is beautiful.’ And his face lightened up as he mentioned those whom he saw. We could not call him back ; we tried to for a moment, but we could not. We thank God for his home life, for his true life, and we thank God that he was our father, and that he led each one of his children to know Jesus Christ. Father has crossed the bar ; thank God he was homeward bound and went in under full headway.”

John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, also added a word of testimony to the memory of his close friend for many years, and then the Mt. Hermon Quartet, whose singing was such a treat to Mr. Moody, sang, “ The Hope of the Coming of the Lord,” a new hymn by Major Whittle, to which his daughter, Mrs. Moody, wrote the music :

A lamp in the night, a song in time of sorrow,
A great glad hope which faith can never borrow,
To glide the passing day with the glory of the morrow
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Blessed hope, blessed hope,
Blessed hope of the coming of the Lord,
How the aching heart it cheers,
How it glistens thro’ our tears,
Blessed hope of the coming of the Lord.

A star in the sky, a beacon bright to guide us,
An anchor sure, to hold when storms betide us,
A refuge for the soul where in quiet we may hide us,
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord

A word from the One to all our hearts the dearest,
A parting word to make Him, aye, the nearest,
Of all his precious words, the sweetest, brightest, clearest,
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord.

After the public services the coffin was carried again by the Mount Hermon students to Round Top, the Olivet of Northfield, just at the crown of the little hill, where many of the best meetings are held every year. Mr. Moody thought that the Lord



HOME OF DWIGHT L. MOODY AT NORTHFIELD



MR. MOODY WITH HIS GRANDCHILD OUT FOR A DRIVE



MR. MOODY'S STUDY IN HIS HOME AT NORTHFIELD



MR. MOODY CONDUCTING THE SUMMER CONFERENCE AT CAMP NORTHFIELD—HE IS SEEN IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND FACING THE AUDIENCE

might return while he was living, and he had been heard to say that there was no place on earth that he would prefer to be when that eventful hour dawned than on Round Top. His remark was recalled after his death, and no other place was even mentioned. At the grave those gathered sang, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," Dr. Torrey offered prayer and Dr. Scofield pronounced the benediction.

After the friends had withdrawn, the family gathered about the coffin, the cover was raised, and a last look was taken of the face of the husband and father. The cover was replaced, and the coffin with its precious burden was lowered into the box resting in the simple brick vault. From this resting place one may see his birthplace, a little more than a stone's throw to the south; his own home for the last quarter of a century, about as far to the west; the seminary buildings, some of them a minute's walk to the north; the last two buildings erected at Mount Hermon, the chapel and Overton Hall, four miles distant, appear across the beautiful Connecticut River Valley. To the north six miles, Hinsdale, in New Hampshire, is plainly seen, while the hills about Brattleboro stand out in bold relief.

THE SCHOOLS MUST BE SUSTAINED.

At a meeting of Mr. Moody's friends held in the evening after the funeral, it was decided to make a public statement regarding the institutions founded by him. These consist of the Northfield Seminary and the Northfield Training School for Young Women, the Mount Hermon School for Young Men, and the Bible Institute at Chicago, for both men and women. The Northfield plant consists of 1,200 acres of land and thirty buildings. With its present endowment it is valued at \$1,250,000 and is practically free from debt. At Chicago the buildings, land and endowment exceed \$250,000 in value. The Northfield schools have about 900 students, who are charged \$100 a year for board and tuition; the actual cost is \$200. At Chicago the amount required approximates \$150 each for 300 students.

In other words \$125,000 annually is required to maintain the work begun by Mr. Moody of offering young men and women of

limited means an opportunity to secure an education that will thoroughly equip them for Christian life and service. This sum was largely raised by Mr. Moody's personal efforts. It was proposed to start a Moody Memorial Endowment Fund of \$3,000,000, which would guarantee the perpetuation of his work.

He needs no wreath or marble's sheen
To keep his blessed memory green :
In hearts that love and trust 'twill bide
Until time's latest eventide.

A LIFE FITLEY ENDED.

The following appreciative tribute is from the well-known religious journal, "The Ram's Horn":

"A giant oak has fallen. And yet, though the death of Dwight L. Moody came as a shock to two hemispheres, nobody could say that it was a catastrophe. No lightning bolt, expressive of God's wrath at a mis-spent career, shattered that great tree. No vice ate the marrow and brought its life to an untimely or unexpected end. Mr. Moody's illness was brief, and his death was natural. It was a fitting termination to a life of wonderful activity and of infinite consequences for good. While he was living, some men and some papers tried to make light of his homely speech, robust figure and simple creed, but now that he is dead, it is surprising to note how the whole race of men haste to 'do him reverence.' No ruler, statesman, scholar or philanthropist who has ever lived, has had more wreaths of praise placed on his bier.

"If Mr. Moody has been susceptible to worldly admiration, the encomiums which his death has evoked, must have been pleasing to him as he passed to the glories of the great beyond. But we have never heard of a public character who cared so little for the praise or blame of men. He sought only to be a workman approved in the sight of God, and as he passed into glory, he did not pause to catch the shout of admiring men, but he must have listened, rather, to hear the 'Well done' of the Master.

"In Mr. Moody, God proved once more how He can take the weak and foolish things of this world to confound the mighty. If a committee of one hundred Christian leaders had been appointed

forty years ago to search the whole world and select a young man who had the best material to qualify him for a great evangelist's career, we presume Dwight Moody would have been about the last boy whom they would have chosen. Clumsy, awkward, bashful, untaught, unimaginative, unemotional, lacking in every gift but one for the making of a great man, a great leader, and especially of a great evangelist. But that one gift was worth a whole armory when used in the service of God.

ZEAL OF THE RIGHT KIND.

"He had zeal. But his zeal was not that which spends itself, like a foaming tide, in frenzied and fruitless assault. Such is 'zeal not according to knowledge.' His force was directed, rather, like that column of water which is used in hydraulic mining. Away above, and miles beyond the spot where it is driven against the mountain's side, are the reservoirs. Their mighty pressure is what gives power to the stream. The man who holds the nozzle is an important agent, for it is he who by skill and experience directs the force, beneath which rock and earth dissolve like quicksand. Mr. Moody put himself in connection with God's immense reservoir of love. He learned that love has more dynamic energy than a universe of water, and God used his well-directed zeal to carry the message of love to the overthrowing of pride, formalism, and cold conceit, and to the annihilation of the ranker wickedness of the world at large.

"He turned the spiritual stream of Gospel love first against this great city. The walls of trade tumbled, and upon their ruins arose a plain tabernacle which was thronged by more thousands than poured into the temple at Jerusalem in a lifetime. He turned the stream of love against the granite walls of Britain, where ecclesiasticism had been anchored secure for centuries. The walls tottered and fell, and out of their wreckage came Drummond and Stalker and Meyer, and a thousand others who rebuilt the citadel of faith and founded it upon the broader base of consecrated culture.

"Mr. Moody next directed the stream of God's love against his

own Nazareth, where a prophet, native born, might have expected no honor. Against intellectual New England, which is studded with colleges, but which had not given young Moody even a course in grammar, the unlettered evangelist turned the stream of his fervor.

ADDRESS AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

"I heard him once address a thousand students gathered from all New England in the assembly hall at Harvard. His speech was still uncouth. No honeyed periods, such as were familiar to that classic presence, flowed from his lips. It might have been hard to parse his words or phrase his sentences, but we all knew what he meant. And there were no suppressed ripples of laughter in that audience; there was many a tear. In New England he paid his tribute to culture by erecting, at Northfield, two colleges—one for men and one for women—and in return New England, together with the whole world which had come under his influence, pays him tribute by leading a life of higher spirituality and sacrifice. His career is a colossal proof that God is a reality; that the Cross of Christ is the most potent fulcrum in the universe for the uplift of humanity and the overthrow of hell. What God has done through Dwight L. Moody He stands ready, anxious to do through every similar man who invokes His power and who is worthy to use it."

Rev. I. C. Scofield, Mr. Moody's pastor, at Northfield, said, concerning him:

"Great as will be the universal sense of loss in the death of Dwight L. Moody, it is here in Northfield that he will be most acutely missed, most deeply mourned. It is not only that he was the founder of the noble institutions which remain to be his worthy monument and the pride of our village, nor even that his energy gathered here the great summer conventions which gave Northfield so wide a fame, but it is rather that his impressive personality filled and pervaded our Northfield life. Nowhere else was Mr. Moody so thoroughly understood as in Northfield. The elderly part of our people grew up with him, went to school with him, played and worked with him. They are full of remini-

scences of his boyhood, and the testimony abounds that from his earliest years he was the same powerful spirit whom the world came to know as the greatest modern master of assemblies. 'He was always a leader,' said Deacon Edward Barber, his sometime playmate and lifelong personal friend.

"Mr. Moody was a hill town New Englander to the backbone. Wherever he went and however he might be surrounded by the great of the earth, he never lost that self poise and that wholesome common sense which are so characteristic of the old hill town stock. He never saw a landscape so fair that it seemed to him as lovely as Northfield. He was racy of the soil.

AMAZING CAPACITY FOR WORK.

"It was amusing to see Mr. Moody in the act of what he called resting. After months of exhausting toil in great meetings he would return to Northfield to 'rest.' And this was the manner of it: When at home he always rose at five in the morning, went to the kitchen for a cup of coffee and then called for his buggy. By six he would be among the milkers at Mount Hermon, or in the kitchen where the breakfast of his students was preparing. If any especial work was afoot, he was sure to look it over, master every detail of it and give shrewd, practical suggestions. At eight he was back in Northfield breakfasting with his family. For weeks together he would address the young ladies of the Seminary at nine, then look over his huge mail, and finish the forenoon by driving again to Mount Hermon to speak to the boys at eleven.

"What his labors were during the great conventions, how shrewd, tactful and masterful he was, everybody knows. We knew that he was wearing himself out, but he smiled benignantly at our warnings and went right on. Doubtless Dwight L. Moody was one of those primitive and elemental men, built on so great a scale that of right the whole world owned him, but we of Northfield knew him as the world never did and mourn him as the world never can."

CHAPTER IX.

Memorial Services in Honor of Mr. Moody.

AT a great meeting held in the Temple, Philadelphia, Rev. Russell H. Conwell, pastor, Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, took the chair, and after devotional exercises, spoke as follows:

We are not gathered here to-night to sound the praise of a hero nor to swell his fame. God and the angels will take care of that; for if there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth what a welcome must our good friend have had, who preached the Gospel, no doubt, to many millions of men, and was God's agent in leading scores of thousands to the foot of the cross. What an outburst of angelic and saintly song, and what symphony of golden harps there must have been in heaven when he arrived! We are here for our own sake; we are here not for his, but to gather inspiration from the thought of what, by God's grace and by God's natural gifts to him, he was and is. And surely it is well for Christians of many names, without regard to their churchly lines at all, to gather here to make mention of this beloved friend, this wonderful man, who belonged to all the churches—nay, was the common property of Christendom on both sides of the Atlantic.

And what was he? Others will say a few words in answer to that question to-night; my words must be very few in opening the meeting. I wish I could say four things in four minutes which are in my mind and heart to say. To begin with, he was a great pattern of a man. When God has great work to do he prepares special instruments. And sometimes His pattern men, who do the most, have faults—I suppose all men have them—but their faults are only made more conspicuous by their greatness. Luther had his, William the Silent had his, and Cromwell had his. Possibly our friend had his—I don't know them—but God made him on a large pattern, gave him a great nature; and I have to believe that

he who doubtless did preach the Gospel to more men than any other man who ever lived (I challenge your attention to that proposition; I believe it is correct), could have done any one of twenty other great things. If it had fallen to his lot, and his training had prepared him for it, he might have been a great general, like Wellington or Grant; he might have been a great Speaker of the House of Representatives. Any one of twenty great things were possible for him to do if God's provisions had led him to them.

A THOROUGHLY CONSECRATED MAN.

Another thing I thoroughly believe about him is that he was a man of rare consecration. Alas, that so many professing Christians fritter their lives away in asking whether they shall do their duty. That question never seemed to come to him after his conversion, as it did not to St. Paul. Once for all he answered the question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do," and having settled that, the question simply was, what is duty? And to that this good man seemed to me ever to spring with relish and gladness, never to waste his time in asking whether or not a duty should be done. From that blundering and illiterate boyhood of his, when as an attendant of Dr. Kirk's church in Boston, having found his way to the foot of the cross, he could not tell enough about it to be admitted for a year into the church; from that beginning of the great work in the slums of Chicago—so awkwardly done at first—all the way along, he showed the spirit of a supreme consecration to God and to duty and to Jesus Christ and to the work of evangelism. I doubt, if you could have waked him up at midnight, after his most wearisome labors, when utterly exhausted, and have asked him to lead a sinner to Jesus, but that there would have flashed from his eyes, before he could have fairly got them open, a light that would have brought the sinner to the foot of the cross. He was, from head to foot and in every fibre of his nature, consecrated to God, as I think, and to the great work of evangelism to which God had called him.

He was also a man of one book. That was a great thing about him. He loved the Bible; he believed the Bible; he knew

the Bible as very few men ever come to know it ; and used it, and used it trustfully, as our Lord used the book ; and never seemed to once ask himself the question whether Moses wrote the whole of the Pentateuch or not. I say Moody used the Bible, as Jesus did, trustfully. And it answered the purpose very thoroughly.

One word more, and I give way to others. He was gifted by God with a rare power of generalship. His body was a strong, massive body ; his eye a keen, flashing eye ; his will a great, commanding will. And you remember how he raised that arm when it would seem almost like the sword of a General ; when his voice sounded like a bugle call ; and when his strong common sense was put to the work of managing a great audience of six or seven thousand people. It was a grand phenomenon to any student of human nature. In doing his great work he commanded the ready acquiescence of all sorts of people. All the way up and down the gamut of human nature he was master of the scale. He was the great leader of evangelism in our time.

But he has passed on to everlasting glory. I hail him there :

Servant of God—well done,
Thy glorious warfare past,
The battle fought, the victory won,
And thou art crowned at last.

MR. WANAMAKER'S GLOWING TRIBUTE.

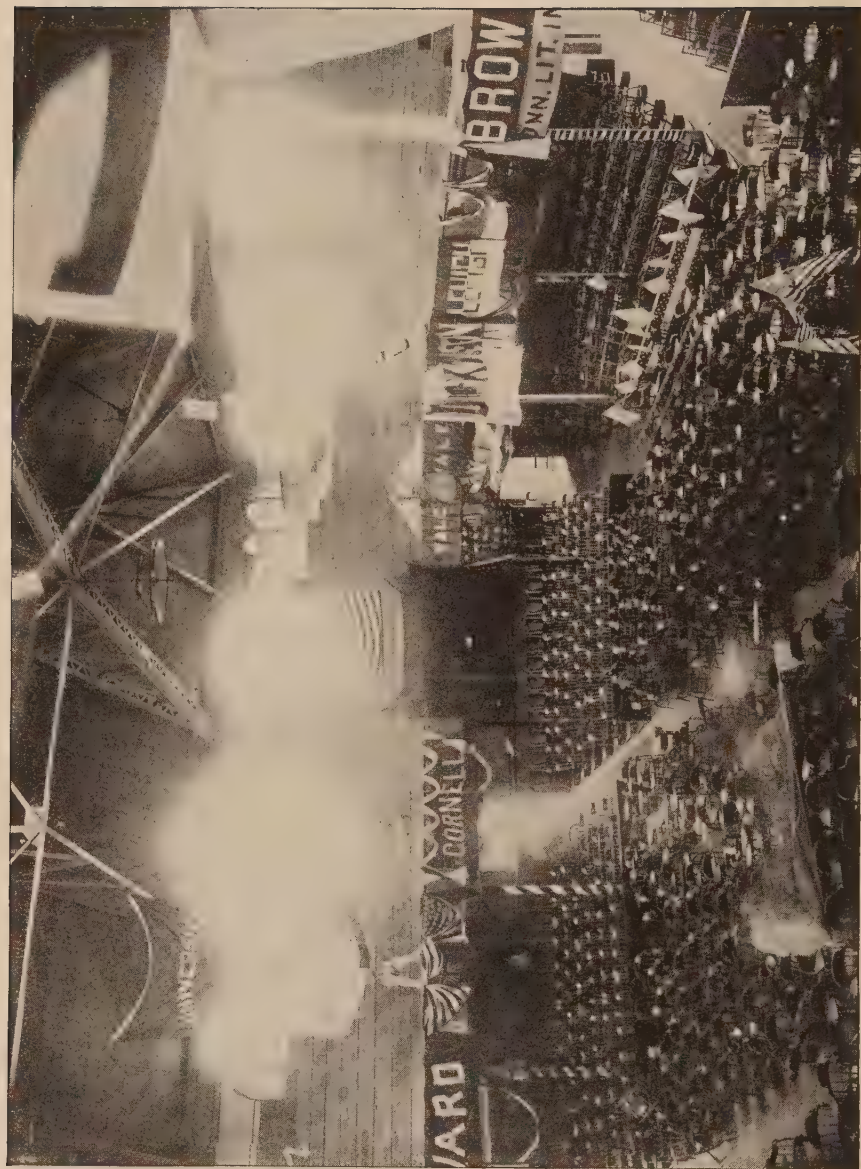
I want to say many things more, but I yield to others. I understand that the Order of Exercises calls next for remarks from the Hon. John Wanamaker.

Hon. John Wanamaker responded as follows :

Mr. Chairman, I should be the last on the programme, instead of the first. This is a stormy night to stand about a grave ; it would seem as if all the tears of the country had come into Philadelphia as a fit setting for the memorial service. I hardly know how best to speak to-night or try to speak. There are three chapters of my thoughts—I cannot utter them all—the first the reminiscences that go back to my boyhood, when Mr. Moody was just rising into his young manhood and I met him first ; then the story of the two hours after the funeral ceremony at Northfield ; then,



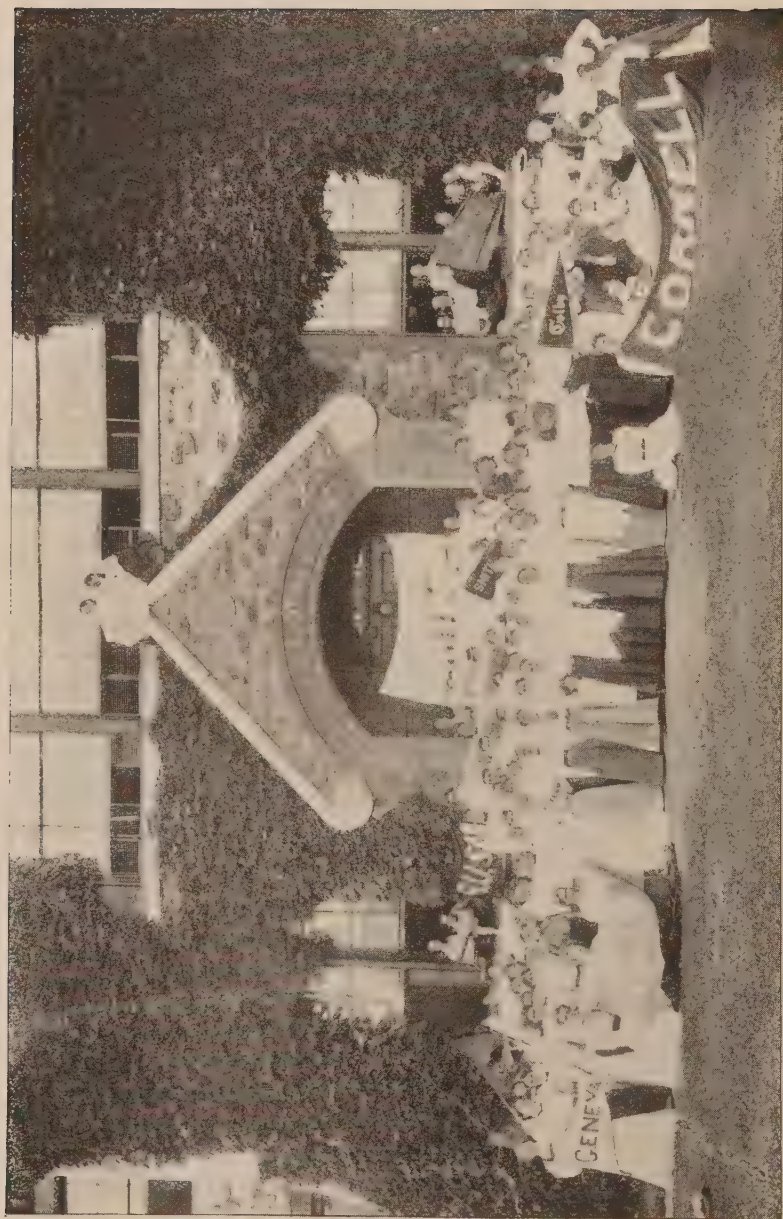
AUDITORIUM—CONNECTED WITH THE MOODY SCHOOLS—NORTHFIELD, MASS.



VIEW IN THE AUDITORIUM AT NORTHFIELD SHOWING ARRANGEMENTS FOR A
CONFERENCE OF COLLEGE STUDENTS



WESTON HALL AND TALCOTT LIBRARY—NORTHFIELD, MASS.



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS OF THE FEMALE
COLLEGES ASSEMBLED IN CONVENTION AT NORTHFIELD

chapter three, the lessons of such a life. To take one, perhaps it would be better, seeing that the newspapers are full of the incidents that for years to come will be fresh to the American people, of his great life that was a life indeed. There doesn't seem to have ever been a part of him that was half asleep. If there was anything that Mr. Moody loved it was life. And he was the embodiment of it physically, mentally, and spiritually. So that perhaps it might interest you the most to have a little quiet visit for a few minutes, to the humble home where he laid him down in the chamber of peace, and, with his face toward the sunrise, fell asleep.

A VERY IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

No one who came to Northfield at any time could go away without a deep impression of its sweet quiet, as though the touch of an inspired life was over all the hills; but how much more impressive to come there on a day when business of every kind had stopped and the people, with mournful faces—those that could not enter the church—stood in knots about the village and on the roadside; and the large church, not large enough to contain perhaps the students, had by their gracious courtesy been given over to the people who had come from far and near to sit close to the man who had fallen asleep. It would be impossible to convey to any one's mind a full impression of that afternoon—the service beginning really at half past ten in the morning, when the form of the old friend was looked upon for the last time, and the people came and went all day, until 2.30, when the service began. To attempt to tie half a dozen threads out of those eloquent tributes that were spoken would be almost an impossibility; you must get them when they come to print the little volume that will give in full all the the loving, true words that were spoken. I am simply trying to give you an impression of the occasion. I can never forget the influence of that hour upon not one or two devoted friends of this beloved man, but upon all the people. As he lay there, lifted up above the little bed upon which they had laid him, it seemed as though he was still living.

Indeed, we well remembered his words—some of us who heard

him on his last visit to Philadelphia—when he said: “They will tell you that D. L. Moody is dead, but don’t believe it; he will always be living; he will always be around.” One could hardly believe that he was other than sleeping; there was the same fine color, not a wrinkle upon his face, and it seemed as though the same sway that he had over great audiences, when he stood before them, still went out from him as he lay there in the presence of the people. After the precious words were spoken and twilight had almost fallen upon the scene, the funeral procession proceeded to the outside of the building, where they were met by the thirty-two students from Mount Hermon. The casket was carried to the bier along a platform covered with flowers; and these young fellows, sixteen on each side, bore the body along silently, followed by a long procession of sobbing people, to Round Top, the place he loved so much.

A BETTER WORLD TO COME.

Oh! how he loved this earth. He used to say so often, “The earth is a good place. I have had a very good time, but I have a great deal better time ahead.” It was peculiarly interesting to note how very fond he was of home. He would often say, in the autumn days, “I must hurry home; I want to see the brown earth before the snow covers the leaves.” So it was on his last visit to Philadelphia. After the meeting in Witherspoon Hall, where he took part in the evangelistic services, he hurried away on his visit to the schools, coming back to the city in the early part of November. Some of his friends wanted him to stay in the city in the late autumn; but he must go off to the West to visit the churches, stopping in Philadelphia on his way to utter the great desire that filled his heart, to say to friends, “I would like, before I die, to be used of God to move one great sinner.” What was it Elijah said? “I must go to Gilgal and then to Jericho, and then beyond the Jordan.”

I went home the night he was in the city after the talk at the Philadelphia meeting, and I said to some friends at my house, “Mr. Moody to-night seemed more pathetic than I ever knew him

to be. In his concern about a revival of religion in Philadelphia, he seemed to me, in his vehement earnestness, like the prophet Elijah." It was his desire that it might be arranged for him to come and spend a winter in this city, in the hope of another great blessing.

EASY TO GO EXCEPT FOR FRIENDS.

Well, dear friends, just a few moments more, as I see there are so many others to speak. When the time came for parting with the little family that had been kneeling by the grave, there were words said that led me to stay into the night and until the next morning. Betraying nothing of what was said, but what will be to you a memory of your old friend, and also an encouragement in the triumph of a life so faithful, I will repeat to you just a few words that came from the lips of the woman who helped to make this man's life so brave—Mrs. Moody herself. She, her boys, and the one girl sat around the family hearth and told the story of those last hours, of how the father said again and again, "It is easy to go away, but for you, but for you, seeing that there is no dark valley there." There is something very consoling in that thought. So many people wonder whether we shall know those who have gone on. And this dear man was permitted to see the children and the grandchildren, and to come back to them. I can see the radiant face of dear Mrs. Moody, as she asked, "Don't you think that God gave him that blessing that he might return;" and Will, speaking up, said, "Father certainly died three times—he came back twice to tell us that it wasn't hard to die."

Dear friends, God does not forget those who have trusted him; and of all the great things about the lives of the men of whom the good Bishop has spoken to-night, is there anything to compare to what has been vouchsafed to this great old soldier of the Imperial Guard of the Master, from first to last, in his life battle for this great Captain? I want you to take from me the picture of that little simple home, filled with brightness because of the faith of that family bereft, and because of what they have been permitted to see in the sunset of that glorious life which we are contemplating to-night.

Referring again to the scene of which I have spoken (and with this I close, though like the bishop having said but little of what is in my heart to say), my mind has reverted to it so often that I have gone along in thought, day after day, up the Round Top, where we left him. In that old cathedral in Venice, behind the great altar, are the alabaster columns, stained with age and, in the dull shadows, seemingly unworthy of special notice ; but when some hand from behind them applies the lighted taper, they shine like crystals, in gorgeous colors, vieing in splendor with the light of the morning or the brilliant sunset hues that come in the evening time. Mr. Moody was like a great alabaster column, perhaps unattractive in itself, but by the power of an unseen hand made so brilliant and imposing that we stand in wonder upon beholding it. Would that we had known that George Whitefield was living again, that we had another John Wesley. In many respects he was like Wesley in his simplicity, in his wonderful common sense, and in his magnificent power of attention to details. He would have been, in my judgment, one of the most superb business men, if it had been the providence of God to lead him into business. Little had we thought until we looked up into his face, that we were in the presence of the majesty of so great a character. Some one has said that we shall never see the like of him again.

WILL NEVER SEE ANOTHER MOODY.

Speaking from a human standpoint, it would be as impossible to replace D. L. Moody as it would be to replace Abraham Lincoln. Those two men, as Dr. Cuyler said on Monday, will stand before the American people—aye, before the whole world—as two of the greatest characters of the century. None of us can lay to-night, at his feet, a tribute that is commensurate with our desires or our efforts, because he was so great a blessing to every one who had the privilege of knowing him.

Rev. Wm. C. Webb, D. D., the Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, under whose auspices the meeting was held, here read a few of many letters that had been received. These were from

Rev. Drs. Charles Wood and Henry C. McCook, Bishop Whitaker, Mr. Lewis H. Redner, and Rev. Russell H. Conwell. The latter wrote as follows:

"Will you kindly express to the gathering called by The Alliance to show respect for the memory of D. L. Moody my sincere regret that an engagement, made before Mr. Moody's death, in a distant city, compels me to be absent? Will you also kindly say that it would be for me a sweet privilege to share with any gathering of brethren assembled for so sacred a purpose as to show reverence for the character, respect for the work, and appreciation of the friendship of such a saintly man? The power of God rested upon him. His work will go on through time and eternity."

ADDRESS BY MR. SANKEY.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the co-laborer of Mr. Moody for so many years, was called upon, and responded as follows:

I have just come from a large gathering of the trustees of the schools at Northfield and the Bible Institute at Chicago. We met to-day, in New York City, to lay plans for raising a memorial fund to carry on Mr. Moody's work. This is one of the most important things that is now pressing upon the hearts of the trustees of those institutions. A large and influential committee was appointed by the trustees, embracing some of the most prominent names in the financial world, in all the larger cities of the country. I presume that by to-morrow the press of the country will have a report of that meeting. It commenced at ten o'clock, and it was still in session when I had to leave for your city. I trust and hope, and believe as well, that the action of the trustees to-day will lead to the raising of a large memorial fund, sufficient for carrying on the three different schools which Mr. Moody founded—the Northfield Seminary, the Mount Hermon Boys' School and the Bible Institute in Chicago. These institutions lay very near Mr. Moody's heart, as you all know, and have heard to-night.

Before singing a hymn which was one of Mr. Moody's favorites, I would like to just say a word or two in regard to the schools

at Northfield, so that, when a call is made upon the citizens of Philadelphia and the country at large, they may be the better prepared to act, by being informed in regard to what the schools are, what they stand for, and how they originated.

After our return from the old country and while he was speaking for a few months at home, Mr. Moody was seen to drive away, one summer day in his buggy (the little one-horse carriage in which he drove around the country) to one of the mountains back of his home. It seems that, after arriving near the top of the mountain, he came across a little farmhouse with a very few acres of land, and all about the place the indications of poverty, as everywhere else on that barren mountain. He found there a family whom he had known when, as a boy, he used to climb about the mountains near his home. He hitched his horse to the fence and went in to greet his old friends.

ORIGIN OF NORTHFIELD SEMINARY.

He found the father lying upon a bed of sickness, and, in another part of the building, the mother also suffering with a very serious illness. Upon greeting them he sat down and talked a little while, after which the two daughters of the old people came into the room, carrying a large bundle of willows that they had gathered in the valley of the Connecticut. They sat down and began the operation of making little willow baskets. Mr. Moody, becoming interested in the work of the two young women, said to them, "What is your object in life—what are you going to do?" "Well," they replied, "Mr. Moody, we would like to get an education, if we could; we have had a common school education, but if we could get a higher education we would possibly be able, as teachers, to earn money to support our parents, who are so poor. As it is now, Mr. Moody, our time is all taken up, as you see, in this work, from which we earn only enough to keep the family together."

Mr. Moody, after reflecting a few moments, said: "Let us pray." And kneeling down beside that poor old father, leaning his arm upon the bedside, he prayed that God might open a way

by which that family would be helped. After the prayer he bade them "goodbye," went out, got in his buggy, and started down the mountain.

One day, some months after that, he told me of the incident, and said: "Mr. Sankey, before I reached the foot of the mountain God had made it very clear to me what I should do to help these two young women, and all young women in New England similarly situated, who have character and ability, but no money with which to get an education." By the time he reached his home, the matter of forming a school for such girls was fully evolved in his mind, and he immediately went to work to carry out his scheme. Not long after that he gathered a lot of his friends together. I remember very well the day when in the streets of Northfield, under the beautiful elm trees, the foundation of the building in connection with the school life was laid. Mr. Durant, whom many of you remember, the great lawyer of Boston, the founder of Wellesley College, was there. Mr. Moody having made his home in that gentleman's house during our campaign in Boston in 1876, Mr. Durant came up to help Mr. Moody lay the cornerstone of this building.

HIS FATHER'S OLD TROWEL.

A little incident occurred in connection with that cornerstone laying which moved the hearts of all present, and I will tell you of it. After Mr. Durant and others' had spoken, it became the duty of Mr. Moody to lay the cornerstone. He got up on the platform, made a little address, and, holding up before the audience a beautiful silver trowel with some writing on it, said: "My friends have secured this beautiful trowel with which to lay the stone; it is rather too beautiful for my use on this occasion." Looking over his shoulder towards a house not far distant, he added, "Yesterday I went up to my mother's house and up into the old garret, where I used to ramble about as a boy, and there I found this trowel." Holding up the instrument in his hand, he said: "This is my father's trowel; he used to earn the bread for the family with this; it is a little worn and a little rusty, but it is quite good enough for me to lay this cornerstone with."

Then he went on and laid the stone with the old trowel that his father had used forty years before. God blessed the laying of that stone, and to-day there is, I suppose, a million dollars' worth of property on those hills, and buildings have followed, one after the other, as an offering for the education of young women and young men who have character and ability, but no money. And I want you, friends in Philadelphia, to know that the school is not like other schools in this particular. It is to help the girl or the boy who would never get an education in any other way. It is not in competition with any other school whatever, but it is to help those who need help, and who will appreciate the help they receive. I think you will agree that a school of that kind ought to be encouraged and sustained by the good people of this country; and I have abundant faith that it will be.

APPEAL FOR THE MOODY SCHOOLS.

Now, I will not take further time, but will sing the hymn that Mr. Moody has made, for me, almost sacred and immortal, by saying, as he was going through the gates, "There'll be no dark valley;" and I will ask the choir, and the whole congregation as well, to join in the chorus of that hymn.

(Mr. Sankey here led in singing the hymn, the old Moody and Sankey choir joining in the chorus.)

Mr. Sankey, upon the invitation of Dr. Webb, the secretary, made a brief appeal in aid of the offering for the Moody school, which the audience was about to make. He said:

I will not detain you but a single moment to say that I agree with my brother that the thing that is now needed is for us all to take up and sustain the work at Northfield. And I hope that, after a little, a great movement for a dollar subscription will be organized, by which the common people who loved Mr. Moody will have an opportunity to contribute, even such small gifts, to this great fund. I will say to those who feel at liberty to-night to help in the work that is going on there that there are about eight hundred young people there; and the expenses, including board and tuition, cannot be met by the \$100 paid by them indi-

vidually. Another \$100 will have to be raised for each scholar there during the year. So that the money that you are kind enough to give will go toward carrying on the work there at Northfield. God bless every dollar that is given. Let me add that this committee that has been formed in New York will be a guaranty to everybody in the United States who cares to contribute, that the money will be in strong hands and will be placed in such an investment as will make it secure for all the years to come.

A LAST TALK WITH MOODY.

Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., upon being introduced, spoke as follows: May I try to tell you, in just a moment, of the last talk I had with Mr. Moody, and some of the lessons which it taught me? This talk of mine with him was but a few weeks before he died and only a few days before the last great meeting he held in Kansas City. If I had thought of it as a last talk, I should have treasured it more, but it is our wont, you know, not to treasure sufficiently the most valuable things at the moment they occur. I was making my way to Windsor, Vermont, to address a Christian Endeavor Convention when, in the depot at Springfield, Mass., I met Mr. Moody, and there our talk began, and was continued for awhile in the train. The lesson I gathered from it was that of tirelessness in the Master's service. He had been telling me how he had just come from a two weeks' day and night campaign in New York and Brooklyn; and instead of saying anything about resting, he was all the time anxious to plunge, in the quickest way, into further service. I did not ask him the question in words, but I did in thought, "Do you never rest?"

It seems to me that Mr. Moody stands before us as a splendid example of noble tirelessness for the Lord. Does he not come close to our ideal of the strenuous urgency of the Great Master, who said "I must do the will of Him that sent me, while it is day?" There was the church he joined in Chicago; the four pews in it that he hired, though he was but a poor clerk in a shoe store, which pews he steadily kept full of young men; that Sunday-school established in the slums of Chicago, out of which came

the Tabernacle ; the quick building of the Tabernacle after the Chicago fire, in the heart of the desolated district, though his own house had gone up in flames ; that fervent and persistent speech of his to men and women, concerning Jesus Christ, as he met them along the ways of the daily life ; that quick seizure of new methods for the service of his Lord, like that first Christian Convention in Boston ; the great meetings that then naturally began to gather around him, on both sides of the Atlantic, through which he urged his way so splendidly and effectively ; the schools in Northfield and in Chicago ; the summer meetings in Northfield ; and finally, that great meeting in Kansas City, when the restless soldier was smitten.

Does there not come to all of us, from such a life as that of Mr. Moody's, as a kind of bugle note—tirelessness for Jesus Christ? I would that we might all of us hear that note ; I would that we might, all of us, catch at least a little of that inspiration ; I would that that infectious enthusiasm were more thoroughly distributed. If it were, nothing could withstand the Church of Jesus Christ ; if it were, the land would be glorious with revivals ; if it were, the millenium would not be distant.

REPUTATION A HINDRANCE.

Another lesson that I gathered from that last talk with Mr. Moody, was as to the right place to put emphasis. I never shall forget a remark he made. He had been telling me of a difficulty which had specially confronted him in these later years. He referred to the great crowding to his meetings of confessedly Christian people, and this preventing his having access to the non-church goers, to those who did not spiritually know the Lord. That was the difficulty. His remark was this, "My reputation is my hindrance." It seemed to me very significant of the beautiful self-sacrifice and humility of Mr. Moody, and at the same time a revelation of where Christians ought to put emphasis. I am sure that Mr. Moody valued his own reputation as every true man does ; but his first thought was not of himself ; his first thought was of the work of Jesus Christ ; and I am very sure that Mr. Moody

would quickly and gladly have surrendered his great and well-earned reputation if by doing so he could have won souls to Jesus Christ.

Would that that spirit were more universal, that we had less thought of ourselves and more outspoken loyalty to Jesus Christ and his cause. Dr. Trumbull tells you that, in the earlier years, in Chicago, somebody who was not much of a worker but was a good deal of a critic (and the good critics are not the best workers generally) said to Mr. Moody, "Moody, you ought never to speak in public, you make mistakes in grammar." Mr. Moody replied, "I know I make many mistakes and I lack many qualifications ; but, my friend, you have lots of grammar—what are you doing with it for Jesus?"

THE WORLD FLOODED WITH ISMS.

One other lesson that I learned from this last talk I had with Mr. Moody was his inflexible faith in Jesus Christ as the only Help and Saviour of the world. He said to me, "Did you ever hear of so many isms as are going now—socialism, spiritualism, Christian Scienceism ; but there is no ism for the Master." He was as hungry to preach Jesus Christ as he was in the first days of his great career. He was only anxious to know how and where he could preach Him best. And, as he departed from the train to tell the girls in Mt. Holyoke Seminary, that afternoon, of Jesus, he left in me a more yearning purpose to devote myself with freshened strength to this one thing of telling about Jesus Christ, the world's only hope and only help. May that be your purpose and continue to be mine : and as we gather inspiration from the great example and vast success of our gifted brother, let us see to it that, more earnestly than ever, wherever we can, we contribute our measure of effort and achievement to the cause of Jesus Christ. Mr. Wanamaker has said "They buried him on Mount Herruon." That may be true of his body ; it is not true of his spirit. That is with the Lord in Paradise. May we at last, every one of us, through our Saviour, be admitted to that presence !

Rev. S. W. Dana, the next speaker, said that a conspicuous

characteristic of Mr. Moody was the fervor and persistence with which he labored to the end for the attainment of a high and undivided purpose. Unlike the minister who preaches the same old series of sermons in different places, until they have lost their originality and become stereotyped, not only were his addresses fresh and vigorous, but he knew nothing of what is called "the dead line of fifty." He was just as enthusiastic and fervent after passing that line as he had been before; and the last decade of his life was the most fruitful and serviceable of his career.

Another lesson taught by his life was that he consecrated to God what he had. Unlike those who waste their lives in wishing they were something else than they are, he utilized to the fullest the talents God had given him. Without a liberal education, he was a close student of English and acquired a style of oratory that was the most direct and forceable of any since Bunyan's, also a power of holding an audience and of expressing great truths with wonderful clearness and force.

COULD ADAPT HIMSELF TO NEW CONDITIONS.

His faculty of adapting himself to new conditions was shown in the results of his conferences with students from all parts of the world and in the establishment of his schools. His sterling character and the fact that he kept his name untarnished deserve special emphasis. He did not live for fame or money and was ambitious only for spiritual results.

An interesting feature of the service was the singing of Mr. Moody's favorite hymns by Mr. Sankey, in which the choir and audience joined.

Two thousand persons attended the Dwight L. Moody memorial meeting in Tremont Temple, Boston, where prominent pastors and laymen of many denominations crowded the platform, and for over two hours extolled the life and work of the great evangelist. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Evangelistic Association of New England. Henry M. Moore, of Boston, who for nearly thirty years had been associated with Mr. Moody, presided, and the speakers included Rev. Dr. L. B. Bates, Rev. Dr.

A. H. Plumb, Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, Bishop W. F. Mallalieu, Rev. Herbert J. White, and John Willis Baer, secretary of the Society of Christian Endeavor.

Very often during the meeting there were affecting periods, when scores of people wiped away the tears that flowed from their eyes.

Rev. John A. McElwain, of the Clarendon Street Church, led in prayer, in which he gave thanks for the "youthful piety, consecrated manhood, and for the work of the Evangelist and the Educator."

Mr. Moore said in part: "We meet here to speak of the life and work and influence of the St. Paul of the nineteenth century. If I were to sum up in one word the whole, entire life of D. L. Moody, it would be 'Victory.' He never knew defeat. His life was a success. Converted at the age of seventeen in a store here on Court street, in Boston, going at nineteen to Chicago, it may be said that he there began his life work. In 1872 I became intimately acquainted with him. He came into my store one day, and asking for a pen, he wrote a verse of scripture in this copy of Baxter's Testament, and I have carried it as a precious memento for twenty-seven years. It was my privilege to work with him, and for forty-four days during the Tabernacle meetings here in Boston I led the young men's meeting."

WILL RANK AS A GREAT EDUCATOR.

Mr. Moore told of his relations with Mr. Moody in the schools at Northfield, and said that in a few years he believed Mr. Moody's fame would not rest so largely on his evangelistic efforts as on his work for education. In the Northfield school were 900 students, representing seventeen denominations and sixteen nationalities.

"He was a man of prayer," continued Mr. Moore. "I have heard him say that if the Almighty were to offer him his choice between having his own way or in having God's way, he would choose instantly God's way. He prayed up and through everything. Every building on the beautiful campus at Northfield was

prayed up. Every evangelistic campaign was prayed up, and after he started in on them he didn't care what man said. He exemplified the words of Scripture: 'If you abide in me, I will abide in you.' My heart is full to-day. Oh, how I miss him! But I believe he knows we are meeting here."

Then telling very fully the scenes at the death-bed of the Evangelist, Mr. Moore said: "And his final words were, 'God is calling me. Earth is receding. Heaven is opening.' I do not doubt that God sent his chariot for him, and as he stepped on it he said to his family, 'God is calling me.' As he ascended to Heaven he said, 'Earth is receding. Heaven is opening.' And as he entered the company of the saints of whom he had preached on this earth, I feel that the angels sang, 'Lift up your heads. O, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors.' What a reception! What a transition of one of the most wonderful men of the nineteenth century."

A MAN LAMENTED BY EVERYBODY.

At Mr. Moore's request two verses of the hymn, "Saved by Grace," which was a favorite of the Evangelist, were sung by Lawrence B. Greenwood.

Rev. Dr. L. B. Bates said in part: "After an experience of fifty years in active life I have never known the press of the nation, secular and religious, to be so universal in its lament of any man as has been expressed in the departure of this man. While he was living they often called on him to halt, but in his death they all give him praise. Dwight L. Moody was of the people. He never forgot it. Dwight L. Moody was for the people. He never forsook them. He preached the Gospel for the people, and he never attempted to change it. I have heard him say his faith was bolted to God's work."

Rev. Dr. A. H. Plumb spoke as a pastor of forty years and answered very emphatically in the affirmative the questions as to what pastors thought of Mr. Moody's work, and whether Moody's converts held out, and whether churches have been strengthened.

"God has spoken to us," said Dr. Lorrimer, "not merely

through the words of Dwight L. Moody, but through his life, just as he spoke through Elijah, Isaiah and John the Baptist. To me Moody was just as much a gift of God as was Spurgeon and Whitefield, and other men who have been blessed with sacred oil and by the laying on of hands. God required a particular man for a particular occasion, and He found him in the untaught boy, and Moody proved competent for the work. Moody laid emphasis on the atoning power of Jesus Christ."

A letter was read from President Rankin of Howard University, and then Rev. H. J. White, a graduate of Mr. Moody's Chicago school, spoke of the work of the Evangelist as he had seen it from his station as a part of it. He said that Moody was the pastor of pastors, and that the pastors of this generation had had a layman for a pastor. He compared Moody to Lincoln in the great ruggedness and the wonderful tenderness of his character.

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE BY BISHOP MALLALIEU.

Bishop Mallalieu said that the debt of the world to Moody would increase as the years multiplied, and paid an eloquent tribute to the wonderful work he wrought in the religious world.

A service in memory of Mr. Moody was held in Calvary Baptist Church, in West Fifty-seventh street, New York City, at the same time as the service of burial at Northfield. It was an undenominational service, arranged by friends of Mr. Moody, and a number of ministers of different denominations were present. The Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur said:

"Last summer, at the time we opened the tent in Fifty-sixth street, I had some correspondence with Mr. Moody relating to his preaching in the tent in the afternoon and in this church in the evening. He wrote that he was not feeling well, and that he feared to undertake so much in hot weather. 'I shall soon be with you, though, and we shall have a great service in Calvary Church,' he said. That service we are now holding in memory of Mr. Moody and in honor of his Master and ours.

"Mr. Moody has now taken his place among the immortals. Mr. Moody's evangelism marks an era in the history of evangeli-

zation in England and America. Without the learning of the schools, he was still an educated man in his sphere. That sphere was limited, compared with the sphere of learning of some workers for God, but Mr. Moody was a willing student in the school of Christ, which, after all, is the noblest of all schools.

"Mr. Moody's work has emphasized the work of the laity in religious matters. The laity had too long been neglected in our churches, and a great deal of mediaeval superstition as to the exclusive functions of the clergy still remains in our churches. Mr. Moody gave dignity to the work of the laity. He was never ordained by man. He was ordained of God to be a winner of souls and a comforter of saints.

TENDENCIES OF RELIGIOUS LIFE.

"I discover two distinct tendencies in the religious life of American churches to-day. One is toward High Churchism. This is a marked tendency. The old Low Churchism of forty years ago has well nigh disappeared. We have the High Church and the Broad Church, but very little of what was Low Church. Moody was for the Church of Christ. We had in Moody a Christ Churchman, irrespective of narrow ecclesiastical lines. Moody's enduring monument, I have no doubt, will be the educational work at Northfield. That is his enduring monument."

After the singing of a hymn Dr. Yarnell, of the West Side Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, read a telegraph message to be sent to Northfield, as follows:

"Mrs. D. L. Moody and relatives and friends gathered at Northfield:

"The friends assembled in memorial services in Calvary Church, in New York, unite in expressing sympathy and love. Revelation xiv: 13."

The whole audience stood up in answer to the call for all who subscribed to the message. It was at once despatched.

The Rev. Dr. Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, spoke eloquently of Mr. Moody's work. He said in part:

"He was in my opinion the greatest Evangelist since White-

field, and since the Apostle Paul there has been no man who has preached to so great a multitude of people and led so many to Christ. To the end of time Mr. Moody's teachings will last. God equipped him. Let no man say he was not equipped fully for the work. The simplicity of his words went direct to the heart of common men; his conscientiousness, his enthusiasm, his inspired common sense, his kindness, all made him especially fitted for his work."

There was a mass meeting in memory of Mr. Moody in the Hyperion, New Haven, Conn., that was one of the most largely attended meetings of the kind on record in that city. Nearly every one of the 5,000 people who crowded the theatre and the overflow meeting in Calvary Baptist Church, had seen and heard Moody in life, and had gathered to do his memory honor. The audience filled the great theatre from floor to dome, and among them were a large number of Yale students.

WHOLLY BENT UPON ONE THING.

Mr. Sankey was present and sang two hymns during the meeting, and rendered each with much feeling. One, entitled "Out of the Shadow Land," was written by him the day after Moody died. In the chorus of this he was accompanied by the audience at his own request.

The opening address of the service was delivered by Professor Fisher, who spoke of the secret of Mr. Moody's power. "He was bent upon one subject," said the speaker—"the salvation of men in the good old-fashioned scriptural sense of the world. In pursuing that object he manifested peculiar persistency. Had Moody been an irritable man, with his limited education, he would have been styled a fanatic, but he was not. He had a loving, tender nature, which made him truly catholic in all his doings. Mr. Drummond said of him that he had never seen a man who reminded him so much of the apostles."

Prof. Fisher here referred to an incident of Moody's life with which he himself was familiar, and which he said he related as showing the great sincerity of the man. He said that about

twenty years ago he spent an evening in company with Thurlow Weed of New York, and in the course of the conversation the talk turned on Moody. Mr. Weed, said the speaker, spoke very warmly of Mr. Moody, and said he would send him (Prof. Fisher) a copy of what he considered a very remarkable letter, which he had received shortly before from Moody. Mr. Weed had been attending some of the Moody meetings and had sent a very generous gift to the Evangelist as a token of his esteem. It was in acknowledgement of the gift that Moody wrote the letter.

This Prof. Fisher produced and read. It acknowledged the receipt of the check, and thanked Mr. Weed for his kindness. In it, though, Mr. Moody expressed doubt as to whether he should accept the gift or not. He asked Mr. Weed whether if he (Moody) should reject the gift of money, as he (Mr. Weed) had rejected God's gift, he had the right to feel insulted. He expressed sorrow that such a noble and true friend should remain unconverted, and in closing expressed the hope that when he saw him again it would not be so.

"This," said the speaker, "shows the quality of Moody. His forgetfulness of self and devotion to the interests of mankind were always his greatest attributes. His memory well deserves what honor it is in our power to pay."

IRA D. SANKEY TELLS OF MEETING MR. MOODY

Following Prof. Fisher, Mr. Welch, chairman of the meeting, introduced Ira D. Sankey. Mr. Sankey spoke as follows: "It is twenty-nine years since the privilege of traveling the world with Mr. Moody was first accorded me. And right here I want to bear testimony that a more noble and kind-hearted man I have never met. The strong characteristic of Mr. Moody, to my mind, was his great common sense. We met in 1870 in Indianapolis. It has often been asked how we came together, and for the benefit of the young people present I will say that both had begun Christian duty early in life. It was the coming together of two Christian lives. One of the first things he said to me when we met in that prayer meeting—I thank God that we did meet in a

prayer meeting—was, ‘I’ve been looking for you for eight years.’ ‘You’ve been looking for me?’ I said, and I drew back my hand. ‘What for?’ He then said he wanted me to go to Chicago with him and lead the singing.

“He had a great deal of trouble in this particular. Sometimes he said, the leader of the singing would give out a long meter hymn and sing it to a short meter tune. At that time I was enjoying a comfortable position, and I said to Mr. Moody, ‘I don’t think I can do it.’ Mr. Moody said: ‘Oh, I think you will. I want you to go home and pray over it, and I’ll pray for it also.’ It wasn’t long before Mr. Moody had prayed me clean out of business. Shortly after my meeting with him I met Mr. Moody in Chicago, and he invited me to attend an open air meeting with him. I accepted, and going with him to his destination, participated in what I then thought one of the most remarkable meetings I had ever seen.

PREACHING ON THE STREET.

“The place selected was a street corner in one of the business portions of the city. Nearby was a grocery store, and entering this Mr. Moody asked the proprietor if he might use one of his unused boxes for a short while. He received permission to, and carrying the box with him he left the store. Outside he stood it on end, and mounting it he asked me to sing a hymn. I sang two, and inside of ten minutes there were more than 300 people gathered around us. As soon as he saw that he had an audience, Mr. Moody opened his Bible and began to preach, the same as you have heard him speak before you. The effect of his words upon his audience was wonderful to behold.

“It was not long before you could see the eyes of the workman grow misty and a tear force itself down his cheek. Everyone looked up into Mr. Moody’s face with a look of wonderment showing itself upon them. It was a look of confidence, though, as though each one realized the wonderful love this man bore him. And after ten minutes of preaching, as the crowd continued to swell and grow great, he said, ‘Friends, we’ll have to close this

meeting. We'll have another one immediately in the opera house. If you'll come with me we'll go there now. Mr. Sankey will sing a hymn for us as we go.'

"And down the street we went, I singing a hymn, and the great crowd trailing at our heels—a kind of preliminary salvation army, as it were. We all crowded into the big opera house and filled it from top to bottom. Mr. Moody jumped upon the platform and preached as I never had heard preaching before. For nearly an hour he held them there spell-bound, until he perceived some delegates to the Y. M. C. A. convention, which had met there earlier in the afternoon, returning from their supper, prepared to resume their session.

SHOWED HOW TO REACH THE MASSES.

"They stared with amazement at the vast crowd and at the speaker, and doubtless wondered what it all meant. Moody then abruptly closed his sermon. 'Let us pray,' he said, and that ended, he added, 'The delegates to the Y. M. C. A. convention are at the door, waiting to resume their session. They are discussing the subject, "How to Reach the Masses."' And then with a wave of the hand he dismissed them.

"I went back to my office the next day and resumed my labors, but my heart was not in my work. Shortly after that I handed in my resignation to the head of the department and joined Mr. Moody. It is said we parted; but no, we never parted until death parted us at Northfield.

"The last hymn I sung for Mr. Moody was in Dr. Storr's church, Brooklyn. My wife and I went down to hear him preach. I never tired of hearing Mr. Moody speak. The hymn was curiously enough the one I sang for him first, 'Scatter Seeds of Kindness for our Reaping Bye and Bye.' After many years we had returned to the same old hymn. I next heard him at Dr. Park's church, when he made that celebrated remark; 'Some of these days you'll read that Dwight L. Moody is dead, but don't you believe it.' I next looked upon him in death in Northfield. May God bless his memory."

Henry S. Coffin, of the Yale Y. M. C. A., was next introduced by Mr. Welch. He said he desired to utter a testimonial of affection for the late Mr. Moody on behalf of the Yale men, who had known and loved the Evangelist. We love to think of Mr. Moody as a Yale man, he said. When Yale was under reproach, Mr. Moody defended her fair name. During that period, on one occasion, when asked why he stood up for Yale, he said: "My eldest son graduated from Yale, and if his brother gets as much good from it as he did, I shall be thankful." To this love Yale has ever responded.

Every year hundreds of her men have attended the conferences at Northfield, and there have come into close contact with Mr. Moody. In colleges opinions undergo a change, and it is to the credit of Mr. Moody that he has made that change one for the better in a great many doubtful cases. Devoid of hypocrisy and free from all cant phrases, no man was better fitted to hold up to men their sins and dangers, and at the same time longingly point out the way of escape. His enthusiasm was contagious; his love for men was unbounded. Nature never wove a temper more happy than that of Mr. Moody. He will always be remembered by Yale men as an exponent of principles.

CHAPTER X.

Glowing Tributes to the Memory of the Great Evangelist.

IRA D. SANKEY received a telegram at his home in Brooklyn notifying him of Mr. Moody's death. Although Mr. Sankey knew that Mr. Moody was seriously ill, the news of his death was a surprise, as he had been led to believe that his friend was improving.

He said: Mr. Moody's death comes upon us with as suddenness that is very trying, as we have been receiving letters every day from Northfield speaking of his improvement, as indicated by his sleeping and resting better. One letter spoke of his telling his son-in-law a little story of how he and I were caught on one occasion by the incoming tide near Sunderland, on the north coast of England, and of how we had to wade through the water and climb a high cliff to reach the land. Had we remained a few minutes longer our escape would have been cut off.

I mention this just as one instance of Mr. Moody's frame of mind, as described in these recent letters. I went to see him a week ago, but as he was very weak I refrained from going into the room where he was. Had I thought then that there was great danger of his dying, I would have gone in to have a last word with him.

We were connected in revival work for twenty-seven years. We began our joint work at Indianapolis in 1870. He and I were delegates to a Young Men's Christian Association convention there, and we then became acquainted. Mr. Moody urged me to give up the government position I then held and join him in religious work in Chicago. I did so after six months' persistence on his part. Until he spoke to me about it, I had never had any idea of engaging in this work. The story that we ever separated is without the slightest foundation. It is true that I have been holding meetings, singing and speaking both, but this course met with Mr. Moody's entire and hearty approval.

We last appeared together at Dr. Storr's church last summer. The last time I spoke to Mr. Moody was on the last Sabbath he was presiding in Dr. Hall's church. I called upon him at the Murray Hill Hotel, and we had a long talk. The last letter I received from him was just as he was starting on his trip to the West. He wrote to me that he would stop at the Murray Hill Hotel while in New York on his way West, and would be pleased to see me there. I was in Rochester at the time. As soon as I received his letter there, I telegraphed him that I would start that night for New York, and would call upon him. I arrived at the Murray Hill Hotel the next morning, but Mr. Moody had already gone West to the meeting where he was taken ill.

ENORMOUS CONGREGATION IN LONDON.

What was the greatest meeting we ever addressed? The one in Agricultural Hall, London, during our first visit abroad in 1874. We had an audience of 17,000. Our biggest meeting in the United States was in the Wanamaker Building in Philadelphia in 1875.

In my opinion, Mr. Moody was one of the greatest men of this century in the marvelous common sense he exhibited, in his earnestness in his life work, and in his desire to help people and to do good. He was the most unselfish man I ever knew, and I believe he died without one dollar of money belonging to himself. He cared nothing of money for himself, but raised large sums for others.

He was the greatest revivalist of his age. Tens of thousands have professed conversion under his preaching in this and in the old country. He appeared in every city in this country and in every State, from California to Maine, in winter and in summer, in sunshine and in shadow, and never had to give up an appointment on account of ill-health. Mr. Moody's health had been running down for years. He knew it. The doctors five years ago told him that he must cut down the number of his sermons from three to two a day.

I have known for six or eight years that he had weakness of

the heart. The knowledge of it was developed by a prominent physician in England on our arrival there in 1892 with the intention of going around the world. While talking in London of our proposed trip, friends suggested that Mr. Moody should have his heart examined before he attempted to go to India, and as a result of this examination the doctor said that a trip to India might shorten his life by ten years. We then gave up the proposed trip and went to Scotland, where we visited not less than one hundred towns during the winter. This was our last trip to that country.

Mr. Moody was distinguished for his tenderness and kindness of heart, although to the public he often seemed one of the most brusque of men. He was noted among his intimates for his keen sense of humor, though a jest of a low character he would not tolerate for a moment. He was especially fond of children, and was never happier than when playing on the floor at tops and ball with his little ones. He was fond of a good horse, and loved the farm, and never tired of protesting that the country was far the better place to rear a family.

MEN WERE AN OPEN BOOK TO HIM.

He could read men like an open book. As an instance of this, he picked out the late Prof. Henry Drummond from a crowd of over five hundred young students who attended our meetings in Edinburgh, and invited him to travel with us, with the object of holding meetings for young men exclusively, and Prof. Drummond and I labored for many years together in this capacity. The strongest affection grew up between Mr. Moody and Prof. Drummond, which lasted until Mr. Drummond's death three years ago, and it is said he told the physician who attended him during his last illness that Dwight L. Moody was the greatest man he had ever known.

Rev. Russell H. Conwell : He was a man who was not made mad by much learning, never confused by the puzzles of science, never disturbed in his faith by the guesses of higher critics, never permitting his humane feelings to be hindered by studies of sociology. All his study and effort was put forth to develop the

spiritual side of his nature. He was pre-eminently a constructive critic of the Bible, and was peculiarly sensitive to the impulses of his conscience. He was too great a man to be disturbed by the opinions of others.

The Rev. John R. Davies : Mr. Moody's work lies along different directions. As an educator he built up a system of schools which in themselves constitute work enough for the lifetime of any man. They have in them more than one thousand students, and for the housing and educating of these students magnificent buildings have been erected. One of the first things that should follow the announcement of Mr. Moody's death is an effort on the part of Mr. Moody's friends to raise a sum of money sufficient to endow these schools that the work might be perpetuated.

EULOGIZED BY MR. WANAMAKER.

John Wanamaker: It almost overpowers me to think that Mr. Moody, one of my earliest friends, has passed on. I felt strangely impressed by his words and manner, about the middle of November, when he was last in Philadelphia talking over the pleasing prospects to him of a series of meetings here this winter. In this great century just closing, no other one man, through so many of its years, stands out as prominently in labors for the public good as Dwight L. Moody.

My acquaintance with Mr. Moody runs back forty years or more, when he was just emerging from business and attracting attention in Chicago by his resolute and resistless efforts in religious work. We came together often. My house was his home, especially after the Chicago fire, when he walked out from his flame-lit house with his little family, saving nothing but his personal Bible. We were together several months at the time, and gathered the money mainly in New England for the rebuilding of the Illinois Street Mission. Soon after the fire he made the acquaintance of Mr. Sankey and founded the connection with which work in England began at York.

Stretching over the years that intervened, up to this year, I have enjoyed the inspiration of his life. The freshest memory I

have of him is the night of November 13th, when he got off the Pennsylvania Railroad train to keep an appointment he had made with me by telegraph, to spend a short time between trains, on his way to Kansas City for his last meetings. I remarked that same night after he had left me, how heavy a burden seemed to rest upon his heart, as he said again and again, "I wish that I might be moved of God to move one large Eastern city. For I think if one Eastern city could be thoroughly revived, the others would feel the influence and be stirred likewise."

As I looked into the face of the man, whose eyes and voice were full of tears, it seemed as if a prophet like unto Elijah had come back again. He left behind him that night his comfortable home at Northfield, and the hospitality which so many friends would have been glad to have given him; laid himself down in a sleeping berth of a Pullman car, rattling over a thousand miles to Kansas City, and rose with a heavy load of concern for the Kingdom of his Master, and under the weight of it he staggered into a grave.

HIS DEATH A NATIONAL CALAMITY.

General Ballington Booth, President of the Volunteers of America: I regard the death of Dwight L. Moody as little short of a national calamity. He was the John the Baptist in the wilds and wastes of the world's sin. His forte, perhaps, lay most in stirring up and bringing to life the flagging columns of the Christian Church. I feel like asking the question that was asked of a great Spartan leader, "Who will take up his sword?"

American prelates in the Methodist Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches united in paying tribute to the memory of Mr. Moody. Sectarianism was set aside as they talked of his great life work. Their views are tersely given in the following statements:

Bishop John L. Spalding, Roman Catholic, Peoria: I have watched his career as a Christian minister, and I have always looked upon him as a sincere, earnest and successful worker. He was a devoted man. He has done a great deal of good for mankind. I heard him preach in New York when he was with

Mr. Sankey, and I consider him a very effective preacher. I greatly regret to hear of his death.

Bishop Charles C. Grafton, Roman Catholic, Fond du Lac, Wis. : Without college education or theological training, Mr. Moody accomplished a remarkable work. He combined with a strong constitution, marked personality and remarkable vigor, a great knowledge of men and how to deal with them. Everyone was impressed with his straightforwardness and sincerity. There was nothing of the manufactured, pasteboard rhetoric which is the stock in trade of many popular preachers. He had not the wealth of imagination nor the brilliancy of communication which was characteristic of Mr. Beecher, but he drew larger audiences and left greater impressions probably than any other preacher of the Gospel of our day. His arrangement of a sermon was the simplest possible construction, and consisted largely of the text and paraphrases, interspersed with pithy, epigramatic thrusts. His aim was to point men to Christ! I asked my people from my pulpit when I heard he was ill to pray for him, and now that he has passed away I follow him with my "requiescat in pace." We may believe he belonged, as St. Augustine said, to the soul of the Catholic Church, though he might not have been in communion with its visible body.

HIS GRANDEST HOPES REALIZED.

Bishop Theodore N. Morrison, Episcopalian, Davenport, Ia. : In the death of Mr. Moody, as in the death of all good men, we cannot but have mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. For years he lived under the conviction that death meant life; that the larger, fuller existence was only to be known in the world beyond. He loved God and served the Lord Jesus. Now he has come to the realization of all he has been hoping for and believing in. This life for him meant much, but the life beyond meant more. He has suffered no loss, but gained all. Yet the world will miss his earnest and wise activity in behalf of all good causes.

His courage and faith were an inspiration to multitudes, and his conscientious life was a testimony more impressive than most

sermons. God had given him many gifts and he used them faithfully. His unusual common sense, his genuineness, his manly Christian directness, gave him great power. One thing characterized his life and work—he grew all the time. One has difficulty in realizing that the Dwight L. Moody who organized the work at Northfield was the Dwight L. Moody preaching in the missions about Chicago a generation ago. He was a prophet. The world is a better world because he has lived in it, and he has won his crown.

Bishop John H. Vincent, Methodist, Topeka, Kan.: I knew Mr. Moody when he was a humble clerk in Chicago, and an active, intense, courageous worker in the Y. M. C. A. He went into his religious work with untiring zeal. He never cared what people thought about him. He believed in the Lord Jesus Christ with every fibre of his being. He invited, appealed, reproved, rebuked with apparently no anxiety as to his reputation or personal interest. I knew him in the Christian commission and in early Sunday-school work in the sixties.

A MAN OF RARE COMMON SENSE.

I met him in London in the early seventies, before he had gained wide reputation. I went with him for a week of private meetings in Dublin. It was a week of heart searching and prayer. Mr. Moody was a man of God, honest, earnest, and faithful. He was a man of intellectual power and was pre-eminently a man of common sense. He rarely made a mistake. He had a great power over man. He had power with God. A mighty man in Israel has been called away.

Bishop Isaac W. Joyce, Methodist, Minneapolis: I knew Mr. Moody for twenty-five years, and met him on many occasions. He was one of the purest and truest men I ever knew. He was a most thoughtful and careful student of the Bible, and seemed to understand the different departments of that book and know how to use them with great effect among his congregations. He was a great friend of young men, and had a great influence upon them. He was a remarkable reader of human nature, and seemed intuitively

to understand how to apply the truth to men in keeping with their disposition and nature.

His Gospel songs, which he and Mr. Sankey published, have been translated into nearly all languages spoken among Christian nations, and have had a marvelous effect. I have heard his songs sung by natives in their own tongue in China, Japan, and Corea. The Church of Jesus Christ has lost one of the most effective workers it ever had.

A THOROUGH BELIEVER IN THE BIBLE.

Bishop Henry W. Warren, Methodist, Denver : Above all other things two reasons for Mr. Moody's influence must be stated. First, he believed thoroughly and emphatically in the Bible as a reliable record of God's dealing with man, past, present, and future. He was troubled by no doubts, entangled by no higher criticism, appalled by no impossibilities. He thought what was impossible with man might be possible with God, in the word as in the world. Second, he believed that God was as really a helper of His humble and obedient instruments to-day as ever in the past. It is said that someone remarked in his presence, while yet a young man, "God still waits to show what He can do by a man thoroughly given up and consecrated to His service." It is said that young Moody replied : "Then He need not wait any longer for here is the man."

Bishop Cheney, Episcopalian : No one who knew Mr. Moody personally and in his public work, as it was my privilege to do, can say other than one thing, and that, that he was a man sent by God to do a work that no other man of his generation was fitted to do. I knew him to have been a most single hearted, devoted preacher of the pure Gospel. The results wrought by his instrumentality were greater than those obtained by any other religious teacher of modern times. Mr. Moody's career is a wonderful testimony to a fact which is now either ignored or denied very largely inside and outside of the church. I mean that it proves that the true way to change men's lives, conduct and character is by preaching doctrinal truth.

Men cry out against doctrinal preaching and ask for practical results. Mr. Moody's work showed that the way to obtain those practical results is through the instrumentality of preaching the great principles of evangelical religion. By his death Christianity has suffered the greatest loss in many long years. But surely his work will live after him. I knew Mr. Moody for thirty-five years, and only last October, when I was returning from abroad, we came from the East to Chicago on the same train. He was then apparently in good health, and he told me 'he never felt better in his life. The intensity of his life and work must have been telling upon him during all the years.

MISS WILLARD'S EFFICIENT AID.

An indication of Mr. Moody's power is to be found in the estimates of him both by laymen, women and clergymen. The manner in which he impressed them most was a little different in each case, as individuals differ, with the same result always, of course. The following come from clergymen and others identified with church work :

Mrs. Helen M. Barker : Mr. Moody and Miss Willard were fast friends for many years. They were associated in a series of very successful revival meetings in Boston before Miss Willard's fame had become national. Recognizing her merit in the temperance work which she had been conducting in Chicago, Mr. Moody urged her to accompany him to Boston, where she took charge of the woman's division of the service. They each felt a Divine calling. Mr. Moody was an evangelist and Miss Willard was a temperance worker. Very efficient help was rendered by Miss Willard during Mr. Moody's remarkable campaign in Boston. Large numbers of ladies embracing the most cultured, as well as the poorest and most unlettered, attended her meetings, charmed by her eloquence and swayed by her magnetic influence.

I think the greatest work ever accomplished by Mr. Moody was the establishment of the system of schools throughout the United States where it is made possible for men to go and study the Bible. The schools are not denominational. Mr. Moody's

creed was to save souls, and his colleges were conducted to this end and also to instruct young ministers in the most expedient means of reaching men. His death will be one of the greatest losses ever sustained by the cause of Christ.

Dr. Herrick Johnson: Moody was one of the tremendous moral forces of the generation. He had a combination of qualities which made it impossible that he should be any less than a leader of men. Take his physical characteristics as indication of the real man. The lower part of his head denoted power, will and a great ability to command men. His eye had the gentleness of the master, full of tenderness and sympathy, indicating a great heart. Those two physical characteristics marked the man. He was Bunyan's Mr. Great-heart. He had the indomitable energy and resistless force that characterized the Apostle Paul. These, combined with his tender heart, made him what he was among men. I heard him when he made his first excursion east to Philadelphia. While at first his address was marked by a disregard of the courtesy and propriety that should prevail among Christians with respect to each other, yet he grew all away from that and came to be very generous in his judgment of the church and man.

HAD THE CONFIDENCE OF THE WHOLE CHURCH.

In his trip abroad he commanded a hearing that few men ever had. His work broadened and deepened as time went on until he commanded the confidence of the Christian Church. I do not think it possible for another man to reach the height that he gained. Business men trusted him and were ever ready to commit to his care any sum he asked for. Wealthy people of Chicago considered it a good investment to hand over money to Mr. Moody. He has left behind a record that any man might envy. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as a star forever and ever." Two things he knew, the Bible and men. Both must be known by any man who aspires to spiritual leadership. That well-worn Bible which he carried under his arm he had studied and pondered over until its truths were enwrought into the very blood and fibre of his spiritual manhood.

John V. Farwell : Mr. Moody was one of the most remarkable men it has ever been my privilege to meet. He was, to my mind, the greatest evangelist since the time of Paul, the one who has preached to more people than any man that ever lived. He was a man originally with little education, yet he lifted himself from among the common people and became one of the greatest men the world has ever known. He would have been a great man in any vocation he had chosen, and made fewer mistakes than any man I ever knew. He was one of the most practical of men, and combined with a good head he had a good heart. With all this he was unusually reticent in regard to his personal affairs, and his one prayer after he had achieved success was that God would keep him humble.

I knew Moody shortly after he came to Chicago, when he was quite a young man, and after he had established his first Sunday-school in North Market Hall. I was his assistant in the work. For some time after coming here he clerked in a shoe store, and later ran a little store of his own for a number of years, devoting a great part of his time to religious work.

MONEY WENT TO CHARITY.

When he finally gave up business to devote all his time to his chosen work he had some money, but this did not last long, most of it being given to charity. Part of the money was used to pay rent for the room in which he started his first mission, and, besides sweeping out the place and doing the janitor work, Moody for a long time slept on the benches, and for his meals ate cheese and crackers, in order that he might save money for carrying out his gospel work.

I well remember the first time Moody preached. He did it because he was compelled to do so or to have no preaching. His work had attracted attention, and a little church had been built for him on Illinois street, between Wells and LaSalle avenue. I believe the place is now a harness shop. This church Moody looked after, and would invite students from the different theological schools to preach. One night when the church was filled the

preacher failed to get there and Moody was in despair. I said to him: "Moody, preach the sermon yourself," and rather than disappoint the congregation he did so, and this was his first sermon. It was just what the people wanted, too, for they would much rather hear him than any one else.

It was due to Moody's effort that the Young Men's Christian Association Building in Chicago was built. We tried to hire him to take charge of the work, but he refused the salary and took hold of the work without receiving any money. He was a grand man to meet personally—always doing something to help along those who needed it most.

ANointed FROM ON HIGH.

Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon: Though Dwight L. Moody was set apart by no council, and received no laying on of consecrating hands, he yet exhibited such signs of an apostle that the whole Church of God heard him gladly. How he began his Christian life, and how he advanced step by step from the humblest to the highest Christian service, is too well known to need rehearsing. Coming to Boston from his country home in Northfield to find employment, he was himself found by the Lord, and under the ministry of that gracious man of God, Dr. E. N. Kirk, he entered on his membership in the Christian Church. He was educated for the ministry by ministering in all ways and in all times to those needing help. We have heard him tell of his resolve, early made and persistently carried out, of allowing no day to pass without urging upon some soul the claims of Christ.

Thus he learned to preach to the hundreds by preaching to the one. And no doubt much of the directness and point of his style was due to this habit of personal dealing with souls. In preaching it is easier to harangue a multitude than to hit a man. But he who knows how to do the latter has the highest qualification for doing the former. Personal preaching that has a "Thou art the man" at the point of every sermon needs only to be multiplied by one hundred or one thousand to become popular preaching of the best sort. This was the style of the eminent Evan-

gelist. He dealt with the personal conscience in the plainest and most pungent Saxon, so that the common people heard him gladly and the uncommon people did not fail to give him their ears.

Yet his power did not lie altogether in his words, but quite as much in his administrative energy. Robert Hall was a preacher of transcendent genius, often producing an impression upon his hearers quite unmatched in the history of pulpit oratory. Yet the results of his ministry were comparatively meager; he was a great preacher, but not a great doer. On the contrary, John Wesley, by no means Hall's equal as a pulpit orator, because of his extraordinary executive gifts, moved a whole generation with a new religious impulse. In like manner Spurgeon, by yoking a rare preaching talent with a not less remarkable working talent, and keeping the two constantly abreast, accomplished a ministry which for largeness of results and extent of influence has possibly no equal in recent centuries.

COULD BRING THINGS TO PASS.

Mr. Moody was not an ordained minister, but he was more fortunate in being a preordained worker, as well as a foreordained preacher. A genius for bringing things to pass, a talent for organizing campaigns on a large scale, selecting co-workers with singular wisdom and placing them in the most advantageous positions—this is the notable thing which appears in the character and career of the Evangelist.

"The governor" is the name which we constantly heard applied to the late pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon, as he moved about among his congregation in London. The American Evangelist easily won for himself the title of "general" among his fellow laborers in the Gospel. He managed the campaign, not imperiously, indeed, but with such Napoleonic command of the situation and such mastery of resources that all his co-laborers rejoiced to yield him the pre-eminence.

We venture to say, indeed, that anyone who has been much at his headquarters will find here the greatest occasion for admiration. The number and extent of religious enterprises which he

could keep in hand at once, the thoroughness with which he could command every detail, the inspiration and cheer which he can put into a great army of workers gathered about him—this we observed with a surprise that increased every year,

And with all this there was another talent which we have learned to value more and more in public men—a grand talent for silence. It is a rare thing for one to be as effective in saying nothing as he is in speaking. When a friend of Von Moltke was asked the secret of that great general's success in managing men, he replied, "He knew how to hold his tongue in seven different languages." Blessed is the man who can refrain his lips from speaking injudiciously, and his mouth that it utter no hasty word. In dealing with co-laborers endowed with all sorts and sizes of temper this is an indispensable requirement. To push on the work steadily meantime, giving offense to none and holding the forces in order and harmony, is a great achievement. It requires a wise silence as well as a positive utterance to do this successfully.

ENDOWED WITH GREAT ENERGY.

A mightily energetic man was he and a singularly prudent man, one who generated great force by his preaching and his personality, but who knew at the same time how to prevent hot boxes on his train of religious enterprises by avoiding friction, which imprudent speech always genders.

Rev. Dr. George A. Rees : From across the Pacific comes to us the message of death for one of the bravest and best of our generals, Lawton, who fell on the battlefield, when most of us had hoped that peace was at hand. Another and still deeper knell is heard vibrating in the universal Christian heart, for one no less great as a general of a mighty host has fallen in the midst of a great campaign for Christ and the Church. The quick impetuosity of his style, the unconventional modes of address, held vast audiences spell-bound. Laughter and tears could be seen at almost any service he conducted. He has gone, his life-work done. He has entered the Master's joy. Let us follow his footsteps.

Rev. Dr. Stephen W. Dana : At this Christmastide, when the

hearts of so many are made glad, there are always shadows resting on some homes. The Christian Church of this country has been greatly saddened by the death of Dwight L. Moody. It is not my intention to deliver or make an extended eulogy, but it seems fitting a word should be spoken concerning one who has done so much for Christ during the last generation. Judged by all Biblical standards, he was a great man. Though starting life with a limited education, he acquired a far better knowledge of the Bible than many a minister who passed through a college and seminary course. Though lacking a liberal education, he gained a great influence over college men.

SINCERITY NEVER DOUBTED.

The very sincerity of his convictions and the earnestness of his manner carried weight with all classes. Such a man as Professor Drummond, of Scotland, whose writings are so widely known, and who was such a power for good among students in Great Britain and the United States, felt that he was more indebted to Mr. Moody than to any other man for the Christian influence he was permitted to exert. Though Mr. Moody is dead, he still speaks to us, and his influence for good will never die.

Rev. J. B. Jackson—My acquaintance with Mr. Moody was gained from hearing him and meeting him at his meetings in Chicago while I was in active ministerial work. My most vivid recollections of him are when, with the assistance of Mr. Sankey, he was holding a series of meetings in a tabernacle erected by J. V. Farwell in the downtown district, Chicago. This was the winter of 1877 and 1878. He demonstrated his power over people in those days as few men have ever done.

It seemed to me as I watched those meetings that the people were under some kind of a spell. Persons who ordinarily were indifferent to religious matters went and remained for an entire day perfectly absorbed. I experienced the same interest. He had the ability to say a great deal in a short time. His talks were always lucid, but concise and fervid, and carried truths home to the learned as well as the untutored. This ability to interest and

influence the learned as well as those who were not highly educated is to my mind a proof of his greatness.

From a personal friend : The last time I saw Mr. Moody was when Campbell Morgan, under his auspices, was holding meetings in Boston in October. Calling upon the latter at the Hotel Bellevue, I was ushered, not only into his presence, but that of the Evangelist himself, his wife and his stanch coadjutor in all good labors, Henry M. Moore. I remember the interest with which Mr. Moody listened to Mr. Morgan's account of what his London church was doing in the way of evangelistic services on Sunday evenings. The conversation then drifted into a general discussion touching ways of winning the outsiders, and it was easy for him to talk on this.

ALWAYS EAGER TO LEARN.

It was plain that no subject interested Mr. Moody so profoundly as this. He was eager to learn about methods being employed here and there. I could see that the main reason why Mr. Moody feared the higher criticism agitation was lest it should paralyze the spiritual power of the churches. It seemed to him that the new views often made ministers and laymen unspiritual, and he would not hesitate, in private conversation, to point to specific instances where that result could not be denied. I am glad that my last impression of him, received during what must have been his final visit to Boston, was of his tremendous earnestness in the matter of saving souls. It seems now as if he must have realized, even then, that the time was short.

Every great man is to be judged in part by the men who compose his circle of friends. In one sense Mr. Moody's personality was not a winsome one. He was often brusque, always decided in his manner, but this very straightforwardness and sincerity drew about him all types of men. Every one knows how Drummond loved him, and Stalker and George Adam Smith thought that no visit to this country was complete without a sojourn at Northfield. What a potent spell, too, he exercised over other Britishers, like Meyer and Webb-Peploe, Macgregor, Morgan

and Andrew Murray. When he wanted any of them at a North-field conference he would not take "No" for an answer.

Once, when Mr. Meyer was hard pressed with work at home, Mr. Moody deputed a man to pack his gripsack and cross the Atlantic by the next steamer in order to prevail upon Mr. Meyer to come hither at the time desired. This mission, it is needless to say, was successful. In selecting and securing earnest speakers, in attaching them to himself as well as choosing lieutenants and subordinates for positions in his schools and in carrying out his evangelistic and educational designs, Mr. Moody displayed his rare executive gifts.

HE SWAYED AND MOULDED MEN.

Think, too, of the men whose career he has shaped. Drummond always confessed that he owed to Mr. Moody his first impulse to the service of his fellows, and gained from him guidance and inspiration. Dr. Grenfell, doing splendid work on the coast of Labrador, and among the fishermen in the North Sea, dates his consecration to this form of work to the sermon he heard in East London, years ago, from Mr. Moody. If the list could be made up of men serving Christ in important positions to-day whom Mr. Moody started in their paths of ministration, it would be a long and impressive one.

Add to it the countless numbers whom he has led from darkness into light, and who are still witnessing through their redeemed manhood and womanhood to his transforming touch upon their lives, and we may gain some idea of the extent and quality of the mourning for him in every great city, and in numberless smaller places throughout our land, aye, and in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, and scores of other English cities and towns, whither the news of his sudden death was flashed.

Serious as he always seemed, earnest as he was, he had his sportive side, too. He got a great deal of fun out of life, for he possessed that essential for obtaining fun, the discerning eye which sees ludicrous situations. Dr. George Adam Smith told me, after visiting him in June, that he spent a whole evening with

Mr. Moody when the two did little but exchange good stories. Next morning they came down to breakfast and began where they left off, and another string of amusing tales enlivened the company at the table.

Then came family prayers, and Mr. Moody's first words when he knelt were, "Lord, we thank Thee for the good times we have been having." His humor used to crop out noticeably when he was raising money for good causes. He liked to turn, with a quiet chuckle, to this or that well-to-do layman, who might be sitting in the hall at Northfield, and say, "Jones, I have put you down for \$100," or, "Smith, I know you want to complete this subscription; there is only \$50 lacking." His bright, sharp, brief comments on men and things were continually adding spice to his platform work.

DEVOTED LOVER OF HIS FAMILY.

No man ever loved his family better. Many of us recall his devotion to his mother—dear Grandma Moody—who passed away at a great age. His home was near hers, and no day was so busy as to cause him to miss a call upon her. And the bright-eyed, well-preserved, keen old lady and he must have had many a good time together. She said once, "I always thought D. L. would be one thing or the other," and it was good that she lived to see that it was the "one thing" rather than "the other," and the "one thing" with all his might and main. All these years his wife was a strong support to him. Her calm and gracious manner, and her unusual capacity for practical affairs had no small part, perhaps, in the efficiency of his public service.

It must have been a joy to him, too, that his children followed in his footsteps in their love for the things of the kingdom. His oldest son, in late years, was a great help to him. It was the little daughter of this son, by the way, who passed away after a painful illness, and then the Evangelist's great heart was bowed with sorrow. Years before this Mr. Moody said: "There are three great joys. The first is the joy of our own salvation, the second is the joy of bringing some else to Christ.

The greatest joy is that of seeing one's children walking in the truth when one is in his old age." How good is it that the Evangelist himself experienced so richly this threefold joy.

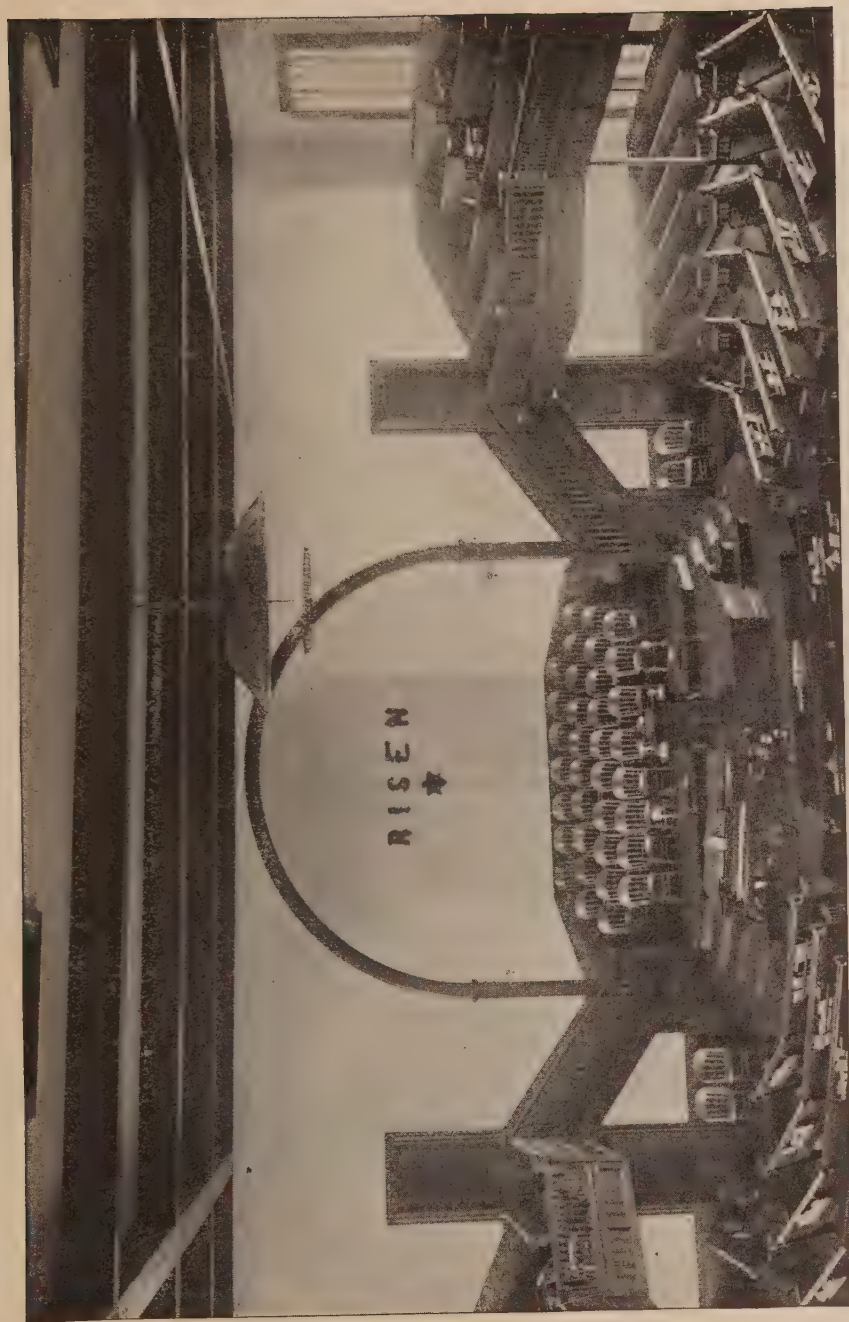
Many monuments to Mr. Moody will be proposed, and we believe that his host of friends here and in England will see to it that none of the interests which were dear to him shall now suffer or languish. But if we could know the deepest yearning of his heart, as from the heavenly world he looks down upon the earth where he wrought his work, I believe it would be not for anything to perpetuate his name, but for an awakening in the whole Church of Christ to its duty to sinful and needy humanity everywhere. It was this for which he toiled and prayed and pleaded while here, and the best monument any Christian man or any Christian Church can rear to this servant of God, will be a vow to strive for the same spiritual power over the hearts of others.

UPON WHOM SHALL HIS MANTLE FALL?

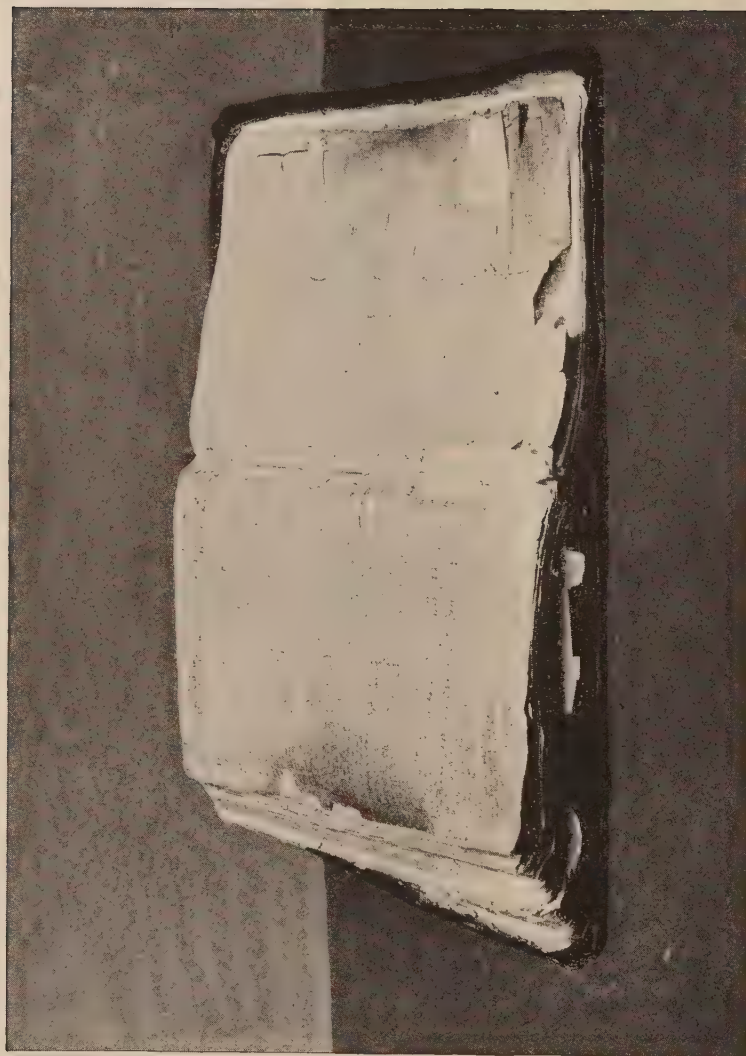
Rev. Dr. Craven : A despatch from the East to our Chicago daily prayer-meeting informs us that D. L. Moody has passed away. Oh, what a glorious departure! Oh, what a welcome he must have received in the heavenly world! It was the same Gospel which we preach here to-day that he believed with all his heart, and that made him the man he was. I do pray God that He will give us some man upon whom his mantle will fall, and who may be endued with his spirit.

Rev. Dr. Brushingham : As I passed into the hall I heard of Mr. Moody's death, and felt that the only theme fit for this occasion was "Eternal Life." This a solemn hour with us, but not one of mourning. As Ruskin says, why should we mourn when one of God's guests is called home? People say sometimes: "Why cannot you preachers take one world at a time, and not preach so much about the world to come?" The reason is that there is no fact that affects the present life like the doctrine of a future life.

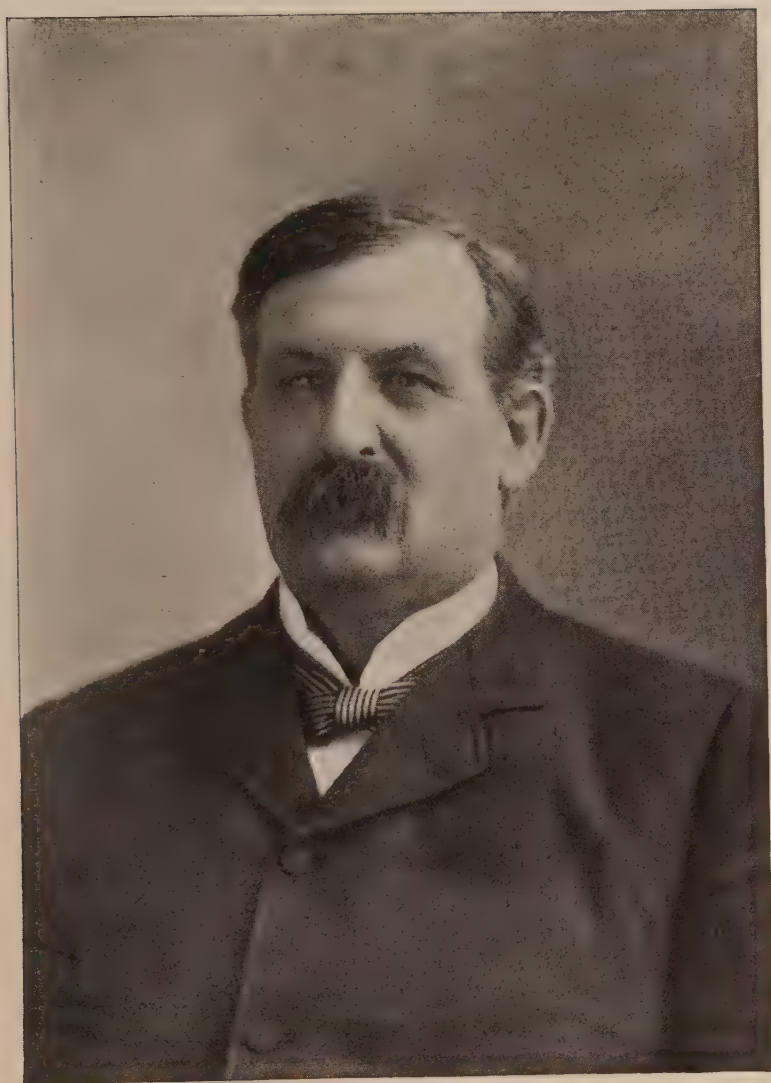
Do you think that the glorified Moody was any less a good citizen, any less a loving husband, and any less loyal to the flag



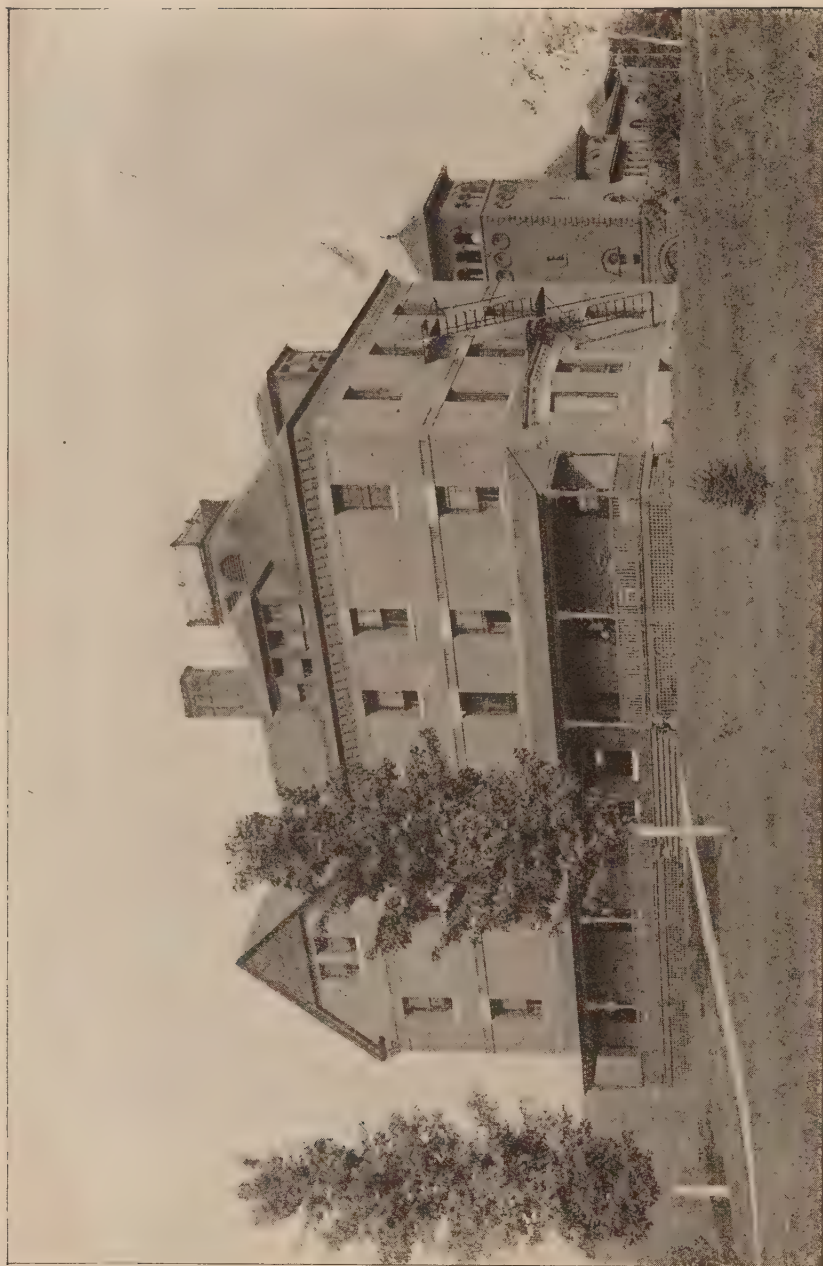
INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHURCH AT NORTHFIELD, WHERE MR. MOODY'S
FUNERAL SERVICES WERE HELD



BIBLE USED BY MR. MOODY FOR MANY YEARS



PROF. DANIEL B. TOWNER
THE CELEBRATED SINGER WHO ASSISTED MR. MOODY IN MANY OF HIS
EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS



WESTON HALL—NORTHFIELD SEMINARY

of his country because his citizenship was in heaven? It is ever the man with a faith in the life to come who is the most practical, the most progressive, and the most successful in his worldly pursuits. It is the power of an endless life that men need to tone up their faculties. Why are the newspapers stuffed with the accounts of suicides? Because the burdens of this life are unintelligible and intolerable apart from the life to come.

Rev. Dr. Bodine : He was a great leader, and at the end of life could say, with St. Paul, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; thenceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." He conquered by realizing that he must arouse himself to full energy, throwing off every incumbrance; that he must patiently endure, and that he must look to Jesus for encouragement and for strength. He was a noble one, indeed; one worthy of being an example. He was led of God and made a power through him to lead others. In his work and the great good he has done, he was one of the greatest men of our generation. No better ambition could be ours than to follow him as he followed the Lord Jesus Christ. His life shall live on, for such a life can never die.

VIGOROUS BLOWS IN THE BATTLE.

Henry Drummond : Were one asked what on the human side were the effective ingredients in Mr. Moody's sermons, one would find the answer difficult. Probably the foremost is the tremendous conviction with which they are uttered. Next to that are their point and direction. Every blow is straight from the shoulder, and every stroke tells. Whatever canons they violate, whatever fault the critics may find with their art, their rhetoric, or even with their theology, as appeals to the people they do their work with extraordinary power. If eloquence is measured by its effect upon an audience and not by its balanced sentences and cumulative periods, then there is eloquence of the highest order. In sheer persuasiveness Mr. Moody had few equals, and, rugged as his preaching may seem to some, there is in it a pathos of a quality which few orators have ever reached, and appealing tenderness

which not only wholly redeems it, but raises it not unseldom almost to sublimity.

Dr. Lyman Abbott : Mr. Moody was the greatest evangelist of his time, and, with the exception of Whitefield, the greatest of all time. I differ from him as to the atonement question. He believed that Christ atoned for all our sins. I believe I must die for myself, and no man can do it for me. He was a broad man. He asked Mr. Beecher to enter evangelical work with him, and they compared notes for an hour. If he had been a narrow man he would not have done that. I did not measure him by his theology, nor he I. We were warm personal friends. I thank God for him. The evangelical work he exemplified will never pass away, for if it did there would be a dead Church.

CHAPTER XI.

Reminiscences of Mr. Moody.

IN STRANGE contrast to the many valuable oil paintings which adorn the walls of the Northfield home of Dwight L. Moody, hang two modest little photographs, framed in plain oak, which were said to be dearer to the heart of the great Evangelist than his entire collection of canvases painted by master hands. The photographs, are of particular interest, as they mark the beginning of the evangelistic work to which he devoted his very active life.

The photographs occupy prominent places on the wall of Mr. Moody's favorite room, and the strange contrast between their almost shabby appearance and that of their handsome neighbors attracts the immediate attention of all who enter. The pictures are eight by ten inches in size, and in the handwriting of the great Evangelist is written on one, "Does it pay?" On the other, "It does." In response to inquiries, Mr. Moody often laughingly referred to the pictures as his "before and after taking" signs.

The pictures are companions, and Mr. Moody always said one would be incomplete without the other. The first shows a group of fourteen street gamins, ragged and dirty, such as can be found in the slums of any great city, with Mr. Moody and John V. Farwell, of Chicago, in the background. The second shows twelve of the same boys, clean and prim and neatly dressed in the garments boys of their ages wore many years ago. The pictures are of peculiar interest to Chicagoans, as they were taken in that city, and the boys composed the first class ever taught the Gospel by the man who afterward preached to more persons and led more to salvation than any man since the days of Paul.

Among those who knew Mr. Moody in the early days and have been connected with him in his work since, the boys are spoken of as "the class on the log," and have often been cited by

Mr. Moody's followers as an example to follow. Mr. Moody began his evangelistic work in Chicago. Shortly after his arrival in the city from Boston, he secured employment as a clerk in a shoe store, and in a few years went into business for himself in a small way. He was a regular attendant at the old Plymouth Church, and from his meagre savings rented four pews, which he induced young men whom he met to occupy, often going personally to bring them in.

In the presence of the church people he was of a rather backward disposition, seldom taking a leading part in the services. This apparent shyness, added to a rather hesitating, awkward manner of expressing his thoughts, caused his real earnestness and zeal to go for a long time unnoticed, until one day the superintendent of the Sunday-school was surprised when young Moody asked to be allowed to teach a class.

REQUEST POLITELY DECLINED.

He was put off with the statement that there was no vacancy, the true cause being, it is said, that it was not believed he was capable of teaching. Determined to preach the Gospel, Moody set about getting up a class of his own. While wandering about the lower part of the city Moody had picked up acquaintance with a number of street urchins, mostly wharf rats, newsboys, and boot-blacks.

Gathering five or six of these together on Sunday morning, Moody marched them down to the lake shore, north of the mouth of the Chicago river, which at that time was a sandy beach, and there established his first Sunday-school. A huge log lay half buried in the sand, and on this Moody seated his pupils, and, standing in front of them, taught from his Bible the same lessons that the more favored children were studying in the churches. The class grew until it reached eighteen members, and each Sunday assembled on the sand, and Sunday-school was held on the log.

A second time Moody made his request to be allowed to teach in the Plymouth Sunday-school, where nothing was known of the

"class on the log." He was again told there was no vacancy, but this time the information was added that he could teach if he would bring a class of his own. This was all Moody wanted, and the following Sunday he met his boys on the beach and marched them direct to Plymouth Church.

Arriving there, he marched at their head into the church, down the long aisle, and seated them in two vacant pews near the front, where he began the morning lesson as if nothing unusual had occurred. The sight of the eighteen dirty little ragamuffins created considerable of a commotion in the church, but Moody paid no attention, and continued with the lesson. Moody's class was a permanent institution in the church after that day.

MR. MOODY STRICKEN IN KANSAS CITY.

When Mr. Moody was smitten by heart failure, he was in full tide of a great meeting in Kansas City. There were several meetings a day, attended by from 10,000 to 15,000 people, and Mr. Moody's power over these masses was most remarkable. An instance of this was on a Wednesday night. Holding out both arms, he cried: "All that are here who want God's help, say aloud, 'Lord help me.'" He waited expectant. A feeble few, half ashamed, echoed the words, "Lord, help me."

"Again," commanded the evangelist. The second reply was much more powerful than the first. "Lord—help—me," answered several hundred voices.

Mr. Moody dropped his arms.

"Do you believe he heard you?"

"Yes," replied those who had repeated his words.

"He is here to-night," said Mr. Moody, solemnly. "He is listening to you. He is with you. Oh, what a sight! All these people crying to the Lord for help! Let us all say, 'Lord, remember me.'"

A mighty chorus echoed back: "Lord, remember—me."

The evangelist continually spoke short sentences of power that impressed his hearers. "You can find 1,000 men of influence to one man of power," he said.

"I saw in the newspapers the account of the death of a 'successful' business man. He died wealthy, and left two drunken sons.

"It doesn't pay to be a worldly Christian. Stay in the world or get out of it. A man once said his well was good with two exceptions—in the winter it froze up and in the summer it dried up. That is just the way with some Christians. They are either frozen or dried.

"God hates a vacuum ; that is an old saying. But, friends, you can't empty the human heart.

"You can't bail darkness out of anything. The easiest way to get rid of it is to let the light in.

"Oh, man, get down if you want to get up."

Once he said solemnly : "Do you people believe that Jesus can be found here to-night ?"

A voice far out on that human lake came floating to the stage. "Yes, sir," it said, very firmly.

"Do you ministers believe that Jesus can be found here to-night ?"

The ministers on the stage below Mr. Moody answered in chorus : "Yes, sir, we do."

"Does this choir around me believe Jesus can be found here to-night ?"

"Yes, sir," answered the choir.

"Then find Him !" thundered Mr. Moody.

WHO WILL TRUST IN THE LORD?

Again Mr. Moody made a long pause. Then he asked : "Will some one say, 'I will trust in the Lord to-night and not be afraid?' Will some one say simply, 'I will !' The door hangs on the hinge. Will you push open the door and let Christ in ? Will you ? Will you ?"

He stopped and waited, eagerly expecting a hearty response to his plain, personal question.

The church was like a tomb, for no one would make a reply. At last a voice far back said : "I will." Mr. Moody breathed

hard in his relief. "I will," said another. The Evangelist smiled. "I will try," said another.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Moody.

"I will try," said the man.

"Now listen, my friend," said Mr. Moody, tapping his Bible. "It is better to say, 'I will,' than 'I will try.' If you 'will' you purpose to succeed, if you 'will try' you may make excuses for your failure."

"I will," said the man.

"Did you ever see a young man that had a little heaven in his home, a dear mother and sisters? And he leaves home and gets into bad company and goes down, down, down?"

Mr. Moody almost sank on his knees, his palms turned toward the platform.

MUST HAVE HIS WHISKEY.

"He cleans spittoons in a whisky shop. A friend finds him there and tells him his mother wants him. But he won't go. He says he must have his whisky. He don't want to go! He won't go! he says."

Mr. Moody fairly screamed the words.

"He—must—have—his—whisky!" A pause.

"But God, if He will, can take that drunkard up, up, up" (Mr. Moody held both hands aloft), "above the cherubim." (He reached higher). "Above the seraphim. To His own white throne."

A number of electric globes that had been dark suddenly glowed with light. Mr. Moody, ever artful, took advantage of the illustration. "They are turning on the lights. I wish God would turn on His lights in your hearts."

Near the close of one service, Mr. Moody leaned on the organ and asked the ministers: "Will you ministers allow me to say a word to you?"

"Yes, yes, say what you want," they answered.

"Well, I'm not a prophet, but I have a guess to make that I think will prove a true prophecy. You hear so much nowadays

about the preacher of the twentieth century. Do you know what sort of a man that will be? He will be the sort of a preacher who opens his Bible and preaches out of that.

FULLER ACCOUNT OF MEETINGS IN KANSAS CITY

The remarkable scene depicted in the foregoing account of Mr. Moody's last meetings in Kansas City occurred on the second day of the series. The reader will be interested in a more detailed account of the beginning and progress of the last public services of the celebrated Evangelist.

The Moody meetings began in Convention Hall, Kansas City, Sunday, November 12th. Two services were held, one in the afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, and one in the evening at 7.30 o'clock. There were such crowds at both meetings that the doors had to be closed before Mr. Moody began preaching, to keep the people from filling the aisles. At each meeting at least 12,000 persons were in the hall. At the afternoon service 1,000 persons stood outside the building, and at the evening service about 1,500 vainly asked for admission.

GREAT THRONG OUTSIDE.

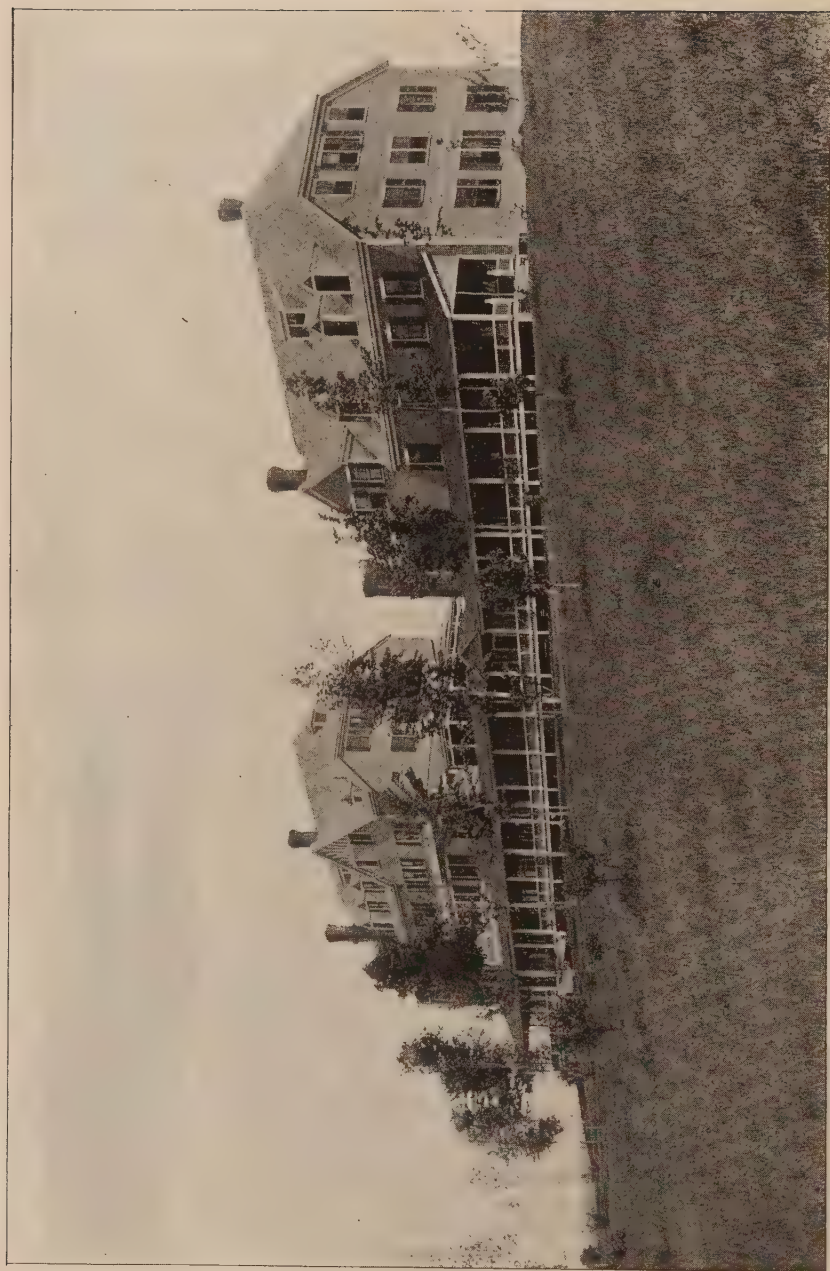
The doorkeepers were fearful lest the crowd outside should burst in on them, and carefully guarded the bolted entrances. What part of those outside did not disperse, held an overflow meeting in the Second Presbyterian church across the street. It was never before necessary to deny admission to so many to Convention Hall.

The preaching of Mr. Moody was an attraction that brought crowds from out of town, and there were many strange faces in the hall. Church people made up the bulk of the audience, and the gray hair of venerable old men and women could be seen dotting the crowd. The seats were close together. The people were packed tight. The heads mounted from the arena floor to the rafters at the top of the second balcony. No one was admitted to the roof garden for fear of the noise.

When it is considered that Mr. Moody preached on the first



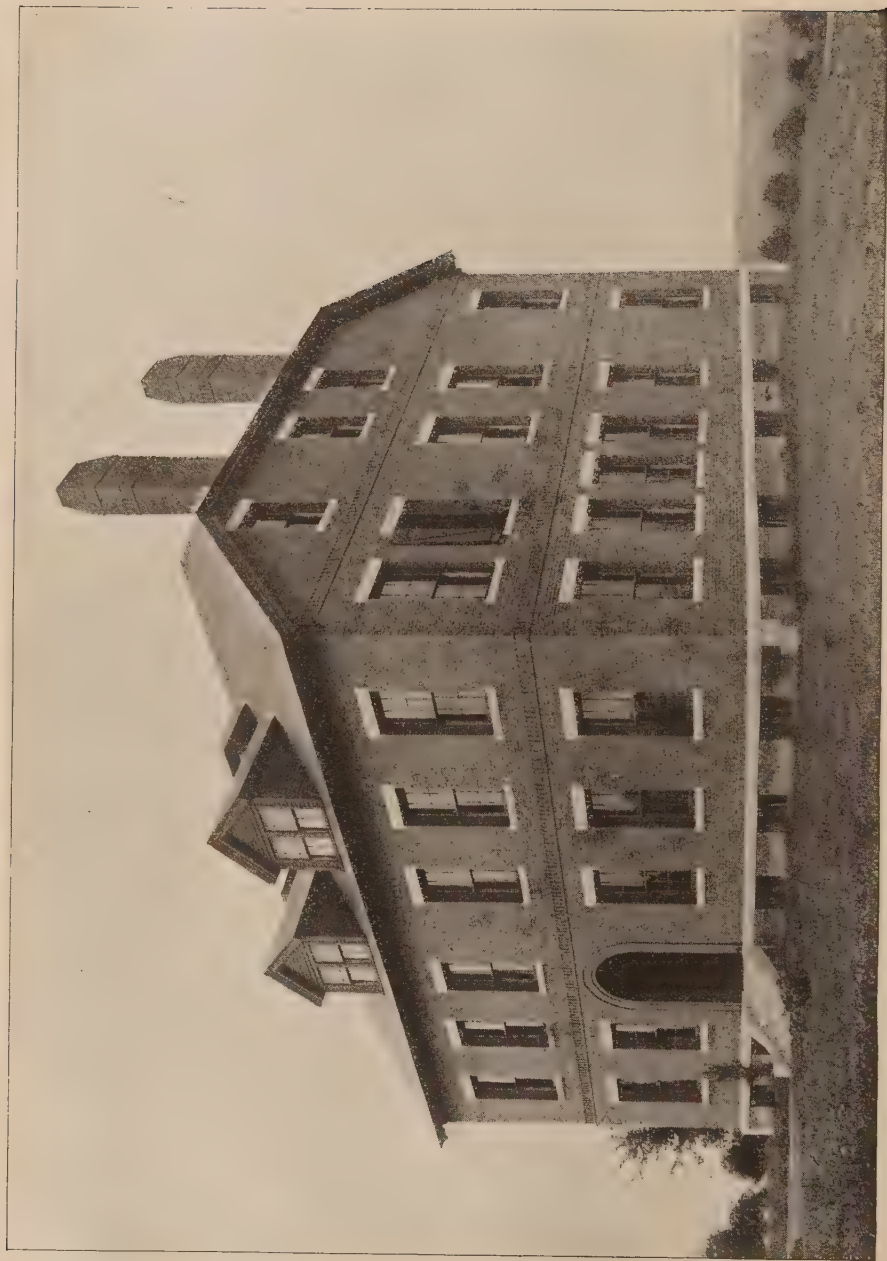
INTERIOR OF THE MOODY AUDITORIUM—NORTHFIELD



NORTHFIELD SUMMER HOTEL, SHOWING THE ANNEX



DELEGATES OF THE Y. M. C. A. ASSEMBLED IN CONVENTION AT NORTHFIELD



SILLIMAN SCIENCE HALL-MOODY SCHOOL, MOUNT HERMON

day to 24,000 persons, and that these two meetings were the first of a contemplated series of sixteen, one may get an idea of the vastness of his probable effect on Kansas City and the towns of the West that sent a part of their population to hear him, had he been able to continue his work. There is little doubt that he would have filled the hall fourteen times more. If he had done so he would have addressed 192,000 persons, almost the entire population of Kansas City. It must be remembered, though, that Mr. Moody would have had the same persons to speak to several times.

A CHORUS OF 550 VOICES.

Mr. Moody was to preach two sermons a day, one at 3 o'clock and one at 8 o'clock, all the week and the following Sunday. He succeeded on the first day in controlling his hearers and keeping them quiet. It required 125 ushers to seat the audience; a choir of 550 voices was necessary to sing the hymns. But Mr. Moody, throwing out his powerful, far-reaching voice, made his passionate utterances felt to the remotest parts of that vast building. During his first sermon he affected powerfully his audience. Mr. Moody began his conquest in the afternoon and he looked for great victories before the eight days of his preaching were over.

The famous hall has been described before when the audience filled it from the second balcony to the arena, but it never before appeared as it did in the afternoon and the evening of that Sunday. The audience was more dense, more subdued, more self-controlled. It came to see and hear a great man. It came to be amused and to be moved.

This is the way, Mr. Moody conducted the meeting: At 2.45 o'clock he stood up. "Let us bow our heads in prayer," he said; and the twelve thousand heads were bowed. Mr. Moody sat down and Dr. Northrop made the prayer. While the prayer went out, a few cast their eyes on the Evangelist to note how he prayed. He sat far back in his chair with his back well braced and his huge bulk cramped in the narrow space of the seat. He wore a plain business suit of dark, striped material, and a high

vest buttoned nearly to his chin. His head was down and his gray beard hid the black necktie. One plump hand rested on the arm of his chair; with the left hand he solemnly stroked his face and beard in a rythmical movement.

The hand went up to his forehead and as the sentences flowed along the hand crept down over the features and to the end of his beard, keeping time in a rough sort of way to Dr. Northrop's sentences. His eyes were closed, his jaws set, the expression of his countenance was one of rapt and solemn attention. The lines in his face never moved of their own volition, his cheeks never quivered, but his plump hand went on stroking his face.

A TOMB-LIKE SILENCE.

The prayer ended and again Mr. Moody got up. "Let us now have silent prayer," he said. There were 48,000 hands and feet in that hall that Mr. Moody had to overcome, and among them were the hands and feet of many children. But he won his first victory. A silence as of God fell swiftly on that multitude. It was a silence of gradations: First of all the whispering ceased; then the hands that were making motions fell to the laps and the feet ceased moving about and the heads were bowed. The ushers stopped stock still. The sounds on the street seemed to stop as if the city were paralyzed. The children, appalled at such a silence, were silent, too.

It was as if a miracle were about to happen in every heart. The hush approached a perfect tomb-like silence. Twelve thousand persons in a hall and not an audible noise to be heard!

The scene and the situation were both profound and awe-full. Mr. Moody stood on the stage and listened and prayed in silence. The people prayed with him also in silence. It was the most impressive space of time during all the meeting. The silence lasted for one, two, three minutes. It was a terrible strain. One could feel it, it was so deep. When it seemed it could last no longer, that something would burst, if the people were not abruptly awakened, Mr. Moody lifted his head and with that movement the spell was broken. "Bishop Hendrix

will lead us in prayer," said Mr. Moody. "Breathe upon us, O Lord—" began the Bishop.

There were 550 voices on the stage, selected from all the churches of the two Kansas Cities. Prof. C. C. Case of Chicago led them, a little organ piped out its notes and a young woman played the cornet. The quartette sang "When Shining Stars Their Vigil Keep," Prof. Case sang "Throw Out the Life Line," and Mr. Moody stood up to preach.

Hymn sheets had been distributed about the building, one on every seat, and Mr. Moody was afraid of the noise they might make. So he asked, in a moderate tone, "Will everybody that has a hymn sheet hold it up?" This was also to try the effect of his voice. Almost instantly the sheets went up above the heads all over the hall, and then Mr. Moody said, "Now shake them."

SOWING AND REAPING.

The sound that these flimsy sheets of paper made was indescribably musical. There is nothing to compare it with; one can only say it was a vast rustle.

"All right," shouted Mr. Moody; "now you will please sit on them." And the people sat on them. Having taken this precaution against interruption, Mr. Moody began his sermon.

"In after years, as you go by this building. I want you to remember this text which I am about to read to you. I pray that God will write it on every heart. It appeals to men and women of all sorts and conditions, to the priests and ministers and to the reporters. My text is this: 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'"

From these words Mr. Moody preached a powerful discourse, pointed, terse, earnest, full of his striking characteristics, by which the audience was deeply impressed. The same profound impression was produced by all the subsequent meetings. Convention hall was filled to overflowing, and hundreds after the meetings were over went into the inquiry room for instruction.

On the evening of November 15th, Mr. Moody appeared much exhausted. He seemed to come closer to his immense

audience than he had since the meetings began. He controlled his hearers. Times were when the 12,000 seemed to be wiping their eyes at once; times were when they laughed at once. To hear 12,000 laugh simultaneously in a hall is a sound to marvel at. But the immense audience laughed and wept as if by common impulses.

"I think I got pretty close to you last night," said Mr. Moody. "I've noticed that when a hush comes over an audience and all seem to be listening, that God is moving it."

GOD'S HELP IS ALWAYS AT HAND.

"God always helps those who wish His help. It is those people who follow Christ for what they can get out of Him and not for what He is that are disappointed. If this audience could be sifted tonight we would find some strange reasons for its coming here. There's a man in the gallery who came here just to see such a crowd as we have tonight. Well, I'm glad you came anyhow. Maybe Christ will touch your heart and you'll have another reason for coming next time. There's a man who came to please his wife, and there's a man who came just to have it to say that he attended such a big revival meeting. There's another man who came just because he hadn't anything else to do. But I believe there are persons who came here, saying, 'we will see Jesus.' I never saw a man earnest about his soul who did not get to heaven."

With this introduction Mr. Moody began his sermon. He looked exhausted and his face was flushed and sweating. But the inspiration of such an audience sustained him.

The following is from the pen of Mr. Sankey. He entitles it "Reminiscences of Sacred Song":

"In the month of June, 1871, I was sent as a delegate from the Young Men's Christian Association of New Castle, Pa., to an International Convention of the Association, held in the city of Indianapolis, Ind. This event proved to be a turning point in my life, as I there met a number of the most prominent Christian workers of that day, among whom was Mr. Moody, a delegate from the Chicago Association. The convention was one of great inter-

est to me, as I had been engaged to some extent in Christian work among the young men of my native State.

“The singing was, from my point of view, one of the most interesting features of the convention. It was conducted from the platform by William H. Doane and H. Thane Miller, without the choir. I was especially pleased to see and hear M. Doane, as I had been singing many of his sacred songs in my Sunday-school and church, such as ‘Tell me the Old, Old Story,’ ‘Safe in the Arms of Jesus,’ ‘Pass me not, O Gentle Saviour,’ etc. Mr. Miller acted as precenter, Mr. Doane presiding at a small cabinet organ.

POWER OF SACRED SONG.

“Several times during each session these gentlemen were requested to sing certain pieces, either as a solo or duet. I was quick to observe the great interest taken by the entire convention in this part of the service. No sooner was a song announced to be sung by Mr. Miller, than the audience became so quiet that one could almost hear the clock ticking. Especially was this so when the hymn entitled ‘The Prodigal Child,’ the music for which was written by Mr. Doane, was given out. The first stanza was as follows :

“Come home ! Come home !
You are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild ;
O prodigal child !
Come home ! oh, come home !

“The rendering of this song was a revelation to me of the marvelous power there was in a simple gospel hymn when the singer put his whole heart and soul into it. I shall never forget how the great gathering was thrilled by the wonderful pathos of the singer’s voice. It was an entirely different style of singing from that which I had so often heard in many churches where I attended. Every word could be distinctly heard in the remotest part of the building, and all present seemed to feel the marvelous power of the song. For a moment no one seemed willing to break

the deep silence that prevailed when the hymn was ended. I looked about to see if I had been the only one moved to tears, but found I was not alone. Many near me had been deeply touched by the exquisite rendering of the new song.

"It was while under the influence of this hymn that there first arose a great desire in my own heart that I might some day be able to use my voice in like manner.

APPEALS MADE BY HYMNS.

"In Chicago, six months later, I was seated with Mr. Moody on the large stage or platform of Farwell Hall, before an immense audience, to whom he was about to preach on 'The Prodigal Son.' He turned to me and said: 'When I get through speaking, I want you to sing alone the song we heard in Indianapolis, "The Prodigal Child."' I replied, 'I hardly think I can do so, as I have no organ with which to accompany myself.' Pointing over his shoulder to the large \$3,000 organ in the rear of the platform, he said: 'Isn't that organ enough for you?' I replied that it was too large, and that if I attempted to use it I would have to turn my back to the audience, and I did not feel that I could sing in that way any more than he could preach under like conditions.

"He felt the force of what I said, and it was agreed that I should sing the hymn without an organ accompaniment, which I did with fear and trembling. At the close of the last verse—

"Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there!
Then to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home! oh, come home!

Mr. Moody arose and said: 'If there are any here to-night who have a desire to turn away from sin and come home to the Father's house, if they will rise to their feet I will be glad to pray for them.' Over one hundred men responded to the invitation, and stood up. I had never witnessed such power in a meeting before.

This was my first solo in Mr. Moody's evangelistic meetings, and it became one of the most useful hymns in our subsequent work.

"On our arrival in England, in 1873, we began evangelistic meetings in the city of York. At each meeting a number of sacred solos were sung, including the 'Prodigal Child,' and for many months no single hymn was more blessed to the return of prodigals than this one. At one of the towns visited in the north of England, a young man arose in the meeting while I was singing this song, rushed down the aisle of the church, and throwing his arms around the neck of his father, from whom he had long been estranged, said: 'O my father, will you forgive me?' The father was not a professing Christian, but replied: 'Yes, my boy, I freely forgive you. Now let us go into the inquiry room and ask God to forgive us both.' They went arm in arm into the vestry of the church, followed by a score or more of penitents, who had been touched by the reconciliation of the father and son.

URGENT REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

"While in Scotland we received many letters in regard to the use of hymns, one of which was from a Christian mother who had long been praying for her sailor boy. He had gone away from home, taking with him the little Bible in which she had marked some special verses and written his name. But, as is so often the case, the boy soon forgot his mother's prayers, and then his Bible was cast aside. He became the boon companion of evil men.

"The letter went on to tell how the boy had gone to one of our meetings in Glasgow through curiosity, but had been so touched by the lines, 'Come home, O prodigal child, come home,' as sung at the close of the address, that he went into the inquiry meeting, and, while being spoken to by a faithful minister of the Gospel, decided for Christ, and at once wrote home to his mother of the change in his life. Scores of like incidents occurred during the six months we spent in Scotland.

"I shall never forget how the Spirit of God used this song at the close of one of our meetings in Agricultural Hall, London, in 1875. The service was for men only, and had been arranged for

under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. Tickets of admission had been distributed in the leading factories and business houses of the city, and an audience of something over seventeen thousand men was present, this being the largest indoor service we ever held. William E. Gladstone, Lord Kinnaird and other distinguished persons were present, and occupied seats on the platform.

"Immediately at the close of Mr. Moody's address he asked the audience to bow their heads in silent prayer while a solo would be sung. He then requested me to sing 'The Prodigal Child.' I felt deeply the responsibility of having such a service, at so critical a moment, transferred from the preacher to the singer, even for the few seconds required to sing the song. However seeing the multitude bowing their heads, and observing the hush that fell upon the meeting, I was encouraged to go forward, leaning upon the arm of Him who said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

FAMOUS SONG WRITER.

"The song was followed by an earnest prayer, and not less than two thousand men, by invitation of Mr. Moody, went into the large galleries of the building for consultation and prayer. In those days many persons professed to have accepted Christ as their Saviour during the singing of this and other Gospel songs. The author of the song, Mrs. Ellen M. Huntington Gates, now living in East Orange, N. J., has written several other hymns which have been much used in our work.

"Among them may be mentioned, 'The Home of the Soul,' 'Eternity,' and 'Your Mission.' The latter was sung by Philip Phillips at a great gathering of the Christian Commission in Washington, D. C., at the beginning of our Civil War. Abraham Lincoln was present on this occasion, and was so impressed with the song that he requested the chairman, Hon. William H. Seward, to have it repeated.

"I have no doubt that the singing of such songs as I have mentioned by Mr. Phillips, Mr. Miller, Mr. Doane, Mr. Bliss and others, has been the means of leading thousands of young

men into the service of Christ. I wish to pay this small tribute of gratitude to those who in days long gone by were so helpful to me in beginning my mission of sacred song.

"Twenty years after hearing Mr. Miller sing in Indianapolis, it was my pleasure to meet him again in a similar convention in Philadelphia. One pleasant afternoon we went to the home of our old friend and co-laborer, Hon. George H. Stuart, who was confined to his room by a mortal illness. He was glad to see us for a few moments, and before we departed the dying man asked us to sing for him his favorite hymn, 'Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.' Mr. Miller sang with all his old-time sweetness and power, and received the hearty thanks of the one who was so soon to breast the dark waters of Jordan.

MOODY'S FAVORITE TEXT.

"Mr. Miller, too, has passed 'over life's tempestuous sea,' and entered the rest prepared for the people of God. The influence of his consecrated life and splendid voice still remains as a benediction upon all who knew him in the house of his earthly pilgrimage."

Mr. Moody was familiar with every part of the Bible, but there were certain passages that were particularly adapted to his work, and these he used over and over again, preaching from them scores of times and illustrating them in every possible way. His favorite text was in the 91st Psalm. In order that the reader may see this remarkable passage and the connection in which it stands, we here insert the page of the Bible which contains it.

This favorite text of Mr. Moody embraces the 14th and 15th verses of the Psalm, and is as follows: "*Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.*

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him.

Of Mr. Moody, Rev. Dr. Weston, of Crozer Theological Seminary, says:

"You ask me for my impressions of Mr. Moody. To me he

6 ^g In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

7 For we are consumed ^{rv} by thine anger, and ^{rv} by thy wrath are we troubled.

8 ^h Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our ⁱ secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9 For all our days are ¹¹ passed away in thy wrath: we ^{rv} spend our years ^{rv} ¹² as a tale that is told.

10 ¹³ The days of our years are threescore years and ten; ^{rv} and if by reason of strength ^{ro} they be fourscore years, yet is their ^{rv} strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon ^{rv} cut off, and we fly away.

11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger? ^{rv} even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

12 ^k So teach us to number our days, that we may ^{rv} ² apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13 Return, O LORD, how long? and let it ^l repent thee concerning thy servants.

14 O satisfy us ^{rv} early with thy mercy; ^m that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

15 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

16 Let ⁿ thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory ^{rv} unto their children.

17 ^o And let the beauty of the LORD our God be upon us: and ^p establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

PSALM XCI.

The happy state of the godly.

HE ^a that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall ³ abide ^b under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 ^c I will say of the LORD, *He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in ^{rv} him will I trust.*

3 ^{rv} Surely ^d he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

g Job 14. 2. Ps. 92. 7.

h Ps. 50. 21. Jer. 16. 17. i Ps. 19. 12.

11 Heb. turned away.

12 Or, as a meditation. 13 Heb. As for the days of our years, in them are seventy years.

k Ps. 39. 4.

2 Heb. cause to come. i Deut. 32. 36. Ps. 135. 14. m Ps. 65. 6; 149. 2. n Hab. 3. 2. o Ps. 27. 4. p Is. 26. 12.

a Ps. 27. 5; 31. 20; 32. 7. 3 Heb. lodge. b Ps. 17. 8. c Ps. 142. 5. d Ps. 124. 7. e Ps. 17. 8; 57. 1; 61. 4. f Job 5. 19, &c. Ps. 112. 7; 121. 6. Prov. 3. 23, 24. Is. 43. 2. g Ps. 37. 34. Mal. 1. 5. h ver. 2. i Ps. 71. 3; 90. 1. k Prov. 12. 21. l Ps. 34. 7; 71. 3. Matt. 4. 6. Luke 4. 10, 11.

Heb. 1. 14. m Job 5. 23. Ps. 27. 24. 4 Or, asp. n Ps. 9. 10. o Ps. 50. 15. p Is. 43. 2. q 1 Sam. 2. 30. 5 Heb. length of days. Prov. 3. 2.

a Ps. 147. 1. b Ps. 89. 1. 6 Heb. in the nights.

4 ^e He shall cover thee with his ^{rv} feathers, and under his wings shalt thou ^{rv} trust: his truth ^{rv} shall be thy shield and ^{rv} buckler.

5 ^f Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 ^{ro} Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only ^g with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 ^{rv} Because thou hast made the LORD, which is ^h my refuge, even the most High, ⁱ thy habitation;

10 ^k There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy ^{rv} dwelling.

11 ^l For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in *their* hands, ^m lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and ⁴ adder: the young lion and the ^{rv} dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath ⁿ known my name.

15 ^o He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: ^p I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and ^q honour him.

16 With ⁵ long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

PSALM XCII.

The prophet exhorteth to praise God.

A Psalm or Song for the sabbath day.

IT is a ^a good thing to give thanks unto the LORD, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High:

2 To ^b shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness ⁶ every night,

XC. 7 in—in thy 9 bring—to an end as 10 Or even by—(they be)—pride but labour—gone, and 11 And thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto thee? 12 get us an heart of wisdom. 14 in the morning with 16 upon XCI. 2 whom I trust.

3 For he shall 4 pinions,—take refuge:—is a—a 6 (Nor) 9 For thou, O Lord, art my refuge! Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation; 10 tent. 13 serpent

was the greatest religious character of the century. His childhood was passed under Unitarian preaching ; at his conversion to evangelical faith he gave so little promise of ability to use the English language that his pastor and other friends discouraged his attempt to take part in the religious meetings of the church ; he began to preach without any education ; I think he was never formally licensed or ordained, but he gradually widened his sphere of work and influence until for years in every city and State in the Union, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, he drew crowds limited only by the size of the buildings in which they were convened, and retained that power undiminished until the last hour of his life.

“The number of his converts I do not dare to estimate. His death will be followed by a universal eulogy unprecedented on this continent, for while men have sometimes criticised his methods, no stain has ever sullied his character or reputation, no friend has ever regretted any unfortunate trait in his dealings with mankind ; he has lived in the public eye most conspicuously these many years and no word of reproach has ever been spoken against him.

HIS OLD NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS.

“In the summer conferences at Northfield, the place of his residence, the announcement of no preacher’s name, American, English, or Scotch would draw such a crowd from all the surrounding country as would Mr. Moody’s. His neighbors and acquaintances believed in him.

“Among the many unique things in this man’s life was the class of persons whose lives were shaded and moulded by him. Before Mr. Moody’s great meetings in Philadelphia I was repeatedly told, ‘he will lay hold of a class of persons whom you preachers cannot reach.’ I fully expected this ; but was very much surprised to find that all the persons converted in that meeting who came under my observation were from what would be considered the religiously educated and cultured class of the community.

“And when afterward I became more fully acquainted with his life and method I was greatly interested in the laymen who

came to Christ under his ministry, and specially with those whom he brought into immediate relation with his work ; men of broad views, of judgment, skill, energy and success. And then remember what men in Edinburgh, Oxford and elsewhere were converted under his preaching, remember those who received a new impulse in the Christian life, who are now preaching the Gospel in various parts of the earth or have preceded him in the entrance of another world.

“In all other instances of eminent success in the work of preaching men, find explanation of that success in the person of the preacher, in some natural gift or endowment, in some special training or education, in personal magnetism : Mr. Moody had none of these ; what had he ?

“It is evident that there were in him latent great powers of nature. What developed them into that surpassing ability by which he achieved his triumphs ?

SUMMED UP IN ONE WORD.

“There is but one word that has ever occurred to me in this connection, and that word is life—not the way of living—but what Christ means when he says, ‘I am come that they may have life.’ God gave Mr. Moody that life, made him partaker of the Divine nature, and to the development and manifestation of that life, Mr. Moody gave from the beginning every energy of his soul.

“This life was nourished by continual feeding on the Word of God. It was his meditation day and night. He hid God’s Word in his heart. To the Bible he went continually with the spirit of a little child. He studied the Bible that he might transmute it into life. He went to it not from curiosity, not to increase his knowledge, not to make a system of theology ; he wanted to know what he might do. He lived for others. His first desire was that others might have the life which he had received ; then, that they might have the means of developing that life, that poor boys and girls might receive that help by which they could fit themselves for lives of usefulness. His whole work was in accordance with Christ’s miracles, who never bestowed bounties on those whom he benefitted, but always the means of performing the functions of

life. Life is always joy. He had the constant companion of full and abundant life—joy. It was a feature that constantly manifested itself, pervading his whole being in a way that many a time was evidently unconscious to himself.”

The following is from a well known layman, Mr. Henry C. Mabie, of Boston :

“With great pleasure I testify to my very high esteem of the native qualities, the large endowments, and the Christian grace and practical wisdom in the affairs of Christ’s kingdom which characterized Mr. Moody. He was of course *sui generis*, absolutely so. He was, on the whole, perhaps, the most original product of the Christian religion which the past generation has afforded. He started, indeed, with an uncommonly strong physical constitution, with native shrewdness, enthusiasm and power to organize, but I think the large practical wisdom and general balance of common sense, which has so characterized him in recent years, was a result of the grace of God upon his life and the contact which that grace afforded him with large-minded and able men on both sides of the sea; particularly after Mr. Moody’s return from the first campaign in great Britain with Sankey, he at once gave evidence of a greatly sobered character.

LOOKED WELL BEFORE HE LEAPED.

“His extraordinary power over assemblies of conservative men was never so conspicuous until then. The truth is he had come in contact in Great Britain with men of lofty type, particularly in Edinburgh and other Scotch towns, as well as in England; and the conservative spirit of those lands had its effect upon him. He more and more, toward the end of his life, placed emphasis upon the value of the Church as an organized institution, and he had less and less tendency to initiate movements of marked divergence from those approved by the most conservative judgment of the churches, broadly speaking.

“His insight into the Bible was the result of the closest sort of personal study of it, together with a teachableness of spirit which led him to take for his models in preaching some of the

most imaginative and gifted of the Scotch preachers, particularly the Bonar brothers. His power to appeal to the religious imagination was a distinct development of his later years and of his contact with British worthies. He was always ready to take the master, in any department of thought or activity, and study him until he had gotten the secret of his power; and he was always a humble man.

GREAT INFLUENCE OVER STUDENTS.

"The motives he put upon education and school work, and his power to command the student bodies of the colleges of this country, was something entirely unparalled by any other man of his time. The presidents of great institutions, like Yale and Princeton and numberless others, including our best theological seminaries everywhere, who found themselves year by year in his various conferences at Northfield, were glad to sit at his feet, and I think unvaryingly left his presence with the realization that they had been face to face with one of the most extraordinary Christian products of their generation."

There is a tradition that a negro woman lay dying at night in a Chicago garret. Solicitude concerning the future of her little child mingled with her sensation of pain and with her solemn thoughts as she stood upon the verge of the great change which comes once to every human being. An earnest, humble follower of Christ sat in a chair by the bedside. One of his arms encircled the dying woman's child which sat upon the white man's knee, the hand of that arm grasping a candle whose feeble rays illumined the pages of a well-worn Bible.

The other hand held the sacred volume, from whose pages the reader pronounced aloud to the negro mother the words of everlasting life. The woman's face kindled with hope, while the innocent child gazed wonderingly into the face of him whose voice in coming years was to speak to great multitudes of people, who, like the pathetic dying negro mother, and like the wise men of the East and the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem, inquired concerning Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write.

God had cast a permanent shadow upon the faces of mother and child, and on that night the flickering candle left the face of the godly reader in a temporary shadow wherein his closest friend might not be sure of the reader's identity. That man, since he issued from that humble garret, on that undated evening, has stood upon the platforms of three continents, preaching to hundreds of thousands the substance of the same simple Gospel that pointed out to the negro mother the way of salvation.

That garret scene may, or may not have been put upon canvas, or it may simply have lurked, as a picture, in the mind of this writer. Moody, whether reading at that altar-like bedside or standing on vividly-lighted platforms in the presence of thrice five thousands of people, was the same man and Evangelist. His ministry to the dying negro mother must have been of the nature of an apostolic ordination whose laying on of hands gave him power to command the hearts of vast multitudes who never tired of hearing God's message from lips touched that night by a coal of holy fire glowing on God's altar.

GRANDER THAN ANY KING.

Dare one hazard the mention of a public man the news of whose death would stir the hearts of as many human beings? What king, or queen, or emperor, or president, by force of that which relates alone to personal service, can command a greater throng to join the long procession that marches behind the grieving funeral column that escorts Moody to his triumphant burial?

In the strict sense, uneducated; unsupported in earlier life by influential friends; plain in personal presence; untaught in the arts of public speech; vocally strident and insistent to the point whereat his tones tempted one to challenge the apparently overconfident speaker; without the ornaments of rhetoric, sometimes in the very midst of a fervid passage so ungrammatical that the purist hearer fairly squirmed in his chair; informal to the last limit of toleration; abrupt; confident as to his message as if he would brook no human questioning—he yet for years commanded

such throngs that it is well-nigh impossible to name another who has addressed so many hearers. How shall one try to name the secret of his power? Whatever that secret, he held the throngs close up to the moment of his departure from earth.

Mr. Moody believed in his message and in the authority of him who shaped the message. He read from the Scripture as if he had been in the presence of God when He spake the sacred words. As untaught in scholarly things as some may deem him, he shamed the scholars in divine things, when he is measured by the intent according to which God commits His Word to schooled or unschooled human messengers. While the wiser debated as to the "Jehovistic" and the "Elohistic" documents as materials for the canon, he declared that he was content to preach persistently "the things in the Bible that everybody understands."

ONE TEXT CONTAINS ENOUGH THEOLOGY.

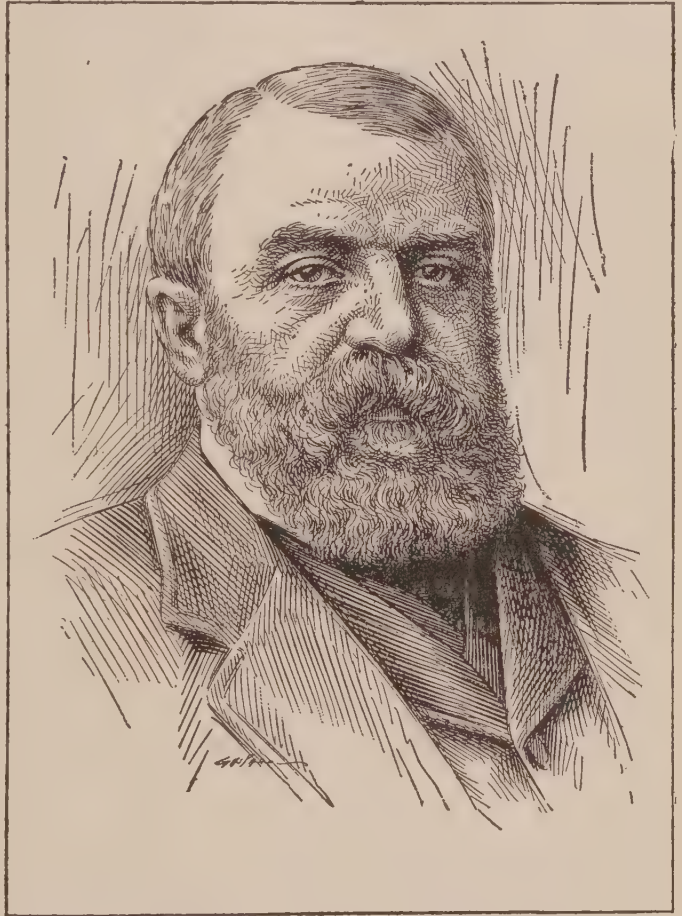
He smilingly, and yet with a damp eye, said that the verse "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest" contains theology and religion enough for any man or woman upon earth. It was admirable, marvelous, and wonderfully effective when Mr. Moody talked to five thousand people about the miracle whereby Jesus Christ gave sight to the blind man. He told of the two efficient conditions wherein a blind man, fairly groaning to be able to see, met the Christ whose power to help a human being was equaled only by his glowing desire to help any soul that really longs to be healed. Moody would approach that narrative about which tens and tens of thousands of preachers have discoursed, and talk about it, and urge it and rejoice in it and recount it as if he were the first and only preacher who ever gave its substance to human hearers.

Without the orator's graces, without the simplest elements employed by an artist, without any of the artist's instincts, without any disturbing and subduing suspicion that he was in danger of reminding a hearer of a trite thing, and, above all, without a doubt that he was preaching that which no hearer would regard as trite, Mr. Moody fairly entranced his multitude with the never

dying, always old and ever new power of that which God commanded to be written for all men in all ages subsequent to the undying record.

Moody lived near to God, and God never failed to be near to his unsophisticated Evangelist, whenever and wherever and under whatsoever circumstances he told "the old, old story of Jesus and his love." He talked to ten thousand just as he talked to the intent, humble, longing, dying negro woman in the Chicago garret.

He thought of, studied, preached, fed upon, was nourished by and believed in the whole Bible as if it all were as plain, unquestionable, simple, and easily understood as the one verse: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It might have been well if Mr. Moody had had more of the learning of the schools. It would be very well, indeed, if all the



DWIGHT L. MOODY
AS HE APPEARED AT THE AGE OF 56.

schools could do their work and indict their volumes within the sacred and reverent atmosphere that enveloped Dwight L. Moody when he dealt with the human soul that sought after God.

Among the many religious revivals conducted by the great Evangelist the largest crowd he ever addressed at an indoor meeting was during his first campaign in Great Britain. It was at this meeting also that Mr. Moody made what he considered his most remarkable conversion. The meeting was in Agricultural Hall, London, and over 15,000 persons were in attendance. When asked about this conversion he said several years ago :

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

"The man was an English race horse owner. He was devoted to the track in all that that implies, and had been for the biggest part of his life. He was third owner of the Epsom race track, and a well-known character in sporting circles. He came to the meeting out of curiosity, but his heart was changed before it closed. He became a Christian, gave up his sporting connections, sold his horses and all his racing interests, and thereafter lived an exemplary Christian life. He had several sons, all of whom are earnest Christian workers.

"This was a remarkable case, but there may have been others to equal it, although the change does not stand out in such strong contrast. I have always felt that I have been well repaid for my life's work if I had accomplished no more than the saving of that man."

The love of man was as permanent in Mr. Moody's life as the love of God was in his preaching. At no time in his career was he too busy to stop and lend a ready ear to the plaint of some seeker, no matter how lowly, whether he was after creature comforts or spiritual assistance. No man of his time, it has been said by a noted divine, did "so much to unite man with man, break down grudges and sectarian barriers, harmonize diverse views and dispositions and raise money for other people's enterprises."

Mr. Moody was a man of decisive action. When he conceived that a thing should be done he went at it heart and soul, and never

rested until the end was accomplished. An incident which illustrates this point of his character occurred during his first evangelistic tour of Great Britain.

He was speaking in Liverpool, when one of the preachers who spoke declared the chief needs of Liverpool were cheap refreshment houses to counteract the evils of saloons. When the speaker finished Mr. Moody begged him to go on for ten minutes longer. Meanwhile he was busy whispering with some of the prominent citizens on the platform.

At the end of the ten minutes Mr. Moody came forward and announced that a company had been formed to carry out this very object. The stock was subscribed on the spot, and the "British Workmen Company, Limited," was thus formed. It is still in existence, and has done a vast amount of good, and has, incidentally, paid dividends almost from the start.

TAKING SURE AIM.

Much has been said about Mr. Moody singling out one person in his audience and preaching directly to him, until by his magnetism and eloquence the desired result was accomplished. When asked about this Mr. Moody said recently :

"Sometimes I see a man or a woman who is plainly having a struggle, who has been touched but not quite convinced. Then I try to say something that will appeal directly to that person. Any man who is accustomed to speaking from a platform knows whether or not he is carrying his audience with him. Sometimes I have had unexpected success in that way, and sometimes there has been a discouraging coldness. But I believe there is always a way to a man's heart if only you can find it."

When asked once as to the best receipt for the success of young men, Mr. Moody said : "Singleness of purpose, whole-hearted work, concentration. Take St. Paul as your example. He was, I think, the model for all Christian workers—fearless, single-hearted, the most heroic figure in all history. There is no better motto for a young man to hold up before him than that one line from the Bible which runs, 'This one thing will I do,' and then he

wants to pitch in and do with all his might, and never let up until it is done.

"No great thing was ever accomplished by half-hearted work. No man is big enough to do a lot of things and to do them well enough to last. When you take him and spread him over a lot of surface he makes a layer too thin to form any impression. But if you take him and hammer him down with the sledge of some weighty purpose, even if there isn't more than enough of him to more than fill a bean-shooter, he'll make an impression when he strikes."

During the month of November, 1899, Mr. Moody was holding great meetings in Kansas City. The fires in his soul seemed to burn more fiercely than ever before, as if he had a premonition that he was doing his last work, and would soon end his earthly career. He seemed to be a thousand men in one. Such earnest appeals, such powerful discourses, such resistless enthusiasm and energetic leadership, aroused the whole city and surrounding country.

LAST SERMON HE EVER PREACHED.

The great Convention Hall, capable of holding many thousands, was secured for the services, and here, day after day, immense throngs assembled and hung with breathless attention upon the lips of the great Evangelist. But the majestic cedar was tottering to its fall, and the brilliant light that shone over both hemispheres was destined soon to go out. The cause of death was a general breaking down, due to overwork, which affected the heart. Mr. Moody's heart had been weak for a long time.

He preached his last sermon in Kansas City on Thursday night, November 16, fully fifteen thousand people listening to an earnest appeal. He was stricken the next morning at his hotel, but laughingly declared he was all right, and that he would be able to preach that afternoon. He grew worse gradually, however, and it was deemed best to start him for his home the next day in a special train. Messages were sent to his home at Northfield, and his wife and son started to meet him. The trains passed each other, and Mr. Moody reached Northfield first. Eminent

physicians were consulted by Dr. N. P. Wood, the Moody family doctor, and everything was done to prolong life, but he was beyond human help.

With the words "God is calling me," Mr. Moody fell asleep in death at his home at Northfield at noon on December 22nd. The passing of his spirit, from a body which had been tortured with pain for some weeks, to the rest beyond was as gentle as could be wished for. His family were gathered at the bedside, and the dying man's last moments were spent in comforting them and in contemplation of that reward for which he had so long and earnestly labored. He knew that death was near, but its sting to him was lost. Besides the family, there were present also Drs. Schofield and Wood, and the nurse.

Early in the day Mr. Moody realized that the end was not far off, and talked with his family at intervals, being conscious to the last, except for a few fainting spells. Once he revived, and, with wonderful display of strength in his voice, said in a happy strain:

"What's the matter? What's going on here?"

One of the children replied: "Father, you have not been quite so well, and so we came in to see you."

SOME OF HIS LAST WORDS.

A little later Mr. Moody talked quite freely to his sons, saying: "I have always been an ambitious man, not ambitious to lay up wealth, but to leave you work to do; and you are going to continue the work of the schools at East Northfield and Mount Hermon and of the Chicago Bible Institute."

Once the stillness of the chamber was broken by the anguished cry of Mrs. A. P. Fitt, his daughter, in the words: "Father, we can't spare you." The reply, so characteristic of the man, was: "I am not going to throw my life away. If God has more work for me to do, I'll not die."

As the noonday hour drew near the watchers at the bedside noted the approach of death. Several times his lips moved as if in prayer, but the articulation was so faint that the words could not be heard. Just as death came Mr. Moody awoke as if from

slumber, and said with much joyousness: "I see earth receding. Heaven is opening. God is calling me."

The death of Mr. Moody was not unexpected, although hope for his temporary recovery from illness was entertained not only by friends near at hand, but by those who had listened to his word and teachings on both continents. In the family, however, there was fear that death was not a long way off. The cause of death was a general breaking down of his health, due to overwork. His constitution was that of an exceedingly strong man, but his untiring labors had gradually undermined his vitality, until that most delicate of organs, the heart, showed signs of weakness. His exertions in the West brought on the crisis, and the collapse came during the series of meetings at Kansas City.

AN OMINOUS WEAKNESS.

An early diagnosis by specialists made it evident that Mr. Moody's condition was serious, and, cancelling his engagements, he returned to his home in East Northfield, so near the greatest achievements of his later life. On reaching his home the family physician, Dr. N. P. Wood, took charge of Mr. Moody, and for some days bulletins as to the patient's condition were issued, all having an encouraging tone seemingly, but unerringly pointing to the fact that the Evangelist's work on earth was about finished. A week before his death a change for the worse prepared immediate friends for what was to come.

Later, however, the patient improved steadily until the day before he died, when he appeared very nervous. This symptom was accompanied by weakness, which much depressed the family, who were anxiously watching the sufferer. In the evening Mr. Moody appeared to realize that he could not recover, and so he informed his family. During the night the patient had spells of extreme weakness, and at two o'clock in the morning Dr. Wood was called at the request of Mr. Moody, in order that his symptoms might be noted. A hypodermic injection of strychnia caused the heart to become stronger. Then Mr. Moody requested his son-in-law, Mr. Fitt, and Dr. Wood to retire. Mr. Moody's eldest

son, who had been sleeping the first part of the night, spent the last half with his father.

At 7.30 o'clock in the morning Dr. Wood was called, and when he reached Mr. Moody's room he found his patient in a semi-conscious condition. Then it was that the family were called to the bedside, where they remained until death came.

How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest !
How mildly beam the closing eyes !
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around.
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
" How blest the righteous when he dies ! "

CHAPTER XII.

Why Mr. Moody was so Very Successful.

BY REV. GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D.D.

TO write of D. L. Moody and his work one would better be content to do it in a paragraph, unless he were permitted the limits of a book. I am not to write of his work—that is known and read of all men the whole wide world over; but of the man himself as I have more or less intimately known him for the past twenty years, and that I am writing here in Northfield, where the spell of his great personality is still upon me—for we cannot yet realize that we shall see his face and hear his voice no more. Had he lived in the early days of Israel's trials in the land the Lord God gave them he would have "judged Israel" and delivered them out of the hand of their enemies.

He was a man of the stamp and character of Gideon; whose latent powers were known only to God; who, when called and chosen, knew only to believe, to obey, to dare, and to do. He was judge, prophet and preacher to the people of God during the latter third of the closing century. By him and his crude and sometimes rude, but always eloquent, speech God in our day waked up a sleeping church as truly as he did in the days of Luther and Wesley; Moody's name will go down bracketed with theirs in all coming time.

Mr. Moody was one of the most widely and best known men of his generation. The world and even the church, nay, many of those who counted themselves his intimate friends and were closest to him in his work, only knew the outside of the man, or at least only that which lay a little below the surface of his personality. For, in spite of all his brusque, hearty and frank ways, Mr. Moody was the most reticent man I ever knew. Not Cromwell himself

more perfectly concealed himself from those about him than did Mr. Moody.

It was here in Northfield, which he loved better than any other spot on earth, in the seclusion of his own home, that he was best known, and only so far by those whom he admitted to the privacy of his home life. To them he would talk of the beauties of this place, of his plans for future work; with them he would read and study the Bible; talk of other men and workers, but of himself, never. To his fellow-townsmen, with whom from a boy he was brought up—being but the son of a poor struggling widow—he was ever the kind and thoughtful friend, but never the familiar companion. In early life he was to them "*Dwight Moody*;" for twenty-five years past he has been *Mr. Moody*, only, and always. For twenty-five years past, few, if one of them, have ever familiarly laid hand upon his shoulder.

A MAN PERFECTLY CONSECRATED.

His deep and real piety, his utter consecration to God and the work which he conceived himself called of God to do, no one who at all *knew* him for a moment doubted. With all this being true, it is equally true—and I say it as one who has known and loved him long—that in some of the sweeter and gentler aspects of a saint's life he was singularly and, I believe, unconsciously deficient. Sensitive as a woman to any slight or lack of consideration from others, he was apt to forget that "others," even his closest friends, were men of like passions and sensitiveness with himself. I have seen him cry like a child under the sting and smart of some real or fancied slight or wound received in the house of his friends, but I have seen and known many of his friends cry with bitter pain of wounds inflicted by Mr. Moody's treatment of them.

In many ways Mr. Moody was the kindest and tenderest hearted man I ever knew, nor do I believe he ever intentionally wounded any one—he simply lacked perception and did not know how to put himself in another man's place.

His absorption in his work, his habit of going straight to the end of his purpose and never ceasing or turning aside till he

reached his goal, regardless of whoever might for the moment be in his way, may in part account for this trait in his character. To him the King's business demanded haste, nor would he pull up or stay his hand though a friend was under foot. He did nothing out of personal consideration. His rule was to estimate and value men for their *availability* in his work. If they were useful to him he used them, and so long as he used them, he was always kind. The moment they ceased to be useful or were in his way he dropped them, and even flung them away.

BLUNT AND HONEST.

This, I think, was the most serious blemish on his otherwise fine character. To those who gathered about him—drawn by the irresistible magnetism of his personality—he was at times brusque to the point of rudeness. On account of this characteristic, many prominent and able men, especially ministers, who would have been through life his attached and loyal helpers, have turned away from him, hurt to the quick, and indignant at what they esteemed unwarrantably rude and discourteous and unbrotherly treatment. But in this way he was impartial, being “no respecter of persons.” An English gentleman once said to me, “Well, you know, we are all his lackeys, ready to fetch and carry as he may direct. He may make door-keepers of us, or even door-*mats*, if he likes, we will still love him and do what is in our power to serve and help him in his work.”

If this seems to be a record of fault in Mr. Moody's character, it certainly is, at the same time, a tribute to his tremendous personality and his magnetic power over men. Perhaps this peculiar and, I cannot but feel, most regrettable and unfortunate trait in Mr. Moody's character may best be refuted in a remark I once heard made by one of his truest and most loyal friends, who yet has for some past years dropped out of the “inner circle:” “Dear old Moody! We all *love* him, but some of us do not *like* him.”

It may seem ungenerous and ungracious on my part to write such things in the foreground of this sketch, and yet it is done while my heart is still quivering with the sense of personal loss in

his death—whom in life I loved, and in death I mourn. And now, having truthfully said this, let me write of other things more consistent with my own feelings—even though in my brief space I can only rapidly and imperfectly indicate some of the more prominent traits of his great personality.

One of the marked characteristics of the man was his strong practical common sense and, in the main, fine and quick knowledge of men. He would instantly detect a “crank,” though he sometimes failed to discern a fine, helpful man or woman under a modest exterior. He lived in almost mortal terror of being imposed upon or of having people, men or women, fasten themselves upon him with axes to grind.

NO USE FOR LONG-HAIRED CRANKS.

Once, in the Boston Tabernacle, sitting in his private room, just before going on to the platform, an usher came in and said, “There is a man without who wishes to see you.” “Well,” said Moody, “I have no time to see him now.” “But,” replied the usher, “he says he *must* see you on very important business.” “What kind of a man is he?” “Oh, he is a tall thin man with *long* hair.” “That settles it,” said Moody; “I don’t want to see any long-haired men or short-haired women.”

He rarely made a mistake in selecting his lieutenants, though he often dropped them for no apparent reason, and always without explanation. He simply ceased to call upon them for service. In the management of meetings he was without a peer. He almost instantly knew whom to shut off, and, with a shrewd remark or pointed story, how to tide the course of an open meeting over shoal places without disturbing the harmonies. In the organization of great meetings or campaigns he was a past master. Nothing escaped him; and he knew how to hold his lieutenants responsible for attention to details upon the carrying out of which much of his success depended.

In action—that is, in the thick of a great religious campaign—he was something of a martinet. I remember a little scene between him and the able secretary and manager of his London com-

mittee, Mr. Robert Paton. It was 11 o'clock on a Saturday morning. Mr. Moody had suddenly changed the plan of campaign for the following week, and he wanted fresh tickets ready in time to distribute to his five thousand workers who would assemble early the next (Sunday) morning at the 7 o'clock workers' meeting.

SAID IT MUST BE DONE.

"Paton," said he, informing him of his change of plan, "I want 50,000 tickets (handing him the copy) ready for the workers' meeting to-morrow morning." "Impossible!" said Paton. "Why impossible?" asked Moody. "Why," replied Paton, "this is Saturday and 11 o'clock. All the printing establishments close down work at noon to-day, and even if they did not, 50,000 tickets could not be prepared in half a day." They argued the point a few minutes, and then Mr. Moody turned upon his heel with the remark, "Paton, it *must* be done."

Mr. Paton looked blankly for a moment at the huge retreating figure, and then went out of the room like a shot; and in two minutes he was in a cab tearing down to the printing establishment. I do not know how it was managed, but the 50,000 tickets were distributed the next morning to his 5,000 workers. Thus it ever was with Moody. Once in a critical time, during the early building operations at Northfield, Mr. Marshall, his general superintendent, said that it was absolutely necessary before the end of the week that a large sum of money be had. That afternoon Mr. Moody took a train for New York. He came back the next day with the money. He did not borrow it! Moody, of all men I ever knew, *could* do things, and he *did* them. As I heard one of his close friends say, "He always got there!" "And Abraham went forth *to go* into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan he *came*." That was characteristic of Mr. Moody. What he went forth to accomplish, that he accomplished.

Mr. Moody's reverence for all things sacred or divine was almost extreme. I never heard him so much as make a play upon Bible words or phrases, nor would he tolerate such use of God's Word in his presence. A Bible conundrum or application of Scrip-

ture to point a jest or joke was absolutely tabooed with him. He once rather sharply rebuked me for naming Peter as the "shortest" man in the Bible because he confessed that "silver and gold have I none." He was a Puritan of the Puritans in respect of the "Sabbath." He would not ride on a street or steam car, even to go to a meeting at which he was to speak. Large, and unused and disinclined as he was to walk, I have known him to walk miles, at great cost of strength, rather than even to be driven in a private carriage. And yet he would send his "gospel wagon" scouring all over Northfield hills on a Sunday morning to bring the poor farmers and their children to church. In this he did not impose his own conscientious scruples upon others.

NOT CHARMED WITH "HIGHER CRITICISM."

It goes without saying he had no sympathy with or even toleration for the "higher criticism." To George Adam Smith, two summers ago, when that distinguished scholar was his guest up here at his Northfield convention, he said, "Smith, what is the use of talking to the people about *two* Isaiahs when not half of the people have discovered that there is so much as *one*?" That was a shrewd and practical remark, and illustrated his point of view. "I believe in the old Bible as it is—from *back to back*," was a common saying of his.

In the hours of his relaxation, and especially in his vacation time, he was as jolly and genial as any man I ever knew. He had a strong vein of humor in his composition. This appeared in his public speech, and often served him well; but in the quiet and retirement of home and in the social circle it came out strongly. Intensely fond of a good story—provided it was clean and sweet—I have seen him laugh until the tears would roll down his cheeks and his sides ache with pain; and he would have his favorite stories told again and again for his own and his friends' delight. He was fond of play and sport, especially with young people, and as far as his rather unwieldy bulk would allow he would join in with them. He never wearied, and spared no expense to provide all his young people—the boys and girls of his

schools—with all forms of healthy play and amusement. He even liked a practical joke, provided it was not played at his expense. He drew the line there.

I have already spoken of his tender-heartedness and unbounded personal kindness to those in sorrow or need. He mourned and sorrowed like a father for his children when up here, at different times, two or three boys and some girls were drowned while in swimming or killed in a carriage accident. All the passion and kindness of a strong and tender nature went out to the poor and for those for "whom nothing was provided." For men, and especially boys and girls, who had not what he thought "a fair chance" to get on in the world, he had a passionate longing—perhaps born of his own early experiences. It was this compassion, and his intense appreciation of the advantages of an education which inspired and led to the foundation of the Northfield schools, which will forever remain his best and greatest visible monument.

MONEY WAS SOMETHING TO USE.

Mr. Moody was a man of the simplest habits and tastes. He spent money lavishly upon others and in his work, but little upon himself. He was not a lover of money, and only coveted it for the good it might be made to do in his work, and, latterly, especially, in connection with his schools. He might easily and rightfully have been a fairly rich man, but like Samuel and Paul, he "coveted no man's silver or gold." Of all the vast royalties that the hymn books have yielded, and of which he might rightfully have possessed himself, I have every reason to believe he has never touched a penny for his own personal use. On the subject of money for himself I have never heard him speak, nor would he allow the subject discussed in his presence.

His power over men and women was most remarkable. Not himself a man of culture, or skilled in drawing-room manners or etiquette, he drew and attached to himself men and women of the highest social position, of largest wealth, and of great intellectual ability and acquirements. Men like G. A. Smith and Henry Drummond were his greatest admirers. In the old country he was ever

the honored guest of the highest in the land, and the same was true in his own country. The proverb concerning "a prophet" being "without honor in his own country" did not apply to him.

I shall close this brief and hastily written sketch of "Dear old Moody" by a reference to him as the world's greatest Evangelist, a place which he easily held. I think it cannot be controverted that he has influenced more people, turned more men and women from sin to God, set more Christians to work for their Master, and stirred the whole Christian church more deeply than any man in modern times. In saying this, I do not forget Wesley and Whitfield, Edwards or Finney. He founded no sect—that was ever farthest from his thought—for he lived and labored for the whole church and sought the spiritual welfare of "all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours."

GREATEST PREACHER OF MODERN TIMES.

He was not a theologian, but easily the greatest *preacher* since the days of Luther. Had he been a theologian, he would not have given himself up so entirely, as in his later years, to the "Keswick movement." His Gospel was the simple one of I. Cor. xv. 1-4. His method was not that of the theologian, much less that of the rhetorician; but that of a passionate appeal to the hearts and consciences of men. He was not a great reader of books, except the Bible, I may say hardly a reader of them at all. He was too impatient of long sentences and logical processes, to read. He read *men*; and when he found a full man he would suck or pump him dry.

An anecdote or incident was more useful to him than an argument. His ability to remind other people's gold was phenomenal. He would get an anecdote or illustration from another man and use it with an aptness and power that the originator never dreamed of. A story or illustration that would halt in the telling by another man would fly from Moody's lips like an eagle or a dove and burn from his telling like red-hot iron, or go straight to the mark like a rifle shot. He would condense a long argument or

statement gathered from his living library of men into an epigram that would make its solid and pointed way to the heart or the conscience of his hearers.

He was equally ready to seize a sling and stone from the hand of David, an ox-goad from Shamgar, a lamp, pitcher and trumpet from Gideon; or a sword from the fallen Goliath, and be able to use either or all of them, as occasion required or opportunity offered, with the skill of the original possessors of the weapons, and always with the impression left on his hearers that he was the original fashioner of them all.

INFUSED NEW BLOOD INTO THE CHURCH.

Of his work it must be truly said that it was the greatest of its kind ever wrought by man since the Gospel began to be preached. It was good, with as little possible bad in it as can be imagined. It will last—not as an organized residuum, as Methodism has lasted, but as good blood infused into the life and body of the whole church of God throughout the world. All Protestant bodies have felt the stimulus of it, and so has the Episcopal Church in both England and America. Even the Roman Catholic Church has felt the power of it. I even go so far as to say that Mr. Moody is the real father of the Salvation Army, though the rearing and training of that religious prodigy were taken in hand by others and directed in a way that Mr. Moody would not have suggested.

The question has been asked: "Who will be Mr. Moody's successor?" The answer is: "He has not and never will have a successor." We might as well ask who was Moses' successor, or Isaiah's, or Jeremiah's, or Paul's. God will raise up other men to do his work, but no man will be Moody's successor. Mr. Moody's son is understood to be his father's chosen agent for the general management of the Northfield schools, but his successor he can never be.

Peace to the ashes of the great man; rest to his great soul! We shall never on this earth see his like again.

PART II.

MR. MOODY'S BRILLIANT AND POWERFUL DISCOURSES.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Prodigal Son.

WE have for our subject to-night one of the two young men we have read about in the 15th chapter of Luke. There is not a person in this audience here to-night but who is as well acquainted with the 15th chapter of Luke as the preacher. Probably there is not a prodigal in all this city but that knows the story as contained in this chapter of Luke. It is not necessary for me to tell you why this young man went away. It was his nature. It is natural for a man to go away from God. "*All we like sheep have gone astray ;*" every one is turned too easily away.

This prodigal went away without any reason that we know of ; we are not told that his father was unkind to him, but I think, however, that the father made a mistake. I think if I had a son that wanted me to divide up my property and let him have the share that was coming to him, I should make a great mistake to give him the money. A great many people are making that mistake to-day, and if there is one person in this world to be pitied more than another, it is the man who has all the money that he wants to spend and nothing to do. When that young man came to his father and wanted him to let him have his portion, his father had better have said, "No, you had better wait until your father has gone." When the prodigal son got that which was coming to him, it says he gathered his goods all together and took his journey into a far country.

Well, he was considered popular in that distant country—most men who have plenty of money and nothing to do are very popular; but how long his popularity lasted we are not told, because we do not know just how long his money held out. But his friends gathered round him; he had a good many friends until his money was gone, and then the poor man woke up to the fact that all those he called his friends had been after his money and not him; they were friends to his money, not to him. And when he had spent all, at last he came to want.

Did you ever stop to think how many prodigals there are in a city like New York? Suppose that we had them all here to-night, and that we could bring them up here and let them pass in front of this audience, it would take a long, long time—tramp, tramp, tramp—before this assembled audience. New York is full of prodigals. They have not only left their earthly parents, they have sent many of those parents to an untimely grave. And how many have turned their backs upon God and have wandered away!

AS FAR AS POSSIBLE FROM HOME.

I do not know where the prodigal son in this story went to, perhaps to Egypt; perhaps he went to Memphis—that was one of the magnificent cities in those days—but he got as far away as he could from home. Perhaps he wanted to get away from home restraint and home influences; perhaps he talked as many young men do now, in a laughing way, saying he was only “sowing his wild oats.” It makes my heart sad when I hear young men use that expression. A great many young men seem to forget that they have to reap what they sow tenfold. If a man sows a handful, he reaps a bushel; if a man sows the wind he reaps the whirlwind; it is only a question of time; he will surely come to want some day.

All these earthly streams become dry some day; he will surely come to want. We read that when this prodigal's money was all gone, a famine struck that land and there he was alone, in a strange country in great want. All his friends were gone now; he had lost every one of them; he thought he had a good many friends, but they were now all gone. If they had had pawnshops in those days,

you would have seen him hanging round a pawnshop pawning what he had left. The rings he wore away from home are gone ; perhaps he has worn out his shoes and has not got them to pawn ; there he is stripped.

But he did not go and beg, like a great many men in these days. For that one thing I have respect for the prodigal, because he did go to work. It was a very humble occupation, to be sure, but if he could not get what he wanted he was willing to do most anything rather than to beg ; and there is no meaner occupation possible to a Jew than to feed swine, but he was willing to do that. If a great many of those people who are now called tramps would go to work we would all have sympathy for them.

DIDN'T BECOME A TRAMP AND BEG.

The prodigal got down very low, but he did not get down low enough to beg ; he went to work ; his work was very mean ; he could not have been in a meaner occupation than feeding those swine. When the backslider goes away from God he loses all the blessing of his work, and the prodigal lost all his. He had no home. A man who is away from God has got no home ; he has turned his back upon his home, and there was no home for him there among strangers. If the strangers had attempted to give him a home, it would not have been home to him, but they did not.

There he was among strangers, coatless, shoeless, hatless ; some of the young men in that country came along, some of the very friends perhaps that had got his money away from him—for men gambled in those days as they do now—and they probably said, “ Look at that fool ; he came down here with \$20,000 only two or three years ago, and now it is all squandered.” Those very men who had got his money away from him began to make sport of him now. I think I can see him straightening himself up and saying to them, “ You call me a beggar ! Why, my father’s servants dress better than you do ! ” And they laughed and said, “ Your father’s servants—why, you have not got any father.” No one believed him ; he had lost his testimony.

And just so has every backslider from God lost his testimony.

You never can get any food for the soul in the devil's country. There he was, away from home, starving, even the food the swine would eat—no one would give him even that. He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat. Sin had taken him away from home, away from God; the point is, how did he ever get back.

I suppose you prodigals all want to know how he got back, and you want to know how to get back yourselves, hundreds of you here to-night. When the man began to come to himself he woke up to the fact that the best friend he had in the world was his father. There was one thing that the prodigal never lost; he lost his work, he lost his food, his home, his testimony; but he never lost his father's love. His father loved him right on through it all. I find that a good many men, who are living in sin, wonder why it is that God does not answer their prayers.

TO ANSWER SOME PRAYERS WOULD BE A CURSE.

Well, God loves them too much to answer their prayers. Suppose the son had written his father a letter, saying, "I am in want, suppose you send me some money." The father would have loved loved him too well to answer that prayer. Your Heavenly Father loves you too well. If you have gone off into a foreign country; if you have got away from God's tables, His arms will not reach you there to feed and clothe you. He wants you to go home to Him. That man had left home and gone into a foreign land, and the famine was sore upon him. One day a neighbor came down from his native country perhaps, and found the young man there. Said he, "Why do you not go home?" "Well, I don't know. I am not sure my father will receive me." "Your father—he loves you as much as he ever did." "My father—did you see him?" "Yes, I was talking with your father one day last week." "What did he say? Does he ever speak of me?" "Ever speak of you! He never speaks of any one else. He dreams of you at night."

Oh, if there is a poor prodigal here to-night, do not go on in that terrible delusion that your father has forgotten you. Here is a father that has nine children, and one is a prodigal away from

home, but he thinks more of that one son than he does of all the rest.

One of the greatest impediments a man has got is his terrible pride. This young man says, "I went away with abundance. I went away in grand style, and now I have got to go back in rags." Perhaps his pride kept him away for some time. One day he came to himself and made up his mind to return to his father's house. He got down on his knees and buried his face in his hands like Elijah upon Mount Carmel, and he began to think.

"THINK I HAD BETTER GO HOME."

He was busy thinking and he says, "Well I don't know but I had better go home. I think perhaps I had. In fact there is no one in the world who loves me as much as my father," and he just lets his mind go back into the past; it sweeps over his whole life; it goes down into his childhood; he remembers his father and mother—how they loved him, and how they watched over him. He thinks of the tears of his mother. I cannot help but think he had lost his mother—for there is no one who could be more interested in the boy than his mother, and it don't say anything about her. He thinks how after mother died, father was about as tender as mother.

He says, "I remember the morning I left home, how the old man wept and sobbed over me. He tried to conceal his feelings, but I remember how he begged me to stay at home, and I remember how he prayed that morning around the family altar, how he asked the Lord God of heaven to save his boy from sin, and how he asked that God might send His angels to watch over me." Everything was vivid in his mind, miles away, back in his native town. He says, "Here I am, shoeless, coatless, and just covered with these miserable rags." And he took a look out in the future and how dark it looked.

"Why, the very servants are better off than I am; there is bread enough and to spare in my father's house;" and the young man came to himself, and he said, "I will." That is the time that his heart turned back to his God. I would to God we could get

thousands to say that word to-night, "I will arise and go to my Father." Nine-tenths of the battle was won when he said, "I will arise and go to my father." He may be in a far country, but he will soon get home if he has made up his mind to come. And he made up a sort of a sermon he was going to preach when he got home. The first thing he was going to do was to confess. "I will confess that I have sinned against heaven. I will confess that I have done wrong, and I will ask if he will let me be as one of his servants."

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN RING.

Ah, he didn't know his father's heart; if he had he wouldn't have asked the rest. He says, "I will just ask my father to let me be as one of his servants." But now he had made up his mind to go home, and he starts. He goes to the citizen of that country and he says, "I have made up my mind to go home, and I can't work for you any longer. My father is well off, and I am sure my father will receive me back." The citizen don't care anything about him, but there is a living heart there at home, and he starts. I see him on his way, and there is joy up there now; they ring the bells of heaven. I see the guardian angel that watches over him, and the moment he came to himself then there was joy on high.

Then the prodigal is out on his way—see him! I can just imagine his feelings as he came over the border of his native land—"It may be father has died; may be he is dead? If he is, may be I may not get a warm welcome." It was a good thing for the prodigal that his father was alive, wasn't it? He wouldn't have received a very warm welcome from that brother of his. Ah, young man, you had better make the most of that experience and get home before that old father dies, unless you have got a godly, praying mother. Go down to your houses to-night and write a letter to your mother or your father and ask them to forgive you! Ask your father in Heaven to forgive you.

But now see him as he going along toward home, wondering if that father is alive waiting for him. There is the old man out

on the flat roof. Many a time he has been there before. Many a time his eye has been looking in the direction where his boy went. He cannot tell him by anything he has on; but love is keen. He saw his boy afar off; that was his long-lost boy. He starts out after him. You can see his long white hair floating through the air; he leaps over the highway; the spirit of youth has come upon him. The servants look at him leaping over the highway, and they wonder what has come over him. It is the only time God is represented as running, just to meet a poor sinner. God walks. When those children of Israel were thrust in that fiery furnace, we find that God walked in that furnace.

A STORY OF DIVINE COMPASSION.

The whole story of that prodigal is just written to bring out God's love, or the compassion of God. "And when he saw him a great way off he had compassion on him." He did not wait for him to come. He did not say, "He went away without cause, I will not go to meet him." And when he meets him, he falls upon his neck, and he weeps over him; and the servants come running out to see what is the matter. And the boy begins to make his speech: "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!" And just as he was going to say, "make me as one of thy hired servants," the father interrupts him and he says to one servant, "Go bring the best robe and put it on him;" and to another, "Go to my jewel-box and get a ring and put it on his finger;" and to another one, "Go and get the shoes;" and to another, "Go and kill the fatted calf." And there was joy there. What joy there was in that home! "He had compassion on him."

My friend, don't you know that since then that story has been repeated nearly every day—prodigals going back—and I never yet heard of any man going back that did not get a warm welcome. There isn't a poor prodigal in this city but that if he will go back to his father, will receive a warm welcome. But that isn't the lesson we want to teach. It is not only to be reconciled to your earthly father, but my friends, to your Heavenly Father.

The most reasonable thing you can do is to go to your Heavenly Father, and ask His forgiveness.

I have got a letter here, I think it is one of the last letters I received from England. The letter goes on to state that a son and husband had left his father's house—left his wife and children without cause; and now in closing up the letter the sister says: "He need not fear reproach, only love awaits him at home." That man may be here to-night. My words may reach him, and if so I beg him to return from his erring ways. Listen, your sister says that no reproach or harsh words will meet you on your return home, only love will welcome you when you enter the door. Oh, do not spurn your sister's words, or the tears of the loved ones far away. The father of the prodigal did not reproach his boy; did not have unwelcome words when he had returned from his wanderings.

TO RETURN MEANS TO BE FORGIVEN.

And so God does not reproach the sinner. He knows what human nature is—how liable a mortal is to go astray. It is human to err. He is always ready to forgive and take you back. Christ says He will forgive; He is full of love and compassion and tenderness. If a poor sinner comes and confesses, God is willing and ready to forgive you. He will forgive you the hour, yes, the minute, of your return. Oh, you that have gone astray, remember this.

There was a lady that came down to Liverpool to see us privately; it was just before we were about to leave that city to go up to London to preach. With tears and sobs she told a very pitiful story. It was this: She said she had a boy nineteen years of age who had left her. She showed me his photograph, and asked me to put it in my pocket. "You stand before many and large assemblies, Mr. Moody. My boy may be in London, now.

"Oh, look at the audiences to whom you will preach; look earnestly. You may see my dear boy before you. If you do see him, tell him to come back to me. Oh, implore him to come to his sorrowing mother, to his deserted home. He may

be in trouble; he may be suffering; tell him for his loving mother that all is forgiven and forgotten, and he will find comfort and peace at home." On the back of this photograph she had written his full name and address; she had noted his complexion, the color of his eyes and hair; why he had left home, and the cause of his so doing. "When you preach, Mr. Moody, look for my poor boy," were the parting words of that mother. That young man may be in this hall to-night. If he is, I want to tell him that his mother loves him still.

SEEKING LOST WANDERERS.

I will read out his name, and if any of you ever hear of that young man just tell him that his mother is waiting with a loving heart and a tender embrace for him. His name is Arthur P. Oxley, of Manchester, England. You who have got children around you and about you, and can feel the pangs that agitate the breasts of these families whose chief joy and delights are gone, lift up your hearts to God for this erring father, and for this wandering boy. If they be anywhere yet on the face of the earth, pray to God that He will turn their hearts and bring them back.

Perhaps there is no subject in the Bible that takes hold of me with as great force as this subject of the wandering sinner. It enters deeply into my own life. It comes right home into our own family. The first thing I remember was the death of my father. It was a beautiful day in June when he fell suddenly dead. The shock made such an impression on me, young as I was, that I shall never forget it. I remember nothing about the funeral, but his death has made a lasting impression upon me.

The next thing that I remember was that my mother was taken very sick. And the next thing that occurred in our family that impressed my young mind was that my eldest brother, to whom my mother looked up to comfort her in her loneliness and in great affliction, became a wanderer—he left home. I need not tell you how that mother mourned for her boy—how she waited day by day and month by month for his return. I need not say how night after night she watched and wept and prayed. Many a time we were

told to go to the post-office to see if a letter had not come from him. But we had to bring back the sorrowful words, "No letter, yet, mother." Many a time have I waked up and heard my mother pray: "Oh, God, bring back my boy!" Many a time did she lift her heart up to God in prayer for her boy. When the wintry gale would blow around the house, and the storm rage without the door, her dear face would wear a terribly anxious look, and she would utter in piteous tones, "Oh, my dear boy; perhaps he is now on the ocean this fearful night. Oh, God, preserve him!" We would sit around the fireside on an evening and ask her to tell us about our father, and she would talk for hours about him.

EMPTY CHAIR AT THE TABLE.

But if the mention of my eldest brother should chance to come in, then all would be hushed; she never spoke of him but with tears. Many a time did she try to conceal them, but all would be in vain, and when Thanksgiving Day would come a chair used to be set for him. Our friends and neighbors gave him up, but our mother had faith that she would see him again. One day in the middle of summer a stranger was seen approaching the house. He came up on the east piazza and looked upon my mother through the window. The man had a long beard, and when my mother first saw him she did not start or rise. But when she saw the great tears trickling down his cheeks she cried, "It's my boy, my dear, dear boy," and sprang to the window.

But there the boy stood and said, "Mother, I will never cross the threshold until you say you forgive me." Do you think he had to stay there long? No, no. Her arms were soon around him, and she wept upon his shoulder, as did the father of the prodigal son. I heard of it while in a distant city, and what a thrill of joy shot through me. But what joy on earth can equal the joy in Heaven when a prodigal comes home! This night your Father wants you. Dear son, come to Him. Confess your sin, and He will have mercy upon you and forgive you. May Heaven's blessing rest upon every soul here is my prayer. Let us pray.

CHAPTER XIV.

God is Love.

I WANT to take for our subject to-night what Christ is to us, and when I get through, and any one of our friends says he is not convinced, it will be because you don't want to be convinced, and will not have Him. He will be all that I make Him out to be, and a thousand times more. No man living could tell about His great love and great necessity to us in an hour; nay, he could not tell it in twenty-four hours. It is beyond thought and beyond expression to tell what Christ is to us—that is, if we have believed on Him and been redeemed by Him.

I remember speaking upon this subject some time ago in Europe, and when I got through and was going home, I said to a Scotch friend of mine, who was in my company, that I was very much disappointed; that I did not get through with the subject. He looked at me in astonishment, and said, "My friend, what! did ye expect to tell what Christ is in half an hour? Ye need never expect to tell it in all eternity; you would never get through with it." I have thought of it often since. Take eternity! Yes, I know it would.

Well, right here I want to ask you whether Christ is worth having? I imagine that some of you will say that that is a strange question—a man to get up and ask that. Well, perhaps it is; but it does seem to me that a great many men do think that Christ is not worth having. If they do really want Him let them take Him. He was God's greatest gift to the world. He is there for you and for me to partake of. Just let me ask that question again, Do you think the Son of God worth having? Oh, that God may open the eyes of every lost soul here to-night to see Christ here right in the midst of them. Oh, that you may worship Him in spirit and in truth, view him as the chief among thousands, the One altogether lovely. Christ wants to be a Saviour to every one of us.

In the second chapter of Luke and the tenth verse we read that a Saviour has been given us: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." And if we know he is our Lord and truth and wisdom and life, we must first know Him as our Saviour. You must first meet Him at Calvary—first see Him on the cross. There is no life in us except we come to Calvary—no life until we come to that mountain. Now, I don't want you to think I mean to ask you to trust in the form. Many, yea thousands, make that great mistake. We are not taking Him as a personal Saviour; we don't try to know Him as our own. This is a great mistake, and it is a common mistake.

DELIVERANCE FROM ALL EVIL.

During the last few years I was not occupied with the person of Christ; it was more about the doctrine and about the form. But lately Christ is more to me personally. And it would be a great help to you to cultivate His acquaintance personally, and come to Him as the personal Saviour, and be able to take Him and look up to Him and say, "He is my Saviour." I don't know how many times I have heard men say during the past few weeks, "I would come to Him and love Him, but I don't think I could hold out." But I tell you, He is not only a Saviour, but a Deliverer. He can deliver us from the power of sin. He can deliver us from Satan. There is not a guilt, crime, trouble or trial but that if we go to the Son of God He is able to deliver us from it.

Bear in mind that we are the lawful captives of sin. If a man has committed a sin, Satan has a power over him and a claim upon him and holds him as his lawful prey. But saith the Lord, "Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away." And He saith further that He will contend for thee and take thee from those that hold thee captive. Thanks be to God, we can go to Him with confidence, and have Him deliver us from the power of our besetting sin. If there be a man here who is the slave of strong drink, I bring him good news! God is able to deliver you from that which has gained the mastery over you.

If there be a man here who is the slave of any passion, or any lust, I say unto him that the Son of God came into the world to destroy the works of the devil and deliver you from the power of Satan; and he wants to deliver not only you, but to deliver every soul, and you can, if you will, be saved this very minute. When He led the children of Israel out from Egypt and through the Red Sea, He saved them at once. So can every one be saved, no matter what church he belongs to, whether he belongs to the true Apostolic church or to any other church. The Son of God can save in any church or in any denomination. Every minister will say his is a true church. But you can be saved in any church if you follow Him. "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

The Son of God will be in the right church; He makes no mistake. He never leads His people into a wrong path. Christ is the way. He said unto Peter "follow Me," and Peter did follow Him and found everlasting life. Who can lead people through the wilderness but the Lord Almighty? He created the wilderness, and He knows it better than anyone else. He will take care that none of His children are lost. He will put before them the pillar of fire, and the cloud to shield them from the sun.

OLD WAY THE TRUEST AND BEST.

No man that follows in the footsteps of Christ can be in the wrong way. Christ says, "I am the way." Yes, but some people say that is the old way; I want something new. But I say unto you that the old way is the best and the only way. The way, young man, that your sainted mother trod, is the right way. Don't you go in any other way. When men who don't believe in Christ came and say they have found a new way, don't believe them. Don't believe these infidels. They want to take the Bible from you. But what do they intend to give you in its place? They call to you to give up your Bible, but what can they do for you without that?

They might offer you "Paine's Age of Reason!" What a book to put in the place of our beloved Bible! Why, even the infidels would not have it themselves. What consolation, what comfort, what joy, could be got from such a book as they would give to you?

What pain would it assuage, what comfort would it bring to you? They say "We have grown wiser than the Bible, now; it is an old worn-out Book." Why on the same principle they might complain of the sun, and yet what would they put in the place of its warmth, its genial influence, its life-giving power. Let them give up the sun, then, and try to supply the world with gas-light. The sun is thousands of years old, but gas is new: use gas then in place of the sun. Strike out all the windows of your houses, and have nothing to do with it. You might as well do that as give up the Bible.

THE BIBLE IS THE ONLY BOOK.

Outgrown it! Why, there is no book to be compared with it. No other book will lift up the world. Try and bring up your children without the Bible and see what they will come to. Go into a town and try to live without that good book. You would flee from it as they who left Sodom and Gomorrah. Have the infidels ever produced a Knox, Bunyan, or Milton? When a man goes into the wilderness to hunt, he takes a hatchet with him and cuts the bark of the trees—they call it "blazing"—and thus he can find his way out. So God has blazed the way along; He has gone up on high and he says, "Follow Me." Just come now and follow the Son of God, for there is life there.

But this means something more than that. He is the light upon our way. Now, I hear so many people complaining about the darkness, but there is no darkness in following Christ. I have seen a picture lately that I don't enjoy a great deal. It represents Christ knocking at the door with a lantern. What does the Son of God want with a lantern? Christ says, "I am the light of the world;" He doesn't need any lantern. Did you ever find a man or woman anywhere in Christendom that was following the Son of God that was in darkness?

A man who is following Christ can't help but be in light, because He is the light of the world. Yes, and it carries us beyond the grave and beyond the judgment. We don't fear death. It can't be very dark, because Christ is there, and He will be in the way. Haven't you been at the bedside of a dying saint, and

haven't you seen the light that streamed in there, and you thought you was just at the very portals of heaven? Do you know why it was light there? Why the curtain was lifted, and like Stephen they could look in the Celestial City?

A great many people are looking for peace and are looking for joy, and they hear this minister and that minister and this person and that person speak about peace and joy. You just follow Christ and it will come of itself. When I was a little boy I used to try to catch my shadow, but I always failed. Many a time I might try to see if I could jump over my head; many a time I tried to see if I could not outrun it, but it always kept ahead of me. But I turned around and faced the sun, and lo, and behold, my shadow was coming after me. And so we want to look toward Christ, and peace and joy and happiness will come in turn. We don't want to turn our backs to the light, but keep our eyes upon Christ and never turn them away.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

Look unto Jesus, the author and the finisher of our faith; not look to see what neighbor Jones is doing, to see if we ain't better than he is. We will never get much peace in that way. What is the standard? Look up. Look up to-night because there is darkness around us. We are not to look around us, but we are to keep looking up. Christ is the light of the world, and you know the world refused to have the light; they put it out; they took him to Calvary and they put Him to death. Just before they put Him out He says, "Ye are the light of the world." What Christ has left us down here for is to shine. We are not put here to make money, but that we may shine out like Daniel in Babylon, and if a man will let his light shine—it don't say make it shine—the light will shine out of our countenance, and the world will see there is a living reality in the religion of Jesus Christ.

I remember in the darkest hours in the history of our country, when it looked as if everything was going to pieces, I remember attending a prayer-meeting one Sunday night, and every one

spoke on the dark side, and an old man, the light shining out of his eyes, and his beautiful white hair falling over his shoulders, said, "You don't talk like true sons of the King. It is all light up around the throne. If an unconverted man should come in here and listen to you he certainly wouldn't want to become a Christian."

He said he had just come from the East, and he had heard one of his friends talk about a beautiful sunrise, and he made arrangements with the landlord to take him up on the summit to see the sunrise. So in the morning the guide aroused him and they started out. The guide went ahead and he followed. He said they had not been gone a great while when there came a terrible thunder storm, and the old man said to the guide, "It will be no use to go up; we can't see the sun rise; the storm is fearful." "O, sir," said the guide, "I think we will get above the storm." They could see the lightning playing about them, and the great old mountain shook with the thunder, and it was very dark; but when they got up above the clouds all was light and clear.

LIGHT ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

So if it is dark here, rise higher; it is light enough up around the throne. If I may rise up to the light, I have no business to be in darkness. Rise higher, higher, higher. It is the privilege of the child of God to walk on unclouded. Sinner, look up from this night and from this hour. Now I don't know but there may be some infidel, some skeptic here. I heard of an infidel once who said, "Look at your convert; it is all moonshine." The young convert replied to him, "I thank you for the compliment. We are perfectly willing to be called that. The moon borrows the light from the sun, and so we borrow ours from Christ." And so bear in your minds, my friends, that we borrow our light from Christ.

In the 121st Psalm it is written, "Behold He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper." If He is our keeper, can anything hurt us? Keep this in your hearts, that Christ is able to save you; He is not only able to light you upon the way, but He is able to keep you from this night and

from this hour, until He presents you before the throne without spot and without blemish. Don't tell me He doesn't have the power to keep you. He has. That is what Christ came into the world for, to keep sinners. Some men have an idea when they get converted that they have got to keep Christ and themselves, too. It is all wrong.

LITTLE GIRL AND HER MUFF.

I remember one time my little girl was teasing her mother to get her a muff, and so one day her mother brought a muff home, and, although it was storming, she very naturally wanted to go out in order to try her new muff. So she tried to get me to go out with her. I went out with her, and I said, "Emma, better let me take your hand." She wanted to keep her hands in her muff, and so she refused to take my hand. Well, by and by she came to an icy place, her little feet slipped, and down she went. When I helped her up she said, "Papa, you may give me your little finger." "No, my daughter, just take my hand." "No, no, papa, give me your little finger." Well, I gave my finger to her, and for a little way she got along nicely, but pretty soon we came to another icy place, and again she fell. This time she hurt herself a little, and she said, "Papa, give me your hand," and I gave her my hand, and closed my fingers about her wrist, and held her up so that she could not fall.

Just so God is our keeper. He is wiser than we. Run to your Elder Brother for aid. Is there a man here to whom a saloon is a temptation? Who can't go by a saloon without wanting to go in? Just let him throw himself upon the Lord. Say, "Lord Jesus, keep me."

There are thousands and millions around the throne of God to-night. Yes, God gave them grace, and overcame all things for them. Thank God, oh, thank God for that. When I was in England I had a great curiosity to visit the Zoological Gardens, because of a story I heard concerning them. There was a man who had a little dog which he had trained to run. So one day he made a bet about his dog's running, but when the time came for the

race the little dog wouldn't run at all and the man lost all his money. This so enraged the man that he beat the dog terribly, and at last he tucked him into the lion's cage. He thought the lion would make quick work of him, but the lion lapped the dog and made a pet of him, so at last the men wanted to get his dog back, and he called to him, and tried by every means to make the little dog come out of cage, but he wouldn't come.

So the man went and told a man about it, and the man told the keeper, and when the keeper came, the man said to him, "That's my dog in the cage there, and I want you to get him out for me." Then the keeper said, "How came the dog there?" And the man had to tell, and the keeper said, "If you want your dog you can take him out of the cage." He could not take him out, and there he stayed for twenty years. The only safety is to keep close to Christ, the lion of the tribe of Judah.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Ah! what a shepherd. The shepherd takes care of the sheep. Did you ever hear of the sheep taking care of the shepherd? Strive to get into the fold. The Lord is my shepherd. Oh! what a good shepherd. But I want to speak of another thing that the Lord is. He is a burden-bearer. I will not speak of His wisdom, righteousness, strength, power. It would take eternity to tell it.

There is not a poor, sin-weary mortal that may not at once cast his burden upon Christ. Cast all your burden upon the Lord. People sometimes pray to have their burdens taken from them, and then they will rise up and take their burdens on their shoulders and go away unrelieved. I like to think of Christ as the burden-bearer. A minister was moving his library up-stairs. His little boy wanted to help him, so he gave him the biggest book he could find, and the little fellow tugged at it till he got it about half-way up, and then he sat down and cried. His father found him, and just took him in his arms, big book and all, and carried him up stairs. So Christ will carry you and all your burdens.

CHAPTER XV.

Christ's Mission to the World.

YOU will find my text this evening in the 19th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, and part of the 10th verse: "*For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*" In this little short verse the whole mission of Christ is told. He came for a purpose, He came to do a work, and we get the information of what He came to do in this verse—he came to save sinners—to save the lost. If you will look in your Bibles carefully you will find that every man that God sent before Christ had a work to do, and he always succeeded, and do you think that God will send His Son to do work on earth and not give Him power and strength to do that work? He sent His Son here to save sinners, and He did give Him the power to accomplish that work.

Do you think that Christ, who voluntarily came into the world to save sinners, is not willing to receive all that come to Him—not willing to save them? Now let us take up this verse and look at it on every side, and look around it, and see how it was that He uttered these words. In the last part of the 18th chapter, that I read this evening, we find Christ coming near to the City of Jericho. A man who had come down to Jerusalem had met a poor blind beggar sitting by the wayside. The beggar had probably asked him for something—some money. But the stranger said to him, "I have got something more precious than silver or gold; you may get back your sight." "Oh," says Bartimeus, "that cannot be; there is no chance for me. I have not got eye-balls, even. I was born blind; never saw the mother that gave me birth; never saw the wife that leaned on my breast; never saw my offspring; never saw my friends or neighbors or the light of heaven." "But," says the stranger, "it is yet true; for I have come down from Jerusalem, and I saw there a man who

had been born blind, just as bad as you are now, and he received his sight." "Received his sight!" said the beggar; "oh, tell me how it was; tell me all about it."

And the man went on and told him how Christ had given the man sight. He told him that he had seen Christ stoop down on the earth, spit upon it and make some mud of the clay, and put the mixture on the eyes of the man, and, behold! the man received his sight. Why, if a man has the best eyes in the world—to make a mixture like that and put it in his eyes! But God's ways are not like our ways. He does not work as we think He would work. But the man went on and assured Bartimeus that the man after this operation had actually received as good sight as he ever had. And the man proceeded, and further told the beggar that he had something more to say, and that was it did not cost the man anything.

SIGHT RESTORED TO THE BLIND.

Oh, what a physician that was! We never had such a physician, and never will have. Just think that a man restores your sight and never charges you anything for it! It was never heard of before that a man should receive this great blessing and not receive it without paying money or doing anything to secure this great mercy. You have not got to send a deputation to this great Prophet, to give him money, or to use influence with Him, or to plead with Him. All you have to do is to ask Him, and you will get your petition. After this information, which Bartimeus received with the greatest astonishment, he replied, "Oh, if He only comes this way, I will ask Him, and I will present my petition to Him."

And so it is, my Christian friends, with Christ to-day. Ask Him what you want, and you have God's own word that ye shall receive it. Did you ever see a man that went to God and asked Him properly, and for a proper thing, that he didn't get it? Ask the Lord always, and He is always ready to give. And I can imagine the joy with which Bartimeus received these glad tidings. In what a forlorn and desperate condition had Bartimeus been! You can see him being led out by one of his children along the

streets from day to day, or by a faithful dog, to ask alms from his fellows as they passed by. "Give," he would say, "a poor blind beggar a farthing; I have been blind these many years; I am destitute; help me."

He had sat in the same place before, and he received his usual pittance. But now there is going to happen a great thing. He is in his accustomed place; he hears the footsteps of a crowd approaching, and he asks, "What does it mean? Who is that coming?" And they tell him that it is Jesus of Nazareth who is passing by. I can imagine the thrill that pervades the poor man. Here is Jesus of whom he has heard; here is his great chance, his golden opportunity. This is his time, and he cries out with a loud voice, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me."

NOTHING COULD HUSH HIS CRY.

Perhaps it was Peter that turned round upon him and told him to hush. He thought that Jesus was going to be crowned King of the Jews as soon as he reached the city, and he did not think it became any one to disturb him. Or, perhaps, it was John who did not understand the cry. But he still kept on—they told him to be still in vain—"Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!" And our Lord looked that way, He never hears a man cry unto Him in vain. And Jesus stopped and commanded the man to be brought unto Him.

I can just picture that scene when they came running up to the poor blind man. "The man has sent for you," they say. Yes, God never sends for any one yet, but that He has a blessing in store for him. They take him by the hand and lead him to Jesus. The Lord asked what could He do for him, and Bartimeus replied, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." And the heart of the Son of God was moved with compassion, and He said to him that he should receive his sight, and immediately the man saw, and the first object he saw on getting the light was the Son of God Himself. Then he goes among the crowd, and no one shouts louder than Bartimeus. He shouts glory to God in the highest, and he presses on after Christ on his way to the city.

You can all take in the joy of that moment that had arrived to this poor man. When he gets to the city he leaves the crowd, and says he will just step round and see his wife. He had never seen her before, and wanted to find out what sort of a wife he had. He also wanted to see his children. Well, as he goes on his way a man meets him and looks at him in astonishment. "What, who is this? Is your name Bartimeus?" "Yes," says Bartimeus, "it is I." "Why," says his fellow-citizen, "how's this? I thought you were blind." "Yes," says Bartimeus, "I was blind, but I just met Jesus outside the city, and He has given me my sight."

HE CAME DOWN INSTANTLY.

Another man also heard of Jesus, and another convert was made—Zaccheus. And just here I want to put this picture before the minds of those who don't believe in sudden conversions. This Zaccheus had gone up among the branches and the leaves of a sycamore tree, but as Jesus passed under He saw the man, and said at once to him, "Zaccheus, come down," and the eye and the voice of the Son of God flashed life into the soul of Zaccheus. He told Zaccheus that that was the last time he should pass that way; and, sinner, when God calls upon you it may be the last time you will ever hear his voice. But Zaccheus heard the voice and obeyed it, and he was not scared into obeying it, either. Some persons at the present day would rather be scared into the Kingdom of Heaven than any other way. But that is not the way that Jesus did.

Some of these professed Christians talk against sudden conversions; but how long did it take the Lord to convert Zaccheus? He must have been converted getting down. It was right in the air, between the branches and the ground. You see those people who say, "I don't believe these are genuine conversions." Ah, I wish we could have a few more conversions like Zaccheus. Zaccheus gave one-half of his goods to the poor. Do you think you could make a poor man in Jericho believe that conversion not genuine? If we could have a few more conversions like that here, do you think you could make the poor people in this city believe that that conversion wasn't genuine?

I tell you if men are converted like Zaccheus the people wouldn't be talking against conversions then. Zaccheus gave half his goods to the poor. Zaccheus did more than that, he said, "If I have taken anything from any man falsely I will restore him four-fold." It made a great stir in Jericho. The people said, "There is a true disciple." It was like a flashing meteor; and how sudden it was. You must remember one thing; if you don't give half your goods to the poor, you must make restitution. If you have lied about a man, if you have slandered a man, if you have abused a man, go and tell him that you have done him an injustice; go and make restitution.

HAD BEEN A RANK SCOFFER.

I felt much encouraged last night; a man came into the inquiry room and said, "Mr. Moody, I want you to forgive me." "Why," said I, "I have got nothing to forgive you for; I never met you before." "Well," said the man, "I have been abusing you for about a year. I was here last night and I got converted, and I want to ask your forgiveness." He had been abusing me and slandering me, and been talking about something he didn't know anything about. There was a man in Brooklyn who said about restitution: "There is a shoemaker's bill I have been owing, and I have owed it for nine years." So he went around the next day and paid it. The shoemaker said, "Well, I believe in those kind of meetings now." He didn't believe in them before.

What we want is to have men become disciples of Jesus Christ. I may be speaking to some clerk to-night who has taken money from his employer falsely. It may be that he has covered up his track, and no one knows it but the all-seeing eye of God. But you can't look up, and you can't have the sympathies of God, and you can't be converted unless you make restitution. It may be that you have squandered the money, and can't make restitution; but go right to that man you have injured and confess it.

There was a man who had robbed his employer of \$500, and the spirit of God aroused him and he went to one of our ministers and told the story. He wanted to become a Christian, but there

was the \$500 right in his mind all the while. "Well," said the minister, "your path is very clear; you must pay back the money." "But," said the man, "I can't pay it back." "Then," said the minister, "you must go back to your employer, and confess it." But the man said, "My employer is a hard-hearted man, and if I confess it he will put me in prison." And the man couldn't do it, he thought. "Well," said the minister, "I will go and see your employer." And he went into the office of the man and told the story. "Now," said the minister, "I have reason to believe that that man has been converted of his sin. I believe if you will forgive it, and if you give him a chance, you may save the soul of the man, and he will work and pay back the money." The man said, "He shall never hear a word from me," and the result is that the clerk has now become a joyful Christian.

RESTORED MONEY OBTAINED UNLAWFULLY.

And so if you want to become followers of the Lord Jesus Christ you must make restitution. Zaccheus made restitution. He went into his office and made out a check for neighbor-so-and-so, and for neighbor so-and-so, for \$100, and then sent his clerk around and offered and urged different men to take this money; and do you think these men that had been robbed thought his conversion wasn't genuine? He paid back not only what he had taken, but he restored them four-fold. Do you think those men didn't have confidence in Zaccheus? There wasn't a man in all Jericho that didn't believe in his conversion. I can imagine a man saying, "Your master didn't owe me anything." But the clerk answers, "My master told me to tell you he had taxed you too much." What a smile came over his face. "What has come over this man? There was a time when he was unreasonable. He is giving money to the poor, and he is making restitution; that is a genuine conversion!" That is an evidence of the Son of God breathing life into a man's soul.

If we could only get the confession of a man that he is lost, it wouldn't be long before he would be saved. If a man aint lost why has he need of a Saviour? But, oh, how refreshing it is to



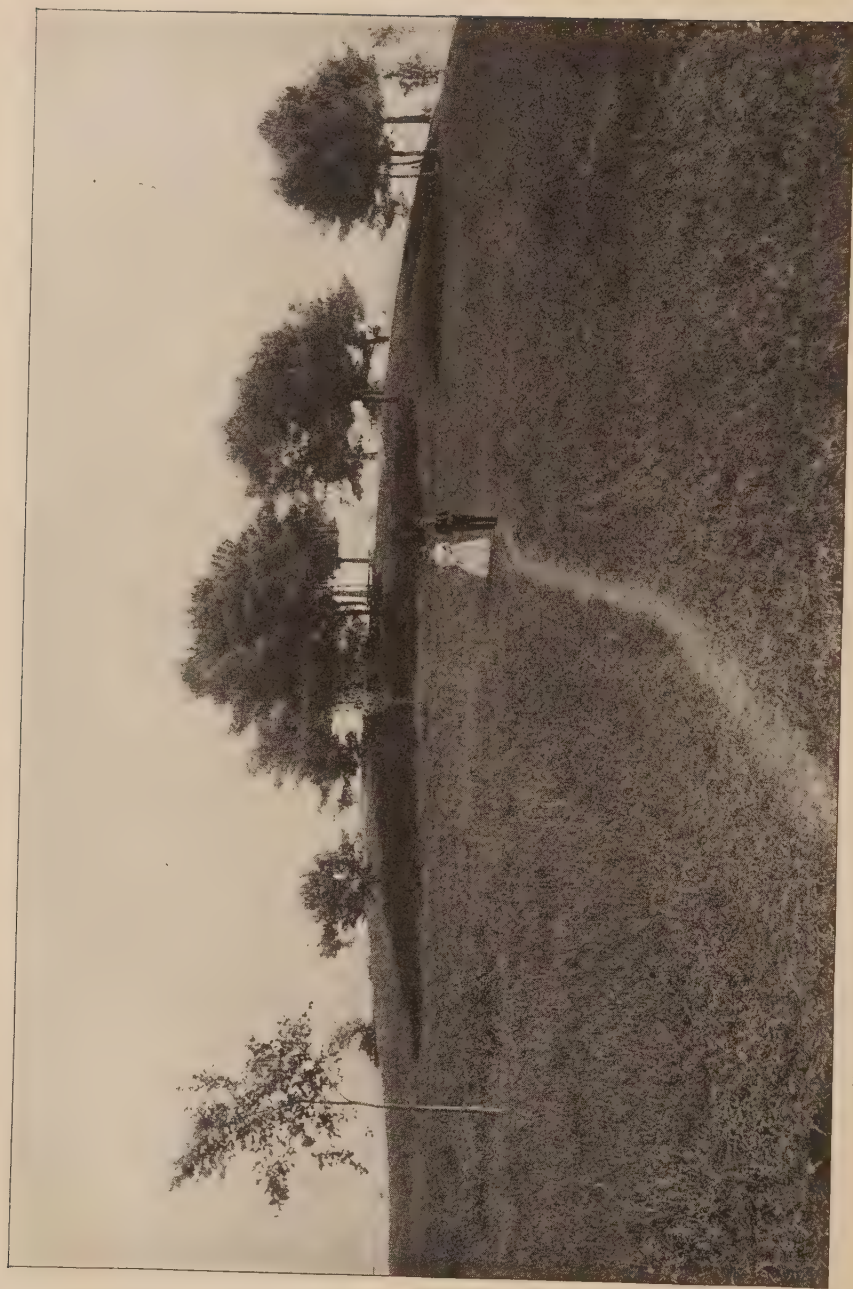
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find one who will admit that he is lost. If you will admit that you are a sinner, I can tell you there's One mighty to save—One who came to save sinners. I was invited to preach in the Tombs a few years ago. I supposed there was a chapel, as there are in most of our prisons, in which the prisoners would be gathered for me to talk to them. But I found they were in their cells, and I had to speak to them there. There were two tiers of cells above me, one below and one on a level with me. There were three or four hundred prisoners, but I couldn't see a face; it seemed as if I was talking to a wall or to the air.

EVERY ONE OF THEM INNOCENT.

And when I got through I thought I'd like to see who and what I had been talking to. When I looked in the first cell, I saw the prisoners playing cards, and I said, "How is it with you?" And they hesitated, and then said there had been false witnesses in the case, and they ought not to be there. In the second cell, when I spoke to them they said, "Well, we'll tell you, Chaplain, we got into bad company, and those that were with us got away and we got caught. We hadn't done anything wrong." And the prisoner in the next cell had an excuse: "The man that did it looked just like me, but they took me for him although I am innocent." And in the next cell they hadn't had their trial yet, but by next Sunday they would be out.

So I went from cell to cell, and I never found so many innocent men in one day in my life. The only guilty ones, they said, were the officers who put them there. So you say to-night, "I'm not lost, but the man in the seat next behind me is." You are drawing the rags of self-righteousness around you, and think you are not bad. But God says, "He that breaks the least of these commandments is guilty of all." If you were taken away, what would become of your soul? Every soul that is not born of God shall be lost for time and eternity. Don't let the infidels make you believe you are all right. Well, I went on through the cells, and at last, in one, I saw a man sitting with his head resting on his hands, and I could see tears falling from his eyes.

I asked him what his trouble was. He said, "My sins are greater than I can bear." And I said, "Thank God for that!" And he says, "Thank God for that? Ain't you the man's that's been preaching to us?" "Yes," I said; "I'm your friend, and I am glad you feel your sins." "Well," he says, "you are a queer friend." And I said, "If your sins are more than you can bear, you can cast them on One who is able to bear them. I've been hunting for you a long time." "What?" he says; "hunting for me!" And I said, "You are lost, and I am glad I have found one man who will admit that he is lost." And I preached Christ to him. I told him of Him who came to seek and save the lost, who came to open the prison doors and set the captive free, who gives life and light and peace and joy. I must have talked to him for half an hour, and then I said I would pray with him.

HAPPIEST OF ALL MEN.

So we knelt down, I on the outside and he on the inside. And after I had prayed I said, "Now you pray." And he said it would be blasphemy for him to pray. But I told him that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed from all sin, and he bowed his head down to the floor, and could only say, without so much as lifting his eyes toward heaven, "God be merciful to me, a poor, miserable wretch." No man sends up such a cry that God doesn't hear him. And I put my hand through the little window and I felt a tear drop on it; and I said, "I'll be praying for you to-night between 9 and 10 o'clock at the hotel, and I want you to meet me at the Throne of Grace."

That night it seemed as if the Spirit of God came upon me. I went to see him next morning, and the moment my eyes rested on him I saw a great change. Remorse and despair were gone, and the light from yon world had come upon him. He seemed to me to be the happiest man in this city. He said, "I thought I could never bear to see my old friends, but God came and set my soul free. I think it was about midnight. I cried and he heard me, and I am happy."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Victory of Faith.

TWENTIETH verse of the fifth chapter of Luke: "When he saw their faith." A little while before this Christ had been driven out of Nazareth, in his native town, and had come down to Capernaum to live, and He had begun His ministry, and some mighty miracles had already been wrought in Capernaum. A little while before this, one of the officers in King Herod's army had a son who had been restored. Peter's wife's mother, that lay sick with the fever, had been healed, and Mark tells us that the whole city was moved, that they had come to the door of the house where He was sitting, the whole city bringing their sick.

In fact, there was a great revival in Capernaum. That is what it was, and it is all it was. The news was spreading far and near. Everybody coming out of Capernaum was taking out tidings of what this mighty preacher was doing, and His mighty miracles, and the sayings that were constantly falling from His lips. And we read in a few verses before this 20th verse, that a man full of leprosy had come to Him and said: "Lord, if Thou canst, make me clean," and I want to call your attention to the difference between a man that had the palsy and the man that had the leprosy.

The man with the palsy had friends who had faith. The man who had the leprosy had no friends who believed he could be cleansed. There had been no leper cleansed for 800 years, and we read back in the days of Elisha that there was a leper that was cleansed, but none since that time until now. Here is a leper that has faith and goes right straight to the Son of God Himself; and I want to say if there is a poor sinner here to-night that has not got any friends that would pray for him, you can go right straight to Jesus Himself. You don't need any Bishop or priest

or potentate to intercede. Right away to Christ came this poor leper. He said: "If 'Thou wilt, 'Thou canst make me clean."

There is faith for you. He did not say, like the man in the 9th chapter of Mark: "If thou canst do anything for us, have compassion." He put the "if" in the wrong place; but this leper said, "If 'Thou wilt, 'Thou canst do it." It pleased the Lord, and He said: "I will. Be thou clean," and away went the leprosy. He was made well in a minute, and of course this news had gone out of Capernaum, and not only the city was stirred, but the country also, and now we read that they were coming up from all parts of Judea, from Galilee and all the villages, and even from Jerusalem.

CAME OUT OF CURIOSITY.

The news had reached Jerusalem, and the Pharisees and philosophers and wise men, were coming up to this northern town to see what this great revival meant. They didn't come up to get a blessing. Like a great many who come to these meetings, they came out of curiosity. They came to see how it was that this man was performing such mighty miracles, and they were told that He was in the house. There they were sitting around the Master, and we are told the power of the Lord was present to heal them. But it don't say that they were healed. They didn't think that they were sick and needed a Saviour.

Like hundreds now that are drawing around them their filthy rags of self-righteousness, they think they are good enough without salvation, and they just come here to reason out the philosophy of the meeting, and how it is so many people come together night after night to hear this old Gospel, which has been preached 1800 years. "And the power of the Lord was present to heal them." I have thought a number of times what a glorious thing it would have been if they had all been healed. What a glorious thing if those men coming out of Judea had been converted and gone back to publish the glad tidings in their homes and villages. What a revival it would have been. But they didn't come for that purpose, but only to reason out the thing.

But while these things were being done, suddenly a noise was heard overhead. The people heard a noise on the roof and looked up to see what was the matter. Now, there were four men in Capernaum—I have an idea they were young converts—who found a man who had the palsy, and they could not get him to Jesus. Matthew, Mark and Luke all three give an account, but don't one of them say that the man himself had any faith. I can imagine these four men said to the man with the palsy, "If we can get you to Jesus all He has to do is to speak and the palsy is gone." And I see these four men making arrangements to take this man with the palsy away to Christ. They prepared a couch something like the stretcher we had in the war, and I see these four men each one taking his place to carry that couch through the streets of Capernaum. They go with a firm step and steady thread. They are moving toward that house where Christ is. These men have confidence. They know that the Son of God has power to heal this man, and they say, "If we can only get him to Jesus, the work will be done;" and while these philosophers and scribes and wise men were there, trying to reason out the philosophy of the thing, these men arrived at the door, and for the crowd could not get in.

FAITH STOPS AT NO OBSTACLES.

They undoubtedly asked some of the men to come out and let this man with the palsy in; but they could not get them out, and there they are. But faith looks over obstacles. Faith is not going to surrender. Now these men felt they must get in in some way, and I can imagine they went to one of the neighbors and asked them, "Just allow us to use your stairway. Here is a man that has the leprosy and we want to get him in," and I see the men taking this man up, and at last they get him upon the roof of the house where Christ is preaching; and now you can hear them ripping up the roof, and everybody looks up to see what the noise is; and at last they see that while Christ is preaching these four men are making a hole large enough to let a man down through.

He must have been a good man, or he would have complained to see his roof torn up in that way. But these men wanted to get

the leper cleansed. That was worth more than the roof. They wanted to get the man blessed. They let the man right down into the presence of these Pharisees and Scribes. It would have been like letting him down into an ice-house if Christ had not been there. Those Scribes and Pharisees—they didn't have any compassion; they didn't have any sympathy for the fallen; they didn't have any sympathy for the erring. There was One who had sympathy for the man who was suffering. They laid him right down at the feet of Jesus.

GOOD CHEER FOR THE POOR SUFFERER.

My friends, you can't take palsied souls to a better place than to the feet of Jesus. They called upon the crowd to stand aside and make room, and they just placed him at the feet of Jesus. Christ looks up, and when He saw their faith—not the man's faith; it don't say that he had any—He saw their faith—that's the point. I believe that that whole miracle is to teach us, that that whole lesson is to teach us Christians that God will honor our faith. I see the Son of God looking up at those four men who laid this leper down. He looked up yonder and saw their faith. There is nothing on this earth that pleases Him so much as faith. Wherever He finds faith it pleases Him. Twice Christ marvelled. I believe Christ marvelled only twice. Once He marvelled at the faith of the Centurion, and He marvelled at the unbelief of the Jews.

When He saw their faith, He said to the man looking down at Him, "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven." Why, he didn't come for that; he only expected to get rid of his palsy; he didn't expect to have his sins forgiven. These men begun to look around with amazement. "That is a very grievous charge; He forgives sin. What right has he to do that? It is God and God alone who does that." I tell you the Jews to a man didn't believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. They began to reason among themselves, but Christ knew what they were thinking about. He could read their thoughts. Christ said to them, "Is it easier for me to say to the man, 'His sins be forgiven,' or for me to say, 'Rise up and walk?'" Now that you may know that the Son of Man hath power

to forgive sins, I say, 'Rise up and walk.' " Now the man was a leper. He hadn't the power to rise, but he leaps up in a minute. He packs up that old bed that he had lain on for years, and away he goes. The man walks out with his bed on his back, and away he goes home.

The men began to look at one another with amazement, and one and another said, "We have seen strange things to-day." How long did it take the Lord Jesus Christ to heal that man? Some men say, "Oh, we don't believe in instantaneous conversions." How long did it take the Lord to heal the man of the leprosy? One word, and away went the leprosy. One word and the man stood up, and he rolled his bed up, and away he went on his way home. I should like to have seen his wife. I can imagine she was about as surprised as any woman you ever saw.

FOUR CAN DO WHAT ONE CANNOT.

But now the word I want to call your attention to is this: "When He saw their faith." Now, there are a great many men that don't have any faith in the Gospel at all. They don't believe in that Bible. There are a great many men in this city who are infidels. There are a great many skeptics. There is one thing that encourages me very much. The Lord can honor our faith and raise those men. "When He saw their faith." Suppose a man should go to the house of his neighbor, and say, "Come, let us take neighbor Levi to neighbor Peter's house; Christ is there, and we can get him healed," and the two found they weren't able to carry the man, so they got three, and the three weren't able, so they got the fourth.

Now I don't know of anything that would make a man get up quicker than to have four people combining to try to bring him to Christ. Suppose one man calls upon him after breakfast; he doesn't think much about it; he has had some one invite him to Christ before. Suppose before dinner the second man comes, and says, "I want to lead you to Christ. I want to introduce you to the Son of God." The man has got quite aroused now; perhaps he has never had the subject presented to him by two different men in one day.

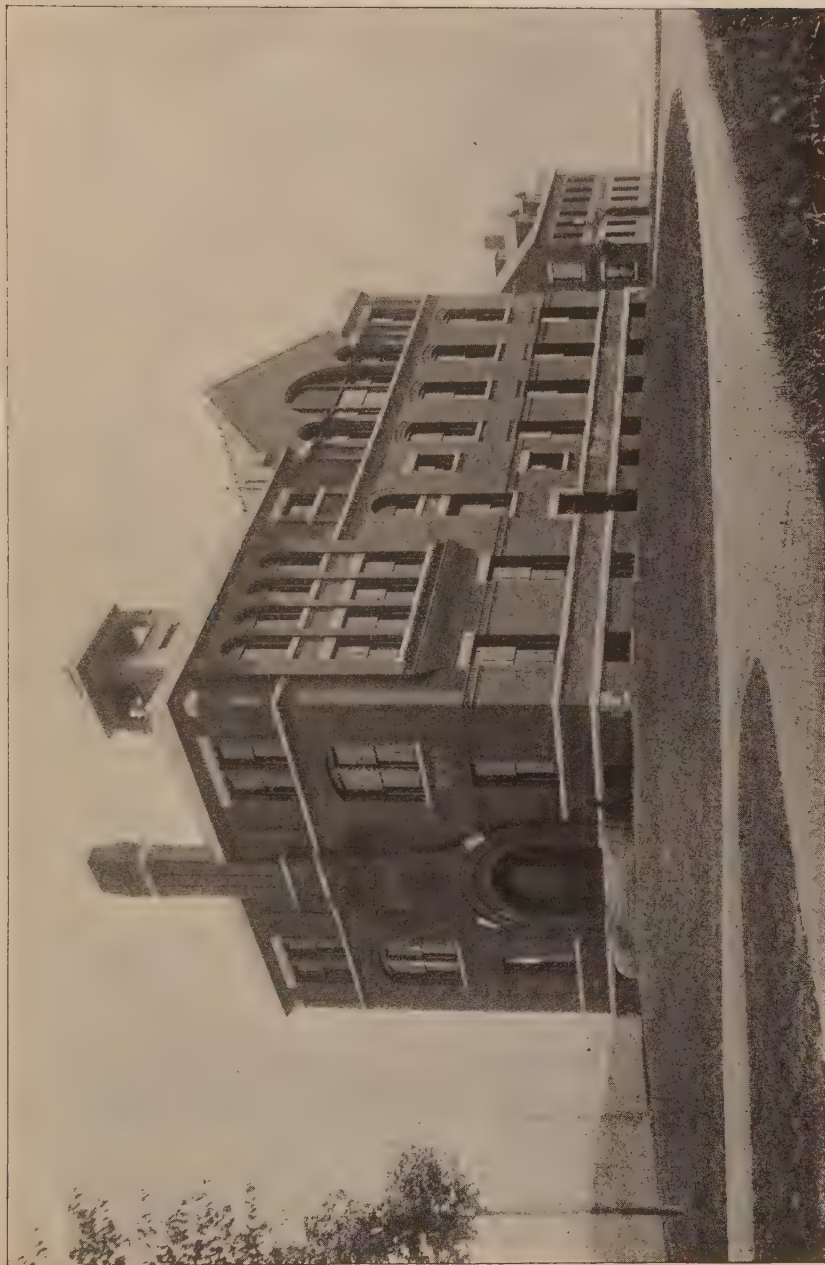
But the third man has come, and the man has got thoroughly aroused by this time, and he says to himself, "Why, I never thought so much about my soul as I have to-day." But before the man gets to bed at night the fourth man has come, and I will guarantee that he won't sleep much that night—four men trying to bring him to Christ. If we can't bring our friends to Christ, let us get others to help us. If four men won't do it, let us add the fifth, and the Lord will see our faith, and the Lord will honor our faith, and we will see them brought to the Son of God.

A SISTER'S LETTER.

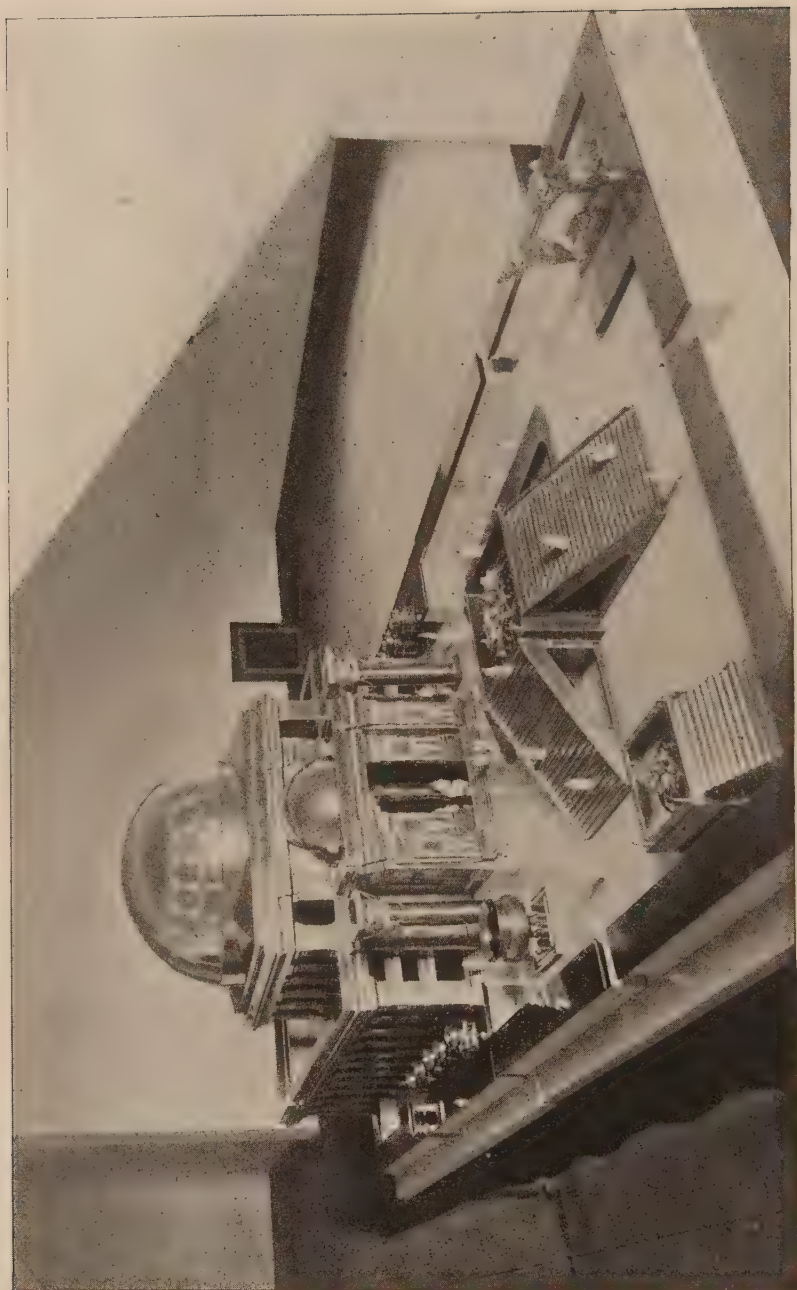
When I was at Nashville during our late war, I was closing the noon prayer-meeting and a great strong man came up to me, trembling from head to foot. He took a letter out of his pocket and wanted to have me read it. It was a letter from his sister. The sister stated in that letter that every night as the sun went down she went down on her knees to pray for him. The sister was six hundred miles away, and said the soldier, "I never thought of my soul until last night. I have stood before the cannon's mouth and it never made me tremble, but, sir, I haven't slept a wink since I got that letter." I think there is many a Christian here who understands what that letter meant. The Lord had seen her faith. It was God honoring faith, and it was God answering prayer.

And so, my friends, if God sees our faith, these friends that we are anxious for will be brought to Christ. When we were in Edinburgh a man came to me and said, "Over yonder is one of our most prominent infidels in Edinburgh. I wish you would go over and see him." I took my seat beside him, and I asked him if he was a Christian. He laughed at me and said he didn't believe in the Bible. "Well," said I, after talking for some time, "will you let me pray with you? Will you let me pray for you?" "Yes," said he, "just pray, and see if God will answer your prayer. Now let the question be decided." "Will you kneel?" "No, I won't kneel. Whom am I going to kneel before?" He said it with considerable sarcasm.

I got down and prayed beside the infidel. He sat very straight,



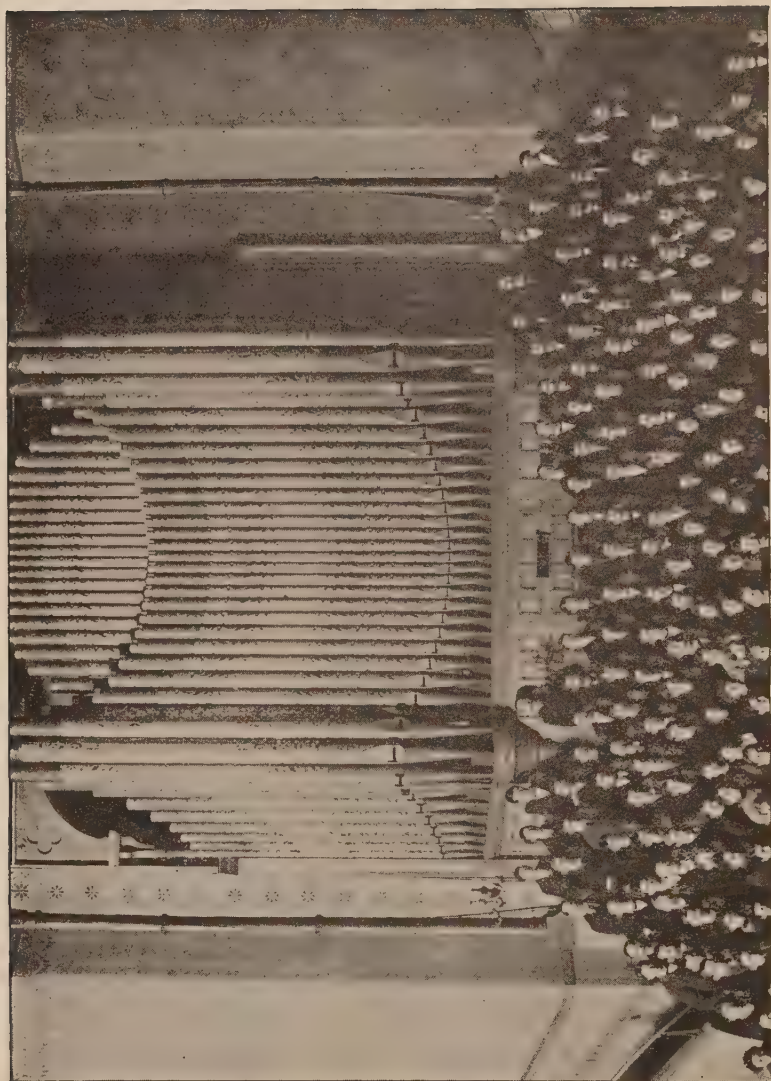
RECITATION HALL—MOODY'S MOUNT HERMON SEMINARY



MODEL OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE—USED FOR OBJECT TEACHING AT NORTFIELD SEMINARY



THE CHURCH ERECTED FOR DWIGHT L. MOODY IN CHICAGO



ORGAN AND CHORUS CHOIR IN THE MOODY CHURCH—CHICAGO

so that the people should understand that he was not in sympathy at all with my prayer. After I got through I said, "Well, my friend, I believe that God will answer my prayer, and I want you to let me know when you are saved." "Yes, I will let you know when I am saved," all with considerable sarcasm. At last up at Wick, at a meeting in the open air, one night on the outskirts of the crowd I saw the Edinburgh infidel. He said, "Didn't I tell you God wouldn't answer your prayer?" I said, "The Lord will answer my prayer yet." I had a few minutes' conversation with him and left him, and just a year ago this month, when we were preaching in Liverpool, I got a letter from one of the leading pastors of Edinburgh stating that the Edinburgh infidel had found his way to Christ and found the Lord. He wrote an interesting letter, saying how God had saved him.

GOD'S POWER TO SAVE.

And there may be many in this city who will laugh at this idea, and they will cavil, and perhaps they will say to-night that God don't answer prayer; but he does, if Christians will only have faith. God can save the greatest infidel, the greatest skeptic, the greatest drunkard. What we want is to have faith. Oh, let that word sink down deep into the heart of every Christian here to-night, and let us show our faith by our works.

Let us go out and bring all our friends here, and if there is poor preaching, we can bring down from heaven the necessary blessings without good preaching. One evening a skeptic came in just out of curiosity. He wanted to see the crowd, and he hadn't more than crossed the threshold of the door before the spirit of God met him, and I asked him if there was anything in the sermon that influenced him, in hopes that I was going to get something to encourage me; but he could not tell what the text was. I asked him if it was the singing, but he didn't know what Mr. Sankey had sung. It was the power of God alone that converted him, and that is what we want in these meetings.

If we have this power, when we invite our friends here the Lord will meet them and will answer prayer and save them. Let

us go and bring our unconverted friends here. All through the services let us be lifting up our hearts in prayer. God save our friend! O God, convert him! And in answer to our prayer the Lord will save them.

While in London there was a man away off in India—a godly father—who had a son in London, and he got a furlough and came clear from India to London to see after his boy's spiritual welfare. Do you think God let that man come thus far without honoring that faith? No. He converted that son, and that is the kind we want—where faith and works go together; and if we have faith God will honor it and answer our prayer. Only a few years ago in the City of Philadelphia there was a mother that had two sons. They were just going as fast as they could to ruin. They were breaking her heart, and she went into a little prayer-meeting and got up and presented them for prayer. They had been on a drunken spree or had just started in that way, and she knew that their end would be a drunkard's grave, and she went among these Christians and said, "Won't you just cry to God for my two boys?"

HAPPIEST HOME IN THE CITY.

The next morning those two boys had made an appointment to meet each other on the corner of Market and Thirteenth Streets—though not that they knew anything about our meeting—and while one of them was there at the corner, waiting for his brother to come, he followed the people who were flooding into the depot building, and the spirit of the Lord met him, and he was wounded and found his way to Christ. After his brother came, he found the place too crowded to enter; so he, too, went curiously into another meeting and found Christ, and went home happy; and when he got home, he told his mother what the Lord had done for him; and the second son came with the same tidings.

I heard one get up afterward to tell his experience in the young converts' meeting; and he had no sooner told the story than the other got up and said: "I am that brother, and there is not a happier home in Philadelphia than we have got;" and they went out, bringing their friends to Christ.

Let us now show our faith by our works. Let us away to our friends, to our neighbors, and to those we have an influence over, and let us talk about Christ, and let us plead with God that they may be converted, and instead of there being a few thousands converted in this city, tens of thousands can be converted; and let our prayers go up to God in our homes and around our family altars. Let the prayers go up, "O God, save my unconverted husband." "O God, save my unconverted wife." "O God, save my unconverted children," and God will hear that cry. As I was coming out of a daily prayer-meeting in one of our Western cities, a mother came up to me and said, "I want to have you see my husband and ask him to come to Christ." I took out my memorandum book, and I put down his name. She says, "I want to have you go and see him." I knew the name and that it was a learned judge, and so said to her, "I can't argue with him. He is a good deal older than I am, and it would be out of place. Then I am not much for infidel argument." "Well, Mr. Moody," she says, "that ain't what he wants. He's got enough of that. Just ask him to come to the Saviour." She urged me so hard and so strong, that I consented to go.

JUDGE THOUGHT HIS VISITOR FOOLISH.

I went up to the office where the judge was doing business, and told him what I had come for. He laughed at me. "You are very foolish," he said, and began to argue with me. I said, "I don't think it will be profitable for me to hold an argument with you. I have just one favor I want to ask of you, and that is that when you are converted you will let me know." "Yes," said he, "I will do that. When I am converted I will let you know"—with a good deal of sarcasm. I thought the prayers of that wife would be answered if mine were not.

A year and a half after I was in that city, and a servant came to my door and said: "There is a man in the drawing-room." I found the judge there. He said: "I promised I would let you know when I was converted." I had heard it from other lips, but I wanted to hear it from his own. He said

his wife had gone out to a meeting one night and he was home alone, and while he was sitting there by the fire he thought, "Supposing my wife is right, and my children are right; suppose there is a heaven and hell, and I shall be separated from them." His first thought was, "I don't believe a word of it."

PRIDE WAS FINALLY OVERCOME.

The second thought came, "You believe in the God that created you, and that the God that created you is able to teach you. You believe that God can give you life." "Yes, the God that created me can give me life. I was too proud to get down on my knees by the fire, and I said, 'O God, teach me.' And as I prayed, I don't understand it, but it began to get very dark, and my heart got very heavy. I was afraid to tell my wife, and I pretended to be asleep. She kneeled down beside that bed, and I knew she was praying for me. I kept crying, 'O God, teach me.' I had to change my prayer, 'O God, save me; O God, take away this burden.' But it grew darker and darker, and the load grew heavier and heavier. All the way to my office I kept crying, 'O God, take away this load.' I gave my clerks a holiday, and just closed my office and locked the door. I fell down on my face; I cried in agony to my Lord, 'O Lord, for Christ's sake, take away this guilt.' I don't know how it was, but it began to grow very light. I said, I wonder if this isn't what they call conversion. I think I will go and ask the minister if I am not converted."

The old judge said to me: "Mr. Moody, I have enjoyed life in the last three months more than all put together." The judge did not believe, the wife did, and God honored her faith and saved that man. And he went up to Springfield, Ill., and the old judge stood up there and told those politicians what God, for Christ's sake, had done for him. And now let this text sink down deep into your hearts: "When He saw their faith." Let us lift up our hearts to God in prayer that he may give us faith.

CHAPTER XVII.

Courage and Enthusiasm.

I SHALL take for my subject to-night only two words, Courage and Enthusiasm—necessary qualifications for successful work in the Lord's service. In this chapter, Josh. i., I read to-night four different times God tells Joshua to be of good courage, and He says that if he was of good courage no man should be able to stand before him all the days of his life. And we read that in the evening of his life he was successful, and that no man was able to stand before him all his days. God fulfilled His promise. God kept His word. But see how careful God is to instruct him on this one point. Four times in one chapter he says to him, "Be of good courage, and then you shall prosper; then you shall have good success."

And I have yet to find that God ever uses a man that is all the time looking on the dark side, and is all the time talking about the obstacles and looking at them, and is discouraged and cast down. It is not these Christians that go around with their head down like a bulrush, looking at the obstacles and talking about the darkness all the time, that God uses. They kill everything they touch. There is no life in them. Now if we are going to succeed we have got to be of good courage, and the moment we get our eyes on God and remember who He is, and that He has all power in heaven and earth, and that it is God who commands us to work in His vineyard, then it is that we will have courage given us.

Now if you just take your Bibles and look carefully through them you will see the men that have left their mark behind them; the men that have been successful in winning souls to Christ have all been men of that stamp. You will notice that when Moses commenced, after he had been among the Egyptians forty years, he thought the time had come for him to commence his work of delivering the captives, and he went out, and the first thing we hear is

that he was looking this way and that way to see if somebody called him.

He was not fit for God's work. God had to take him on the back side of the desert for forty years, and then God was ready to send him, and Moses then looked but one way. And He sent him down into Egypt, and he had courage and God could use him. But it took him forty years to learn that lesson, that he must have courage and boldness to be a fit vessel for the Master's use.

THE PROPHET OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Again we find Elijah on Mount Carmel, full of boldness. How the Lord used him! How the Lord stood by him! How the Lord blessed him! But when he got his eyes off the way, and Jezebel sent a message to him that she would have his life, he got afraid. He was not afraid of Ahab and the whole royalty, and he was not afraid of the whole nation. He stood on Mount Carmel alone, and see what courage he had and admiration. But what came over him I don't know, unless it was that he got his eyes off the Lord, and when one woman gave him that message he got frightened, and God had to go to him and ask him what he was doing; and he was not fit for God's communion.

That, I think, is the trouble with a good many of God's people. We get frightened, and are afraid to speak to men about their souls. We lack moral courage, and if we hear the voice of God speaking to us and saying, "Run and speak to that young man," we will go to him meaning to do it, and will really talk to him about everything else, and dare not about his soul. When we begin to invite them to Christ is when the work begins, and it won't begin until we have the courage given us and are ready to go and speak with them about their souls. We read that when the apostles were brought before the council they perceived their boldness, and it made an impression on the council. The Lord could use them then, because they were fearless and bold.

Look at Peter on Pentecost, when he charged the murder of the Son of God upon the Jews. A little while before he had got out of communion, and one little maid had scared him nearly out

of his life, so that he swore he didn't know Christ. Ah! he had his eyes off the Master, and the moment we get our eyes off Christ we get disheartened, and then God cannot use us.

I remember a few years ago I got discouraged and could not see much fruit of my work; and one morning, as I was in my study, cast down, one of my Sabbath school teachers came in and wanted to know what I was discouraged about, and I told him, because I could see no result of my work; and speaking about Noah, he said: "By the way, did you ever study up the character of Noah?" I felt that I knew all about that, and told him that I was familiar with it, and he said, "Now, if you never studied that carefully, you ought to do it, for I cannot tell you what a blessing it has been to me."

WORKED A HUNDRED YEARS.

When he went out I took down my Bible and commenced to read about Noah, and the thought came stealing over me, "Here is a man that toiled and worked a hundred years and didn't get discouraged; if he did, the Holy Ghost didn't put it on record," and the clouds lifted, and I got up and said, if the Lord wants me to work without any fruit I will work on. I went down to the noon prayer-meeting, and when I saw the people coming to pray I said to myself, "Noah worked a hundred years, and he never saw a prayer-meeting outside of his own family." Pretty soon a man got up right across the isle where I was sitting, and said he had come from a little town where there had been a hundred uniting with the Church of God the year before. And I thought to myself, "What if Noah had heard that! He preached so many, many years and didn't get a convert, yet he was not discouraged." Then a man got up right behind me, and he trembled as he said, "I am lost. I want you to pray for my soul." And I said, "What if Noah had heard that! He worked a hundred and twenty years, and never had a man come to him and say that; and yet he didn't get discouraged."

And I made up my mind then, that, God helping me, I would never get discouraged. I would do the best I could, and leave the results with God, and it has been a wonderful help to me. And so

let me say to the Christians here that we must expect good results, and never get discouraged; but if we don't get good results, let us not look on the dark side, but keep on praying, and in the fulness of time the blessing of God will come. What we want is to have the Christians come out and take their stand. I find a great many professed Christians for a long time ashamed to acknowledge that they have been quickened. Some have said they did not like the idea of asking Christians to rise, as I did last evening.

THE WOMAN WITH HER POKER.

Now, if we are going to be successful, we have got to take our stand for God, and let the world and every one know we are on the Lord's side. I have great respect for the woman that started out during the war with a poker. She heard the enemy were coming and went to resist them. When some one asked her what she could do with the poker, she said she would at least let them know what side she was on. And that is what we want, and the time is coming when the line must be drawn in this city, and those on Christ's side must take their stand, and the moment we come out boldly and acknowledge Christ, it is that men will begin to inquire what they must then do to be saved.

Then there is a class of people that are not warm enough. I don't think a little enthusiasm would hurt the Church at the present time. I think we need it. I know the world will cry out against it. Business men will cry out against religious enthusiasm. Let railroad stocks go up fifteen or twenty per cent., and see what a revival there would be in business. If there should be a sudden advance in stocks, see if there wouldn't be enthusiasm on 'Change to-morrow. Let there be a sudden change in business, and see if there isn't a good deal of enthusiasm on the street. We can have enthusiasm in business, we can have enthusiasm in politics, and no one complains of that. A man can have enthusiasm in everything else, but the moment that a little fire gets into the church they raise the cry, "Ah, enthusiasm—false excitement—I am afraid of it." I do not want false excitement, but I do think we want a little fire, a little holy enthusiasm.

But these men will raise the cry, "Zeal without knowledge." I had a good deal rather have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal, and it won't hurt us to have a little more of this enthusiasm and zeal in the Lord's work. I saw more zeal when I was in Princeton last Sunday than I have in many a year. I was talking to the students there about their souls, and after I had been talking for some time, quite a group of young men gathered around me, and the moment that one of them made a surrender and said, "Well, I will accept Christ," it seems as if there were twenty-five hands pressed right down to shake hands with him. That is what we want—men that will rejoice to hear of the conversion of men.

HEART ON FIRE FOR LIBERTY.

Although I don't admire his ideas, I do admire the enthusiasm of that man Garibaldi. It is reported that when he marched toward Rome in 1867, they took him up and threw him into prison, and he sat right down and wrote to his comrades, "If fifty Garibaldis are thrown into prison let Rome be free." That is the spirit. Who is Garibaldi? That is nothing. "If fifty Garibaldis are thrown into prison let Rome be free." That is what we want in the cause of Christ. We have got to work, and not be loitering at our ease. And then the question of dignity comes up. We have got to lay all that aside, and we have got to be helpers. What difference does it make whether we are hewers of wood or carriers of water while the Temple of God is being erected? Yes, let us have an enthusiasm in the Church of God. If we had it in a few of the churches, I believe it would be like a resurrection. The people would say, "What has come over this man? he ain't like the same man he was two months ago." We want to have them say, "The Son of God is dearer to us than our money. The Son of God is dearer to us than our families. The Son of God is dearer to us than our position in society."

Let us do anything that the work of God may go on, and when we get there God will bless us. Why, it says in the Bible, "One shall chase a thousand." We have not got many of that kind in

our churches. I wish we had more of them. It says, "Two shall put ten thousand to flight." Now, if a few should lay hold of God in this way, see what a great army ere long will be saved in this city! But then we have got to be men after God's own heart. We cannot be lukewarm; we have got to be on fire with the cause of Christ. We have got to have more of this enthusiasm that will carry us into the Lord's work. If there is going to be a great revival here, it aint going to be in this hall. It has got to be done by one and another going around and talking to their neighbors.

WOULD DIE BUT NEVER SURRENDER.

There isn't a skeptic, there isn't a drunkard, but what can be reclaimed if we come with desire in our hearts. We musn't go around professionally if we want to see any result. There is a story told in history in the ninth century, I believe, of a young man that came up with a little handful of men to attack a king who had a great army of three thousand men. The young man had five hundred, and the king sent a messenger to the young man, saying that he need not fear to surrender, for he would treat him mercifully. The young man called up one of his soldiers and said: "Take this dagger and drive it to your heart;" and the soldier took the dagger and drove it to his heart. And calling up another, he said to him, "Leap into yonder chasm," and the man leaped into the chasm.

The young man then said to the messenger, "Go back and tell your King I have got 500 men like these. We will die, but we will never surrender. And tell your King another thing, that I will have him chained with my dog inside of half an hour." And when the King heard that, he did not dare to meet them, and his army fled before them like chaff before the wind, and within twenty-four hours he had that King chained with his dog.

That is the kind of zeal we want, "We will die but we will never surrender." We will work until Jesus comes, and then we will rise with Him. O, if men are willing to die for patriotism, why can they not have the same zeal for Christ? All that Abraham Lincoln had to do, was to call for men, and how speedily they

came. When he called for 600,000 men how quick they sprang up all over the nation. Are not souls worth more than this republic? Are not souls worth more than this government? Don't we want 600,000 men? If 600 men should come forward whose hearts were right red-hot for the Son of God, we would be able to see what mighty results would follow. "One man shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight."

THE WHOLE ARMY SHOULD ADVANCE.

During our war, the generals that were all the time on the defensive, never succeeded. The generals that were successful, were the generals that were on the aggressive. Some of our churches think they are doing remarkably well if they hold their membership, and they think if they have thirty or forty conversions in that church during the year, that that is remarkable work. They think it is enough to supply the places of those who have died and those who have wandered away during the past. It seems to me we ought to bring thousands and thousands to Christ. I say the time has come for us to have a war on the side of aggression. There may be barriers in our path, but God can remove them. There may be a mountain in our way, but God can take us over the mountain. There may be difficulties in the way, but He can overcome them.

Our God is above them all, and if the Church of God is ready to advance, all obstacles will be removed. No man ever sent by God ever failed, but self must be lost sight of. We must be willing to lay down our lives for the cause of Christ.

When I was going to Europe in 1867, my friend Mr. Stuart, of Philadelphia, said, "Be sure to be at the General Assembly in Edinburgh, in June. I was there last year," said he, "and it did me a world of good." He said that a returned missionary from India was invited to speak to the General Assembly on the wants of India.

This old missionary, after a brief address, told the pastors who were present, to go home and stir up their churches and send young men to India to preach the gospel. He spoke with such earnest-

ness, that after a while he fainted, and they carried him from the hall. When he recovered he asked where he was, and they told him the circumstances under which he had been brought there. "Yes," he said, "I was making a plea for India, and I didn't quite finish my speech, did I?" After being told that he did not, he said, "Well, take me back and let me finish it." But they said, "No, you will die in the attempt." "Well," said he, "I will die if I don't," and the old man asked again that they would allow him to finish his plea. When he was taken back the whole congregation stood as one man, and as they brought him on the platform, with a trembling voice he said: "Fathers and mothers of Scotland, is it true that you will not let your sons go to India? I spent twenty-five years of my life there. I lost my health, and I have come back with sickness and shattered health. If it is true that we have no strong grandsons to go to India, I will pack up what I have and be off to-morrow, and I will let those heathen know that if I cannot live for them I will die for them."

GRAND WORK OF AN OLD WOMAN.

The world will say that that old man was enthusiastic. Well, that is just what we want. No doubt that is what they said of the Son of God when he was down here. O, that God may baptize us to-night with the spirit of enthusiasm! That He may anoint us to-night with the Holy Ghost! Let me say to some of you men—I see some gray locks here, who I have no doubt are saying, "I wish I was young again; I would like to help in this work. I would like to work for the Lord."

When we went to London there was an old woman, eighty-five years old, who came to the meetings and said she wanted a hand in that work. She was appointed to a district, and called on all classes of people. She went to places where we would probably have been put out, and told people of Christ. There were none that could resist her. When the old woman, eighty-five years old, came to them and offered to pray for them, they all received her kindly—Catholics, Jews, Gentiles, all. That is enthusiasm. That is what we want here. If you cannot give a day to this work, give an hour,

or if not an hour five minutes. If you have not strength to do anything personally, you can pray for this work.

Now, it is a good deal better to do that than it is to stand off criticising. Some will say, "O, I heard my grandfather say how such things should be done. This is not managed right to be successful." And they stand off and criticise and find fault, and we will never succeed as long as they do this. All should work and ask God's guidance.

THE FIREMAN AND CHILD.

Once, when a great fire broke out at midnight and people thought that all the inmates had been taken out, way up there in the fifth story, was seen a little child, crying for help. Up went a ladder, and soon a fireman was seen ascending to the spot. As he neared the second story the flames burst in fury from the windows, and the multitude almost despaired of the rescue of the child. The brave man faltered, and a comrade at the bottom cried out, "Cheer!" and cheer upon cheer arose from the crowd. Up the ladder he went and saved the child, because they cheered him. If you cannot go into the heat of the battle yourself, if you cannot go into the harvest field and work day after day, you can cheer those that are working for the Master.

I see many old people in their old days, get crusty and sour, and they discourage every one they meet by their fault-finding. That is not what we want. If we make a mistake come and tell us of it, and we will thank you. You don't know how much you may do by just speaking kindly to those that are willing to work. I remember when I was a boy I went several miles from home with an older brother. That seemed to me the longest visit of my life. It seemed that I was then further away from home than I had ever been before, or have ever been since.

While we were walking down the street we saw an old man coming toward us, and my brother said, "There is a man that will give you a cent. He gives every new boy that comes into this town a cent." That was my first visit to the town, and when the old man got opposite to us he looked around, and my brother not

wishing me to lose the cent and to remind the old man that I had not received it, told him that I was a new boy in the town. The old man, taking off my hat, placed his trembling hand on my head, and told me I had a Father in heaven. It was a kind, simple act, but I feel the pressure of the old man's hand upon my head to-day.

Now you can all do something in this work of saving souls. That is what we have come to this city for. There is not a mother, a father, nor wife, there is not a young man in all the city, but what ought to be in sympathy with this work. We have come here to try to save souls. I never heard of one that was brought to Christ that it injured them. Oh, let us pray for the Spirit of God; let us pray that this spirit of criticism and of fault-finding may be all laid aside, and that we may be of one spirit, as they were on the day of Pentecost.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Confessing Christ.

LAST night I spoke to you about believing. I want to follow that subject to-night with another subject as important, and that is Confession of Christ; not confessing sin, that is not what I want to talk about to-night, but confessing Christ. In the 10th chapter of Romans, 10th verse—a very little verse—you will find these words: “For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.” I believe there are a great many people who have got into trouble and difficulty right in the middle of that verse, because they do not understand why it is that they do not have the joy they have heard other Christian people talk about. They say they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; they say they trust Him, and Him alone, for salvation; they say that Christ is their only hope; but there they stop.

Now I say to you that confession is as important as faith. “With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.” Then the next verse says, “For the Scripture sayeth, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed.” Now, if a man really believes in his heart, the next thing he ought to do is to confess Christ, is it not? And you won’t get the blessing until you do. “With the mouth confession is made unto salvation.” The fact of the matter is that we are all moral cowards; we are ashamed to come out and confess Christ and take our stand on the Lord’s side, and on the side of His religion.

It is the only religion in the world that is worth having; it is the only religion in the world that gives life to man; but, strange to say, I believe we are the only people on earth who are ashamed of their religion. You cannot find a man who holds any false doctrine of religion who is not proud of it. If a man has got hold of

an error he is not ashamed to confess it and acknowledge it to all men. A man who is in the service of Satan is not ashamed of it. You hear such men swearing on the street, proclaiming who is their master every day; they seem to be proud of the devil and to like to have every one know that they are servants of his.

DUTY OF CONFESSION.

But how do men confess their allegiance to Christ? As disciples of Jesus what cowards we are! It sometimes happens that those who have gone away from our meetings under the influence of a changed heart, come to me afterward and say that they are still in darkness. I say to them, there is a reason for this; did you confess Christ when you went home? "No, I thought I would wait and see how it would hold out before I told any one." But that is not the right way to do. You see it is with the heart man believeth, and the next step is to confess him with the mouth: that is what the mouth is for—to confess Christ; to tell all that He has done for you.

If a man is ashamed to do this, to take his stand on the Lord's side, he will not get the benefit of his conviction. In fact, it is confession unto salvation; salvation comes when we take our stand for Jesus Christ before all the world. If I belonged to the Republican party, and got tired and sick of it and wanted to join the Democratic party, I should not be ashamed to come out and acknowledge it. You never saw a man leave one party to join another who did not like to come out and let every one know it. They want to use all the influence they can to get their friends to join them. If a man is on the wrong side of this question of religion and goes over on the Lord's side, ought he not to be just as willing to publish it, and to make every one know that he is on the Lord's side? Isn't it amazing how few there are who are ready to come out boldly and acknowledge to every one that they want to be on the Lord's side?

One thing that made our one o'clock meeting so interesting to-day was, a young man got up and said, "My sister and my mother are very anxious to have me become a Christian, and I

myself want to." I said, "Thank God for that ; that man has more courage ; he is willing to let the world know that he wants to be on the Lord's side." I never yet have seen a man who came out boldly in that way but that he surely turns out all right at last. Look at the 9th chapter of Luke, the 23d verse: "And He said unto them all, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me."

TRYING TO GET TO HEAVEN WITHOUT A CROSS.

But the cross is what men do not like ; they want to get to heaven without taking up the cross—any way but that. If men could buy salvation, they would be willing to pay a good price for it ; they would go round the world to get to heaven without the burden of the cross. The way to heaven is straight as an arrow ; it is perfectly straight. A man need not be in darkness about the way if he really wants to know. But on the way to heaven there is a cross, and if you try to go around it, or to step over it, or to do anything else than take it up and bear it onward, you get lost. When men are ready to follow Christ, to deny themselves, and humble themselves, and take up the cross, then salvation is ready for them. Satan puts a straw across our path and magnifies it and makes us believe it is a mountain, but all the devil's mountains are mountains of smoke ; when you come up to them they are not there, but mere mountains of smoke.

Now there is nothing to hinder this whole audience from coming out on the Lord's side to-night, and confessing Jesus Christ to be their Saviour ; there is nothing but your will to prevent it. Satan has not the power to keep you from it if you will. Christ says, except a man become converted and like a little child he is not fit for the kingdom of God. Pride, I think, is the worst enemy we have. It keeps thousands of people out of the kingdom of God. The idea that we have to humble ourselves and become like a little child is too much for our pride, but, "whosoever shall save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it," but, "whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My word, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He

shall come in His own glory and in His power, and amid all the angels."

Ashamed of Him! A young convert got up in one of our meetings and tried to preach; he could not preach very well, either, but he did the best he could—but some one stood up and said, "Young man, you cannot preach; you ought to be ashamed of yourself." Said the young man, "So I am, but I am not ashamed of my Lord." That is right, Do not be ashamed of Christ—of the man that bought us with His own blood. Ought we to be ashamed to speak for His cause, to take our stand on His side? He might well be ashamed of us, for ten thousand reasons which I could show.

But the idea of a poor, miserable, vile, blind, hell-deserving sinner being ashamed to own Christ! It is the strangest thing in the world. Look in the 12th chapter of Luke, the 8th and 9th verses: "Also I say unto you, Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God. But he that denieth Me before men shall be denied before the angels of God."

PRAISE FOR HEROES.

During our war, when a General had accomplished some great victory, or had any great success, he thought it was a great honor to have a man stand up in Congress and mention his name. But think of having your name mentioned in the Courts of Heaven, and not only that, but by the Prince of Heaven, by the King of Kings and Lord of Lords! Think of Jesus speaking our names there! He says to us, if you will not be ashamed of Me before men, in this old creation, I will not be ashamed of you in heaven before the angels, in the new creation. You confess Me here, I will confess you there. You deny Me here, I will deny you there.

Will the Christian people in this room, in this assembly to-night, take their stand and let every one know in the circle of their family and among their acquaintances that they are on the Lord's side? Why, if you do, it would be the best meeting, a meeting of more satisfaction than any we have had. The results

of such a course taken by every one here to-night would bring more to Jesus, and be productive of greater righteousness than any brought out by any previous assembly. Let you, young converts, tell your experience, take your stand and confess Christ. That is the way to show how strong your conversion is. Be sure you are on the Lord's side, "If the Lord be God, then follow Him."

SURE SIGN OF A NEW LIFE.

"But if Baal be God, then follow him." It is one of the surest signs of your genuine repentance to come out before men and confess the Lord Jesus Christ. Take your stand and be a witness to the Lord. "He that confesseth Me before men, the same will I also confess before the angels of heaven. But he that denieth Me before men the same will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven." I was in a Boston prayer-meeting a number of years ago—but I ought to say that I have lived for a number of years out West, a number of years in Chicago, and you know that that part of the country is made up principally of young men; at any rate the prayer-meetings were for the most part made up of young men—hardly saw a gray-headed man in them at all.

So, while I was in Boston, it was quite a treat to see old, gray-headed men in the assemblies. Well, in that meeting, a little, tow-headed Norwegian boy stood up. He could hardly speak a word of English plain; but he got up and came to the front. He trembled all over, and the tears were all trickling down his cheeks; but he spoke out as well as he could, and said: "If I tell the world about Jesus, then will He tell the Father about me." He then took his seat; that was all he said; but I tell you that in those few words, he said more than all of them—old and young—together. Those few words went straight down into the heart of every one present. "If I tell the world"—yes, that's what it means, to confess Christ.

And now, are there not hundreds here to-night that are really ashamed of Christ—feel backwards after confessing that they are Christians? I heard a story about two young men who came to the city from the country on a visit. They went to the same

boarding-house to stay, and took a room together. Well, when they came to go to bed each felt ashamed to go down on his knees before his companion first. So there they sat watching each other. In fact, to express the situation in one word, they were both cowards—yes, cowards!

But at last one of them mustered up a little courage, but with burning blushes, as if he was about to do something wrong and wicked, he sunk down on his knees to say his prayers. As soon as the second saw that he also knelt. And then, after they had said their prayers, each waited for the other to get up. When they did manage to get up, one said to the other: "I really am glad to see that you knelt; I was afraid of you." "Well," said the other, "and I was afraid of you." So it turned out that both were Christians, and yet they were afraid of each other.

DON'T BE ASHAMED OF YOUR COLORS.

You smile at that; but how many times have you done the same thing—perhaps not in that way, but the same thing in effect? Henceforth, then, be not ashamed; but let every one know you are His. And I wish to say to the young converts here to-night that if you want peace and joy flowing into your heart like a river, commence at once and confess Him. It is not a work of merit; you are not making God a debtor to you; it is the *very least* you can do. And those who do so, come out boldly and confess Him, preach better and stronger than any minister of His. Each confession is worth more than a sermon; it is like to one raised from the dead.

The most powerful meeting we have ever had was that of last night, when the converts came boldly forth and told how they had been saved. I heard many say that it was the best meeting they had attended. O, what meetings of sweetness and communion with God we would have if every one would just come out and do his duty as God wants him to do! If we boldly took up our cross and bore it manfully, the world would soon see the influence of these meetings.

When I was in Ireland, I heard of a man who got great

blessing from God. He was a business man—a landed proprietor. He had a large family, and a great many men to work for him, taking care of his home. He came up to Dublin, and there he found Christ. And he came boldly out and thought he would go home and confess Him. He thought that if Christ had redeemed him with His precious blood, the least he could do would be to confess Him, and tell about it sometimes. So he called his family together and his servants and, with tears running down his cheeks, he poured out his soul to them, and told them what Christ had done for him.

RIGHT BY THE FIRESIDE.

He took the Bible down from its resting-place and read a few verses of gospel. Then he went down on his knees to pray, and so greatly was the little gathering blessed, that four or five out of that family were convicted of sin; they forsook the ways of the world and accepted Christ and eternal life. It was like unto the household of Cornelius, which experienced the like working of the Holy Spirit. And that man and his family were not afraid to follow out their professions.

They were not like a great many men I have seen who accept Christ while there is no cross to bear, and where everything is plain and easy for them. Some men when they profess to accept Christ, immediately think they must go and join some church right away. So they go down and see the minister, and say: "Mr. So-and-So, I have become a Christian, and I want to take a pew in your church. I would like to be a member of your congregation, but I don't want to take any active part in the church. Now, don't ask me some evening to get up and tell my experience; I never did any thing like that, and would not like to be pointed at so conspicuously."

Well, he does join the church, and that is the last you ever hear of him. Last week, in this building, a man was converted, and he went right off and joined some church. Well, I hope after he did join, he didn't stop going to church. If a man is converted I want him to come here and give his experience—let the thousands hear that he is a child of God; let his testimony be given to

others, and the result may be that God will use his witnessing to the conversion of many. Mr. Sankey sang to-night, "Where are the Nine?" So may Christ ask the question, "Where are the Nine?"

You have read of the story of the cleansing of ten lepers—you know how the God of glory had compassion upon them. His command was, "Go show yourself to the priests;" and so they went—behold, the leprosy was all gone. It must have been a wonderful sight. They are going along the road; all at once one discovers the great change that has been wrought in him, and he stops suddenly. "Brothers, my leprosy is gone," he cries: "I am perfectly well, look." And another then sees his altered condition, and he cries out, "And I am well, too." And another, "Why see! my fingers were nearly rotted off, and now the disease is all gone."

ONE RETURNS TO GIVE GLORY TO GOD.

So they all look at themselves and the great truth bursts upon them that they have been made well. Nine of them continue on their journey, but one poor man turns back, and falls at the feet of Jesus and glorifies God. Perhaps he did not find his Lord right away; perhaps he had to search for Him; but find Him he did, and gave him the glory. Christ after seeing him alone at His feet out of all He had conferred the great boon upon, asked in astonishment, "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?" Well, I don't know what became of them. Perhaps, they went and joined some church; at any rate, that is the last we hear of them. So the people think that if they join some church that is all that is required of them. Ha? my friends, "where art the nine?" If the Lord has cleansed you, why don't you lift up your voice in His praise, and give thanks? Why do you bury your talents? Why don't you confess Christ?

It is sweet to Christ to have men confess him. One day he said, "Whom do you men say that I am?" He wanted them to confess him. But one said, "They say thou art Elias," and another, "that thou art Jeremiah;" and another—"Thou art John

the Baptist." But he asked, "Whom do *you* say that I am?"—turning to His disciples. And Peter answers, "Thou art the Son of the living God." Then our Lord exclaimed, "Blessed art thou Simon Barjona." Yes, He blessed him right there because he confessed Him to be the Son of God.

He was hungry to get some one to confess Him. Then let every one take his stand on the side of the Lord; confess Him here on earth, and he will confess you when you get to heaven. He will look around upon you with pride, because you stood up for Him here. If you want the blessing of heaven and the peace that passeth all understanding, you must be ready and willing to confess Him. Do you know how Peter fell? He fell like ten thousand people fall, because they don't confess the Son of God; that is the way Peter fell. He saw the people standing all around and he was ashamed to own his Lord and Master.

NOT ASKED TO CONFESS YOURSELF.

Am I speaking to any one here to-night who is ashamed to own Christ in his business: ashamed to own Him among his circle of acquaintances? Have you been out to some dinner party the last week and heard these meetings ridiculed, and heard them scoff and jeer at Christ? If you did, and did not confess Him and own Him then, how can you expect to be acknowledged before the throne at the judgment day? If you are not willing to take your stand on the side of the Lord, you need not expect that he will bless you. I can imagine some one saying, "I don't believe in talking much about myself, and I don't." Well, I don't want you to confess yourselves; I want you to confess Christ. We have had enough of that first kind of work. Confess Him; that's what I want you to do.

Look into that 5th chapter of Mark; it is that man I spoke of the other night, how Christ cast out the legions of devils out of him, and how he prayed Him he might be with Him. "No," He said, "you go home and tell your friends how the Lord had compassion on you." The young converts say: "Well, I will go to the synagogue every Sunday, but I won't say anything about it."

But this man began to publish it, and it says that all men did marvel. They wouldn't have it that the Son of God did it. The man had never been to college. I don't know as he could write his name; I don't know as he had ever been to school. There was one thing he did know: he knew the Son of God had healed him and had put a new song into his mouth. Christ says, "Go home and tell your friends what great things the Lord has done." Thus he had the highest eloquence; he had the eloquence of heaven. The spirit of the Lord God was upon him. Yes, but some of these women say "If I was only a man, I would confess."

WOMAN THAT STIRRED A WHOLE TOWN.

Look into the 4th chapter of John. There was a woman that stirred up the whole town; she took one draught of the living water and when she went to publish it, she says, "Come and see the man that told me everything I ever did; is not this Christ?" And then it says that many believed her testimony, and then they got Christ into town and He stayed there two or three days and many more believed on account of His own works. I wish we had a few more women like the woman of Samaria, willing to confess what the Lord Jesus Christ has done for our souls.

Now, there is one man in the 9th chapter of John I want to call your attention to. I do not know his name; I wish I did, because he is one of the men I want to see when I get to heaven. I would like to read the whole chapter, but it is so long. I will just read a few verses—in the ninth verse or eighth verse. It is that blind man that Christ gave sight to. Here is a whole chapter in John of forty-one verses, just to tell how the Lord blessed that blind beggar. It was put in this book, I think, just to bring out the confession of that man. "The neighbors, therefore, and they which before had seen him which was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged. Some said this is he; others said, he is like him; but he said I am he."

If it had been our case I think we would have kept still; we would have said, "there is a storm brewing among the Pharisees, and they have said "If any man acknowledges Christ we will put

him out of the Synagogue." "Now I don't want to be put out of the Synagogue." I am afraid we would have said that; that is the way with a good many of the young converts. What did the young convert here? He said; "I am he." And bear in mind he only told what he knew; he knew the Man had given his eyes. "Some said he is like him; but he said, I am he." So, young converts, open your lips and tell what Christ has done for you. If you can't do more than that, open your lips and do that. "Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened? He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash; and I went and washed, and I received sight." He said, "I anointed my eyes with clay, and I went to the pool and washed, and whereas I had no eyes, I have now got two good eyes."

TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE MANY TIMES.

Some skeptic might ask, "What is the philosophy of it?" But he couldn't tell that, "Then said they unto him, Where is he? He said, I know not. They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind. And it was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay and opened his eyes. Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, I put clay upon mine eyes and I washed and do see." He wasn't afraid to tell his experience twice, he had just told it once. "Therefore said some of the Pharisees, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day. Others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles? And there was a division among them."

Now, I am afraid if it had been us, we would have kept still and said, "there is a storm brewing." "They say unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of Him, that He hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet."

Now you see he has got to talking of the Master, and that is a grand, good thing. I pity a man or woman that has got an idea that the world can't get along without him. This man, he began to talk of his Master. "He is a prophet; that is what I think

about him." He knew what he was coming to because the Pharisees had just said if any man confessed Him he was going to be cast out of the Synagogue. It wasn't like our churches nowadays, for if one church cast a man out, another will take him in if he shows any signs of repentance; but if he was cast out of the Synagogue, there were none others to take him in. "And the Jews did not believe concerning him, that he had been blind and received his sight until they called the parents of him that had received his sight, and they asked them, saying, Is this your son who ye say was born blind? How, then, doth he now see? His parents answered and said, We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind. But by what means he now seeth we know not, or who hath opened his eyes we know not; he is of age, ask him; he will speak for himself."

HE KNEW HE COULD SEE.

I do not like those parents; they did know; they just dodged the question; they were ashamed to confess. What a blessing they would have got if they had only confessed. "He is of age, ask him." They had rather sit in the synagogue than have Christ. "Then again called they the man that was blind, and said unto him, give God the praise; we know that this man is a sinner. He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not. One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." They couldn't beat that out of him. This young convert got assurance right away. "I know that whereas I was blind, now I see."

I had a good deal rather know that one thing than have all the wisdom of the world and not have that. "Then said they unto him again, What did He do unto thee? How opened He thine eyes? He answered them, I have told you already, and ye did not hear; wherefore would ye hear it again, will ye also be his disciples?" He didn't even know Christ; but he is ready to preach for Him. Poor beggar! Unlearned man! If you are willing to be His disciple, I will tell it to you again; will you do it? I like the faith that young convert had.

You do not know what you can do by kindness and forbear-

ance. I remember a family in Chicago who used to hoot at me and my scholars as we passed their house sometimes. One day one of the boys came into the Sunday school and made light of it. As he went away, I told him I was glad to see him there and hoped he would come again. He came and still made a noise ; but I urged him to come the next time, and finally, one day, he said : " I wish you would pray for me, boys." That boy came to Crist. He went home and confessed his faith, and it wasn't long before that whole family had found the way into the Kingdom of God. O, let us confess Him to-night and not be ashamed of our religion.

CHAPTER XIX.

Compassion of Christ.

I WANT to call your attention this evening to just one word—
Compassion. Some time ago I took up the Concordance, and ran through the life of Christ to see what it was that moved Him to compassion, for we read often in His life, while He was down here, that He was moved with compassion. I was deeply pleased in my own soul, as I ran through His life and found those passages of Scripture that tell us what moved Him with compassion. In the 14th chapter of Matthew and 14th verse we find these words: *“And Jesus went forth and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them, and He healed their sick.”*

He saw the great multitude and He was moved with compassion, and He healed their sick. And in another place it says that He healed all that had need of it. There didn't any one need to tell Him what was in the hearts of the people. When I stand before an audience like this, I cannot read your history, but He knew the history of each one. It says in one place in Scripture, “each heart knows its own bitterness,” and when Christ stood before a multitude like this, He knew the particular bitterness in each heart; He could read every man's biography; He knew the whole story; and, as he stood before that vast multitude the heart of the Son of God was moved with compassion, just as in the preceding verses we find Him, when John's disciples had come to Him with their sad story, and with broken hearts.

Their beloved master had just been beheaded by the wicked King; they had just buried the headless body, and came to Jesus to tell all their sorrow to Him. It was the best thing they could do. No one could sympathize with them as Jesus could, no one had the same compassion with them that Jesus had. In all our troubles the best thing we can do is to follow in the footsteps of John's disciples, and tell it all to Him. He is a high-priest that can be touched with

our infirmities. We find after this in a little while that He, too, had to follow in the footsteps of the disciples. He had to lay down His life for that nation, but He forgot all about that as He looked upon the multitude, and His heart was moved with compassion. He sought to do them good; He sought to heal their sick.

In Mark (1st chapter and 41st verse) there is a story that brings out the compassion of Christ. There came to him a leper, and when He saw him, His heart was moved with compassion. The poor leper was full of leprosy from head to foot; he was rotten with leprosy. I can just imagine how the leper told his whole story to Christ, and it was the very best thing he could do. He had no friends to be interested for him; he might have had a wife and family, or a loved mother, but they could not be there to plead for him. The law forbid any one speaking to him or touching him, but undoubtedly some one had some day come out and lifted up his voice and told him that a great prophet had arisen in Israel, who could cure him of the leprosy—that he was quite sure that He could do it, because He had performed miracles equal to that, and that He could give him life if he would only ask Him.

A SAD SEPARATION.

This leper told his sad story—let us bring that scene down to our own day. Suppose that any one in this assembly here to-night should find that he was a leper and the law required him to leave home. What a scene it must have been when that poor leper left his home, left the wife of his bosom, left his own offspring, with the thought that he never was to see them again! It was worse than death; he had to go into a living sepulchre, to vanish from home, wife, from mother, father, children, friends, and live outside of the walls of the city. And while he was out there, if any man should come near him he had to cry, “Unclean! unclean! unclean!” He had to wear a certain kind of garment, so that all men should know him. You can see him outside of the walls of the city! It might happen in the course of years that some one came out and shouted at the top of his voice, and told him that his little child was dying, but he could not go to see his dying child or wife.

There in exile he had to remain, banished from home while his body was rotting with that terrible disease, with no loved friends to care for him, nothing to do to occupy his time. That was the condition of the poor leper, and when he heard that Jesus could cure him, he went to Him and said, "Lord, if thou wilt Thou canst cure me; Lord hear my pitiful story, Lord have mercy upon me; Lord save me." And Jesus was moved with compassion, and He reached out His hand and touched him. The law forbade Him doing it—forbade any one touching him—but that great heart was moved, and He touched the man, and the moment He touched him the leprosy was gone; he was healed that very moment. He went home and told his wife and family what a great blessing had come to him.

SOMETHING WORSE THAN EASTERN LEPROSY.

Did you ever stop to think that the leprosy of sin is a thousand times worse than that Eastern leprosy? All that it could do was to destroy the body. It might eat out the eye, it might eat off the hand, it might eat off the foot—but think of the leprosy of sin! It brought angels from heaven, from the highest heights of glory down, not only into this world, but into the very pit of hell. Satan once lifted upon high hallelujahs of heaven, but sin brought him out of heaven down into darkness. Look into the home of the drunkard; look into the home of the libertine; look into the home of the harlot; look into the homes of those who are living in sin.

The leprosy of sin is a thousand times worse than the Eastern leprosy of the body, but if the poor sinner, all polluted with sin, will come to Christ, and say as this leper did that we have just read about, "Lord, Thou canst have compassion upon me; Thou canst take away this desire for sin; if Thou wilt, Thou canst save me," He will save you to-night. Oh, sinner, you had better come to Him; He is the very best friend that you have. It is Jesus that we preach here to-night, the son of God. He has come to help you; He stands in this assembly now. We cannot see him with the bodily eye, but we can with the eye of faith, and He will save every sinner who will come to Him to-night,

My dear friends, will you not come to Him and ask Him to have mercy and compassion upon you? If I were an artist, I would like to paint that scene and bring out vividly that poor filthy leper coming to the Son of God, and the Son of God reaching out His hand and touching and cleansing him.

A FATHER AND HIS BELOVED CHILD.

And if I were an artist, I would like to draw another picture, and hang it up on yonder wall, that you might see it: that is of the father that came to Christ with his beloved boy. He had been up on the mountain with Peter, James and John, and there He met Elijah the Prophet and Moses the law-giver. Heaven and earth had come together, and there He had met His Father and He had spoken to Him that memorable night on the mountain. In the morning, when he came down, a crowd of people gathered round him, and some were laughing and talking; they had been trying to cast the evil spirit out of this boy, and told his pitiful story. No one knows but a father how much that man loved that boy, his heart was wrapped up in that child; but the boy was not only deaf and dumb, but he was possessed with a devil, and sometimes this devil would throw him into the fire and sometimes into the water; and when the father came to Jesus, He said to him:

“Bring him unto Me.” And when he was coming, the devil cast him down to the ground. So every man on his way to Christ must first be cast down. There he lay foaming, wallowing, and Jesus only said, “How long has this been?” “From his birth,” was the answer. “Oh, you do not know how much I have suffered with this boy! When a child he was grievously tormented; he has broken my heart.” Some of you here perhaps have children who are suffering from some terrible disease, and who are breaking your hearts—you can sympathize with that father. How that father wept when he brought that poor boy! And when Jesus saw that pitiful scene His heart was moved with compassion, and with a word He cast out the devil. Let us learn a lesson. Mother, father, have you got a son that the devil has taken possession of? Bring him to Jesus. He delights to bless.

All we have to do is to take him in the arms of our faith and bring him to Jesus. I want to call your attention to a difference between the father we read of in the 9th chapter of Mark and the poor leper in the 1st chapter. The leper says: "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole." There was the "if" in the right place. The other said: "If Thou canst have compassion." He puts the if in the wrong place. The Lord said, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible." Let us believe that the Son of God can save our Sons and our daughters. Oh, have you got a poor drunken son? Have you a poor brother who is a slave to strong drink? Come; bring him to the meeting here to-morrow night and let your cry be, "Lord, have compassion on my darling boy and save him."

A DEAD MAN RIGHT IN THE PATH.

About Jesus there was a great number of disciples as He was going near the little city of Nain, and what met His eyes? Why, there was a dead man carried out, and I cannot help but think of that passage. When I was preaching to the men last Sunday night, a poor man fell dead, and while we were preaching he was carried out. And here there was a dead man being carried out of the city of Nain, and there was a great number of his friends accompanying that widow to lay away her only child, her only son. He was her only son, it says, and his mother was a widow. The father, the head of the house, had died perhaps long before, and long before that mother had watched over that husband, and at last she closed his eyes in death. It was a terrible blow, and now death had come again.

You who are mothers can see how through all that sickness that mother was not willing to let the neighbors come in and watch over that baby. For weeks you can see a light burning in that little cottage in Nain. There is that mother, she is watching over that boy, her only son. How she loved him. You that are mothers can sympathize with her. You that are mothers can enter into full sympathy with her. You can see how hard it was to lose that only son. She will never look into that beautiful face again. She will never look into those beautiful eyes again. They

have been closed ; she has closed them with her own loving hands. She has imprinted the last kiss upon that lovely cheek.

Now, they lay him upon the coffin, or upon the bier, and perhaps four men take him up just as they did the man with the palsy, and they bear him away to his resting-place and there is a great multitude coming out of Nain. All Nain is moved. The widow was loved very much and there was a great multitude attending her. And now we see them as they are coming out of the gate of the city. The disciples look, and they see a great crowd coming out of Nain, and the two crowds, the two great multitudes come together, and the Son of God looks upon that scene.

A CAPTIVE IN THE HANDS OF DEATH.

We read often where He looked toward heaven and sighed. He had followers on His right hand, followers on His left hand, followers behind him, and followers before him. He saw the woe and suffering in this wretched world, but he looked upon that weeping mother. Death had got its captive. And shall not the son of God look upon that widow. He saw those tears trickling down her cheeks, and the great heart of the Son of God was moved. He would not suffer that son to pass. He commanded the young men to rest the bier. "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" and the dead heard the voice of the Son of God and he arose. I can imagine him saying, "Blessed be God, I am alive."

You know Christ never preached any funeral sermons. Here death had met its conquerer, and when he spoke the word away went death. The Son of God was moved with compassion for that poor widow, and there isn't a poor widow in all this city, but that Christ sympathizes with her. You that are widows mourning over loved ones, let me say to you Jesus is full of compassion. Let me say He is the same to-night that he was eighteen hundred years ago when he bound up that poor widow's heart in Nain. He will comfort you, and to-night, if you will just come to Him, ask Him to bind up your wounded heart, ask Him to help you to bear this great affliction, the Son of God will do it. You will find that His arm is underneath you to help you carry the burden.

There isn't a poor, suffering, crushed, bruised heart in all this city but that the Son of God is in sympathy with, and He will have compassion on you if you only come home to Him, and He will bind up that heart of yours. Yes, Jesus was moved with compassion when He saw that poor widow. They did not need to tell Him the story; He saw how the heart of the mother was broken and so He just spoke the word. He didn't take him with Him. He might have taken him along with Him to glorify Himself, but He gave him to the mother. He took him right out of the arms of death and handed him back to the mother. Yes, there was a happy home in Nain that night. How surprised the mother must have been; she could hardly believe her eyes. Oh, my friends, Jesus has got the same power to-night, and He will bind up your aching hearts if you will only just come to Him.

HE IS NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

Did you ever hear of one coming to Christ that He did not accept? He don't care what position in life you hold. No matter how low down you are; no matter what your disposition has been; you may be low in your thoughts, words, and actions; you may be selfish; your heart may be overflowing with corruption and wickedness; yet Jesus will have compassion upon you. He will speak comforting words to you, not treat you coldly or spurn you, as perhaps those of earth would, but will speak tender words, and words of love and affection and kindness.

Just come at once. He is a faithful friend—a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He is a brother born for adversity. Treat him like a brother and like a friend and you will have a heavenly balm placed upon your wretched, broken heart. He is tangible. We don't worship a myth; we don't praise an unreal being. He is an everlasting, living person, a Man sitting at the right hand of God, full of the power and the majesty of heaven. He comes here to-night in the spirit. He is present with you. Oh, accept Him, and he will deliver you and save you, and bless you. My friends, just treat Him as if you saw Him here in person; as if He stood here in person the same as I do now.

Come to Him, then, with all your troubles, and He will bless you. If He were here, and you saw him beckoning unto you, you would come, wouldn't you? Well, you would be saved then by sight; but He wants us to take Him by faith. There are those here to-night that believe He is here now. Yes, you have come here for Christ, and are ready to confess His name. You are witnesses to His name. Yes, here are two or three gathered together in the name of Christ, and he is here, because He has promised. Take Him at His word, then, my friends. The Son of God is here to-night. Do you doubt it? Is there a man or woman in this assembly to-night that doubts it? I tell you He is here. He is just here as much as if you saw Him. Press up to Him. He is infinite in compassion, and will take pity upon you.

A TENDER HAND FOR ALL IN TROUBLE.

Oh, my friends, that was earthly compassion, but what conception can you form of the compassion of Jesus; if you come and tell Him your sad stories His heart will be moved. Oh, come and tell Him your sins and misery. He knows what human nature is; He knows what poor, weak, frail mortals we are, and how prone we are to sin. He will have compassion upon you; He will reach out His tender hand and touch you as He did the poor leper. You will know the touch of His loving hand—there is virtue and sympathy in it.

That story of the soldier reminds me of another. A mother received a dispatch that her boy had been wounded. She resolved to go down to the front to see him. She knew that the nursing of the hospital would not be as tender as hers would be. After much solicitation she saw the doctor, and after repeated warnings from him not to touch the boy or wake him up—he had only a few days to live at any rate, and waking him up would only hasten his death—she went to his bedside. When she saw the poor boy lying there so still and lifeless and with the marks of his suffering so fresh upon him, she could not resist the temptation to lay her hand on his brow. Instinct told him it was his mother's loving hand, and without opening his eyes he said, "Oh, mother, have you

come?" Let Jesus touch you to-night. His is a loving, tender hand, full of sympathy and compassion. Oh, my brother [looking at a young man in one of the front pews], will you have Him to-night? You will? Thank God, thank God, he says he will accept Him. We have been praying two or three days for this young man and now he says he will take Christ. Oh, bless the Lord. Let us pray, and as we pray, let us make room for Jesus in our hearts as this man has done, upon whom He has had compassion, and whom He has saved.

CHAPTER XX.

What Seek Ye ?

THERE are two things I want to call your attention to this afternoon. The first is in the words of the 1st chapter of John, 38th verse, and the second is in the 6th chapter of Matthew, 33d verse. The first text is the first words that fell from the lips of Christ at the commencement of His ministry. It was the question He put to those two disciples that came and questioned Him as to where He dwelt.

One afternoon, about four o'clock, John the Baptist stood with two of his disciples, and Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, a little way off, and John lifted up his hand and pointed to the man off in the distance, and said: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world!" and John the beloved disciple, and Andrew, left their old master and went together toward Jesus, and Jesus turned around as they came up to Him and said: "What seek ye?" I thought this afternoon I would like for a few moments to call your attention to that text and press that question home upon the people here. I would like to have all of you ask yourselves the questions. What are you seeking? What did you come for—what motive brought you here this afternoon? What do these great crowds of people here mean, day after day, week after week?

There were all classes of people seeking for Christ, and they had every kind of motive for seeking Him. There were some who came out of curiosity, just to see what would happen. There was another class who came to Him just because they had friends that were diseased, and they wanted their friends to be healed and blessed. There was the class who came with the hope of getting the loaves and fishes. And there was still another class that were trying to murder Him and to get Him out of the way; they were watching Him and striving to get Him into some conversation in which they might entangle Him with His words, and so get an excuse to bring

him before the Sanhedrim, and cause Him to be called guilty of blasphemy, and punished.

Some sought Him for what they could get, and others sought Him for what He was; and that is the class we are after, namely, those who are not seeking Christ for what they can get, but who are seeking Him for what He is personally. I have no doubt but that a great many of the disciples at first sought Him in order to be identified with Him, because they thought he would set up an earthly kingdom, and establish his throne upon earth. Judas, perhaps, thought so, and that he might become the chief treasurer of such a kingdom; and, perhaps, Peter thought that he might become the chief secretary; and when the sons of Zebedee found out that it was a spiritual kingdom that He was to establish, their mother came and asked of Christ that her sons might be placed the one upon His right hand and the other upon His left.

SELF-SEEKERS ARE STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

All the time during His ministry Christ constantly found men seeking for office and honor; and that is precisely the spirit to-day. One of our greatest troubles, and one great reason why we do not get greater blessings from God, is because we are not pure in our motives for seeking Him. I say there is not a man or a woman (and I see they are nearly all women here to-day) who has come here for a blessing from God, and who had that motive, but will get it. Others will go away without any blessing and with hearts as hard and cold as ever. Why? Because they have not come to get a blessing.

I would like to ask you to take this brief question home to your hearts to-day, "What seek ye?" What are you after this afternoon? What motive brought you to this place? I think one would say, "I came because some friends of mine were coming; I did not have any particular motive at all; I came because my friends asked me to come." I ask another, What did you come for? "Well, I came to see the crowd; I heard there were a great many men and women here, and I thought it would be a wonderful sight to see so many together."

A man told me the other day that he came to see the chairs. He said he heard that there were ten thousand chairs all in one hall, and he thought they must look so strange. He had a curiosity to see them. Thank God that man got caught in the Gospel net that very night, and I hope some others that come just out of curiosity this afternoon will get caught with the old Gospel net. But to return to our question, What brought you here? A lady over there says, "I came to hear the singing, I don't care anything about the preaching. I have heard the word preached till I am tired of it, and if I had my way about it I would rather get up and go out as soon as the singing is over."

THE RIGHT MOTIVE CROWNED WITH SUCCESS.

But if any of you have come here with such motives, and will change your minds after you get here, and will seek to come to God to-day, you will find him, whatever your motive was at first in coming. You may even have come here to make sport of the meeting; you may have come here to ridicule everything you should hear, but if you will repent and change your mind the Lord Jesus will bless you to-day, and forgive you, and this may be the best meeting you ever was at in your life if you will.

Now I want to call your attention to the other text I spoke of. My text is both a question and a command. The question is, "What seek ye?" and the command is this, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This is just as much a command as that is, that you shall not steal. It is just as much a command for us to seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness as it is a command that we shall not swear. It is one of the commands of the Bible.

Jesus, when he was down here, in that memorable sermon on the Mount, said: "Seek first the Kingdom of God." That was to come first; it was to come ahead of everything else. The Master's ways are not our ways. God's thoughts are not our thoughts. What we put last God puts first; what we put first He puts last; the whole thing is reversed. We say we do not want to seek the Kingdom of God first. We have a good many things that must be

attended to before we seek the Kingdom of God. I know if persons think they would like to be converted they always think they have some preparations to make beforehand.

Now, this is just as much a command to-day as it was so many hundreds of years ago. Do you think if He was on earth to-day He would alter that command? Do you think he would say for you to put off your salvation for one hour? Do you think He would tell you to seek His Kingdom at some future time? Every day we hear of persons dying suddenly, sometimes without God and without hope, because they have not obeyed this command to seek first the Kingdom of God. One reason that people do not seek first the Kingdom of God is this: that they do not believe that God is real, and that He has a Kingdom, and that they can find Him; but they make light of the existence of His Kingdom.

WHY NOT SEEK THE BEST THINGS?

The whole living world is seeking for something. There is not a person in this world who is not seeking for something. Then why not seek for the best things? If people will so seek for temporal things, doesn't it serve to show that you do not believe that God is real, or else you would seek first the Kingdom of God, and find it before any of these other things?

I heard some time ago of a young man who wanted to become a Christian. His father was a worldly man, full of ambition and a desire to get on. His son went to him and told him his wish. The father turned around in astonishment, put on a dissatisfied look, and said: "My son, you have made a mistake. You had better wait until you get established in business; wait till you get older; better wait till you make some money; there is plenty of time yet to become a Christian." Does any young man here believe that? You know what the rich man in the Scripture said and did. That man had got well on in business; he had made lots of money; his goods were increasing every year.

At last, after an unusually plentiful harvest, he found he had to build more barns and storehouses. He felt sure of being able to enjoy himself; he was happy and contented as he thought how his

bank account was swelling. "Soul, take thine ease; thou hast much goods laid up for many days." He never thought of the future; the present was all he cared anything about. But in his fancied security he heard the dread and startling summons, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." He had to leave all these things behind him; death snatched him away, and he lost the heaven he had neglected to make sure of on earth.

I heard a story of a young lady who was deeply concerned about her soul. Her father and mother, however, were worldly people. They thought lightly of her serious wishes; they did not sympathize with her state of mind. They made up their minds that she should not become a Christian, and tried every way they could to discourage her notions about religion. At last they thought they would get up a large party, and thus with gayety and pleasure win her back to the world.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

So they made every preparation for a gay time; they even sent to neighboring towns and got all her most worldly companions to come to the house; they bought her a magnificent silk dress and jewelry, and decked her out in all the finery of such an occasion. The young lady thought there would be no harm in attending the party; that it would be a trifling affair, a simple thing, and she could, after it was over, think again of the welfare of her soul. She went decked out in all her adornments, and was the belle of the ball. Three weeks from that night she was on her dying bed. She asked her mother to bring her ball dress in. She pointed her finger at it, and, bursting into tears, said, "That is the price of my soul." She died before the dawn.

Oh, my friends, if you are anxious about your soul, let everything else go; let parties and festivals pass. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God; then all these things will be added unto you. God commands you to do it. If you are lost—if you die in your sin—whose fault is it? God has commanded you to repent and to seek salvation at once.

Are any of you going to take the responsibility of putting it

off? You complain because Christ is urged upon you; you complain because your friends are anxious about you. How can they be otherwise than anxious? You heard what Mr. Sankey said a little while ago about the death of a husband of one of our choir. This morning, while I was preaching, he passed away. We prayed for him at the opening, and again at the close of that service, but he was gone before we got through. Three of the ushers have been taken away since I have been preaching here.

A CLEAR TITLE.

When I got up here to preach this afternoon I said to myself: "Perhaps it is my turn next." But, thank God, I have an interest up yonder. I can read my title clear there. I have sought and found Christ. But on the other hand, see how people go on day by day and year by year and disobey the command of God. They say there is plenty of time. Why, you hear every day of wills being upset because the man's mind was proved not to be clear when he made the will on his death-bed. If his mind is not clear enough when he is dying to settle his little affairs here below, is that a time to repent and make provision for eternity? Is it the time, when we are racked with pain and tortured with anguish, to turn our hearts to God? Is that a time to begin to think of salvation? Is it right or honorable to give the dregs of a wasted and misspent life to God?

I tell you I have not much faith in death-bed repentances. I do not limit the power and mercy of God, but I do not believe in them. If there is one out of a thousand that are saved, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine that are lost. They think that they repent then, but they are scared and terrified; it is not repentance, it is fear; when they get better, they go right back again to their wicked ways. We cannot scare people into repentance; they must be born in, not be scared in.

Let us reason for a moment. Suppose you ask the advice of a friend on the earth as to whether you had not better repent now. While I am preaching, young lady, just ask your mother sitting beside you what you had better do. Whisper to her—I'll excuse

you—ask her if you had not better seek the Kingdom of God now. Young lady, there is not one in the wide, wide world who loves you as your mother. Would she not advise you to accept Christ? Now just ask her.

Most of those who are not Christians will advise you to seek the Kingdom of God now, this very minute. If I go up yonder and ask them in heaven, every one there would tell you to seek the kingdom now. Paul for three years preached upon immediate repentance. He besought his hearers with tears to turn from their sins and be saved. "Behold, now is the accepted time." That was what he preached. Yes, I leave heaven and earth, and go down to the very borders of hell, and will ask them there if it is not better to repent now. They would all with one voice answer, "Yes, yes, yes." The only time we ever heard from that place was to have a young man implore that word might be sent to his father's house that his brothers there might be warned against neglecting salvation.

Yes, the lost ones would tell you to escape and seek the Kingdom of God and be saved. Why, then, heaven, earth and hell all unite in warning you to seek the Kingdom of God. Why will you not do it, then? Why not accept Christ this very day? Just think what will become of you if you do not.

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE MILL FELL.

When the Lawrence Mills were on fire a number of years ago—I don't mean on fire, but when the mill fell in—the great mill fell in, and after it had fallen in, the ruins caught fire. There was only one room left entire, and in it were three Mission Sunday-school children imprisoned. The neighbors and all hands got their shovels and picks and crowbars, and were working to set the children free. It came on night and they had not yet reached the children.

When they were near them, by some mischance a lantern broke, and the ruins caught fire. They tried to put it out, but they could not succeed. They could talk with the children, and even pass to them some hot coffee and some refreshments, and

encouraged them to keep up. But, alas, the flames drew nearer and nearer to this prison. Superhuman were the efforts made to rescue the children; the men bravely fought back the flames, but the fire gained fresh strength and returned to claim its victims.

Then piercing shrieks arose when the spectators saw that the efforts of the firemen were hopeless. The children saw their fate. They then knelt down and commenced to sing the little hymn we have all been taught in our Sunday-school days: "Let others seek a home below which flames devour and waves o'erflow." The flames had now reached them; the stifling smoke began to pour into their little room, and they began to sink, one by one, upon the floor. A few moments more and the fire circled around them and their souls were taken into the bosom of Christ. Yes, let others seek a home below if they will, but seek ye the Kingdom of God with all your hearts.

COULD NOT ESCAPE THAT TEXT.

When I was a young man, before I left my native town, I was at work in the field one day in company with a man, a neighbor of mine. All at once I saw him begin to weep. I asked him what the trouble was. He then told me a strange story—strange to me then, for I was not at that time a Christian. He said that his mother was a Christian when he left home to seek his fortune. When he was about starting his mother took him by the hand and spoke these parting words: "My son, seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto thee."

"This," said he, "was my mother's favorite text." When he got into the town to which he was going, he had to spend the Sabbath there. He went to church, and the minister took this very text—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God." He thought it very strange. Well, he said he would not seek the kingdom then, he would wait until he got a start in life—until he got a farm and some money. Yet that text troubled him. Again he went to church, and to his amazement the sermon was on that very same text. He did not attend church for some time.

At last he was induced again to enter the church, and behold! he heard the preacher take that very same text. He thought then it was God speaking to him; that his mother's prayers were being answered. But he coolly, calmly, and deliberately made up his mind that he would not be a Christian. "I have never heard any sermon that has made any impression on me since." I was not a Christian myself, so I didn't know how to talk to him. The time came for me to leave home. I went to Boston, and there I became a convert. When I got to be a Christian the first thing that came into my mind was that man. I made up my mind to try to bring him to Christ.

When I came home I mentioned the name to my mother and asked if he was living. "Is he living?" she exclaimed; "didn't I write to you about him?" "Write me what?" "Why that he had gone out of his mind and is now in the insane asylum." When I got up there he pointed his finger at me; says he, "Young man, 'seek ye first the Kingdom of God.'" He had never forgotten the text. Although his mind was shattered and gone, the text was there.

My friends, do let that man speak to you. He is gone now. How much better it would have been for him to have followed his mother's prayer. The spirit of God may be striving with some one to-day. I may be standing here for the last time. Let me plead with you once more to seek the Kingdom of God, and seek it with all your hearts.

CHAPTER XXI.

"To Every Man His Work."

I WANT to call your attention to a verse you will find in the 13th chapter of Mark, part of the 34th verse—"To every man his work." "For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch." Now, by reading that verse carefully it don't read, "to every man some work," or "to every man a work," but "to every man his work." And I believe, if the truth was known, that every man and woman in this assembly has a work laid out for them to do; that every man's life is a plan of the Almighty, and way back in the councils of eternity God laid out a work for each one of us.

There is no man living that can do the work that God has got for me to do. No one can do it but myself. And if the work ain't done we will have to answer for it when we stand before God's bar. For it says: "Every man shall be brought unto judgment, and every one shall give an account of the deeds done in the body." And it seems to me that every one of us ought to take this question home to-night: "Well, am I doing the work that God has for me to do?" God has got a work for every one of us to do.

Now, in the parable the man who had two talents had the same reward as the man who had five talents. He heard the same words as the man who had five talents: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The men that take good care of the talents that God has loaned them, he always gives them more. But if we take the talent that God has given us and lay it away carefully in a napkin and bury it away, God will take even that from us. God don't want a man that has got one talent to do the work of a man that has got ten. All a man has got to answer for is the one that God has given each man.

If we are all of us doing the work that God has got for us to

do, don't you see how the work of the Lord would advance? I believe in what John Wesley used to say, "All at it, and always at it," and that is what the Church wants to day.

But men say, "I don't believe in these revivals; it's only temporary, it only lasts a few minutes." Yes, if I thought it was only to last a few minutes, I would say "Amen" to everything they say. My prayer has been for years that God will let me die when the spirit of revival dies out in my heart, and I don't want to live any longer if I can't be used to some purpose. What are we all down in this world of sickness and sorrow for unless it is to work for the Son of God, and improve the talents He has given us.

DWARFS AMONG CHRISTIANS.

But some men are not satisfied with the talents they have, but are always wishing for some one else's talents. Now, that is all wrong. It is contrary to the spirit of Christ. Instead of wishing for some one else's talents, let us make the best use of the talents God has given us. Now, there ain't a father or a mother here but would think it a great misfortune if their children shouldn't grow any for the next ten or fifteen years. That little boy there, if he shouldn't grow any for ten or fifteen years, his mother would say, "It is a great calamity." I know some men of my acquaintance who make the same prayers they made fifteen or twenty years ago. They are like a horse in a tread-mill—it is always the same old story of their experiences when they were converted, and going round and round.

If you had a child that was deaf and dumb, you would think it a great misfortune. Do you ever think how many dumb children God has got? You speak about political matters, and they can talk. You ask them about stocks and bonds, and hear them talk. You talk to them about the hard times in this city, and see if they can't talk. But you ask them to speak about the Son of God, and they say: "Oh, no; I can't speak about that. Please excuse me." Either they don't believe, or they have gone like the third man and buried their talent, and they say, "The Lord is a hard master."

I remember once a party of gentlemen speaking of this parable

that I read, and asking a deaf man, "What do you think of this man's hiding his talent, and about the justice of his reward?" The deaf man replied, "I don't know anything about the justice of his reward, but I know he is a liar. The Lord isn't a hard master. He told lies when he said that." And so these men who bury their talents, they think the Lord is a hard master; but the men who are using their talents, they don't think the Lord is a hard master.

Let us do all the business we can. If we can't be a lighthouse, let us be a tallow candle. There used to be a period when the people came up to meeting bringing their candles with them. The first one, perhaps, wouldn't make a great illumination; but when two or three got there, there would be more light. If the people of this city should do that now, if each one should come here with your candle, don't you think there would be a little light? Let all the gas be put out in this hall, and one solitary candle would give a good deal of light here. If we can't be a lighthouse, let us be a tallow candle. Some one said, "I can't be anything more than a farthing rushlight." Well, if you can't be more, be that; that is well enough. Be all you can.

WHY THE DEAD SEA IS DEAD.

What makes the Dead Sea dead? Because it is all the time receiving, never giving out anything. Why is it that many Christians are cold? Because they are all the time receiving, never giving out anything. You go every Sunday and hear good sermons, and think that is enough. You are all the time receiving these grand truths, but never give them out. When you hear it, go and scatter the sacred truth abroad. Instead of having one minister to preach to a thousand people, this thousand ought to take a sermon and spread it until it reaches those that never go to church or chapel. Instead of having a few, we ought to have thousands using the precious talents that God has given them.

Now, Andrew got the reputation of bringing people to Christ. He went about it in the right way; he began right. I imagine that when Christ wanted these mighty deeds done He went out and

hunted up Andrew. Andrew inquired of the people, “Have you seen anything of Peter?” and when he found him, he brought him to Christ.

Little did Andrew know of the importance of the day when he brought Peter to Christ. Little did he think that on that day he did the greatest act of his life. What joy must have filled his heart when he saw three thousand brought under the influence of the Spirit by that holy man. Oh, you cannot tell what results will follow if you just improve the talent God has given you by bringing one Simon Peter to Christ. Then we read that when the Greeks came and wanted to see Jesus, Andrew met them and brought them all to Christ. Andrew had a reputation of bringing sinners to God. That is a good reputation. I would rather have that reputation than any other. O, the joy there is in bringing people to Christ. This is what we all can do if we will.

MAKE USE OF WHAT YOU HAVE.

If God has given us but half a talent, let us make good use of that. When God told the people to take their seats by fifties, He told Philip to get food for them. “What,” says Philip, “feed them with this little loaf? Why, there is not more than enough for the first man.” “Yes, go and feed them with that.” Philip thought that was a very small amount for such a multitude of hungry men. He broke off a piece for the first man, and didn’t miss it; a piece for the second man, and didn’t miss it; a piece for the third man, and didn’t miss it. He was making good use of the loaf, and God kept increasing it. That is what the Lord wants to do with us. He will give us just as many talents as we can take care of.

There are many of us that are willing to do great things for the Lord, but few of us willing to do little things. The mighty sermon on regeneration was preached to one man. There are many who are willing to preach to thousands, but are not willing to take their seat beside one soul and lead that soul to the blessed Jesus. We must get down to personal effort—this bringing one by one to the Son of God.

We can find no better example of this than in the life of Christ Himself. Look at that wonderful sermon that He preached to that lone woman at the well of Samaria. He was tired and weary, but He had time and the heart to preach to her. This is but one of many instances in the life of the Master from which we may learn a precious lesson. If the Son of God had time to preach to one soul, cannot every one of us go and do the same? If people, instead of coming to these meetings, folding up their arms and enjoying themselves, without personal effort, would wake up to the fact that they have a work to do, what a wonderful work could be done!

GREAT CALL FOR WORKERS.

It is not enough to come to these meetings; we want ten thousand workers in this city. We want ten thousand men and women that are willing to say, "Lord, here am I, use me." Ten thousand of such people would revolutionize this city in a little while. Look at the work of the mighty Wesley. The world never saw a hundred such men living at the same time. The trouble is we are afraid to speak to men about their souls.

Let us ask God to give us grace to overcome this man-fearing spirit. There is a wife but she dare not speak to her husband about his soul. There is a father that dare not speak to a son about his soul. What we want to do is to speak to our neighbors about these things. We call it a little work, but let me say to you it is a great deal. If we would do this we might turn ten thousand to the Son of God.

I remember hearing of a person that was always trying to do some great thing for the Lord, and because he could not do a great thing he never did anything. There are a great many who would be willing to do great things if they could come up and have their names heralded through the press. I remember hearing of a man's dream, in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time, he discovered that one stone was missing. All finished but just one little stone; that was left out. He said to the angel, "What is this stone left out for?" The angel replied, "That was left out for

you, but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you." He was startled and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God, and that man always worked faithfully after that.

SHE SHIRKED HER DUTY.

Now, my friends, we must not expect to do great things. We must take anything that comes to us. We must let the Lord use us as he sees fit. I remember once, while preaching at a meeting, of noticing in the congregation a lady who had a class in a mission school. I knew that it was the time for them to meet, and I wondered what she was there for. When I got home I said, "How did you happen to be at the meeting this afternoon? What did you do with all those little lambs? Haven't you a class that meets to-day?" "Yes," she said, "but I only have five little boys, and I didn't think it would matter if I didn't teach them to-day." "Have you five little boys?" "Yes." "How do you know but among those little boys there may be a Knox, there may be a Wesley, or a Whitfield, or a Bunyan? There may be a man there who will go out and revolutionize the world"

My friends, in that little boy with his tattered clothes and uncombed hair there may be a Martin Luther, if you would but lead him to Christ. If you have five little children come to you, thank God for that, and start with your work. I heard some time ago of a young lady that went out to a boarding-school. Her parents were very wealthy, and sent her to the best school they could find. They were very anxious that their daughter should shine in the highest circle of society, that she should become refined and educated.

Among her associates at school was a lady who loved and worked for Christ. By constant labor she won this young girl's heart, and pleaded with her to become a Christian. She succeeded, and the young lady became a worker in the vineyard of the Lord. She taught her the luxury of working for Christ. She labored with her schoolmates, and God used her in winning quite a number of young ladies in that school to Christ.

I have known a great many ministers who wanted to know how they could keep their congregation out of the world. Give them so much to do that they won't have time to cherish worldly influences. This young lady of whom I was speaking came home, and her father and mother wanted her to shine in fashionable society. No, she said she had got something better than that. She went to the Sabbath-school superintendent, and said to him, "Can you give me a class in the Sunday-school?" He was surprised that this young lady should want that. He told her that he had no class he could give her then.

CHASED BY THE OLD SHOEMAKER.

She went away with a resolve to do what she could outside of the school. One day, as she was walking up the street, she saw a little boy running out of a shoemaker's shop, and behind him was the old shoemaker chasing him with a wooden last in his hand. He had not run far until the last was thrown at him, and he was struck in the back. The boy stopped and began to cry. The spirit of the Lord touched that young lady's heart and she went to where he was. She stepped up to him, and asked him if he was hurt. He told her it was none of her business. She went to work then to win that boy's confidence. She asked him if he went to school. He said, "No." "Well, why don't you go to school?" "Don't want to." She asked him if he would not like to go to Sunday-school. "If you will come," she said, "I will tell you beautiful stories and read nice books."

She coaxed and pleaded with him, and at last said that if he would consent to go, she would meet him on the corner of a street which they should agree upon. He at last consented, and the next Sunday, true to his promise, he waited for her at the place designated. She took him by the hand and led him into the Sabbath-school. "Can you give me a place to teach this little boy?" she asked of the superintendent. He looked at the boy, but they didn't have any such looking little ones in the school. A place was found, however, and she sat down in the corner and tried to win that soul for Christ.

Many would look upon that with contempt, but she had got something to do for the Master. The little boy had never heard anybody sing so sweetly before. When he went home he was asked where he had been. “Been among the angels,” he told his mother. He said he had been to the Sabbath-school, but his father and mother told him he must not go there any more, or he would get a flogging. The next Sunday he went, and when he came home he got the promised flogging. He went the second time and got a flogging, and also a third time with the same result. At last he said to his father, “I wish you would flog me before I go, and then I won’t have to think of it when I am there.” The father said, “If you go to that Sabbath-school again I will kill you.”

HOW THE BOY SPENT HIS SATURDAYS.

It was the father’s custom to send his son out on the street to sell articles to the passers-by, and he told the boy that he might have the profits of what he sold on Saturday. The little fellow hastened to the young lady’s house and said to her, “Father said that he would give me every Saturday to myself, and if you will just teach me then I will come to your house every Saturday afternoon.” I wonder how many young ladies there are that would give up their Saturday afternoons just to lead one boy into the Kingdom of God.

Every Saturday afternoon that little boy was there at her house, and she tried to tell him the way to Christ. She labored with him, and at last the light of God’s spirit broke upon his heart. One day while he was selling his wares at the railroad station, a train of cars approached unnoticed and passed over both his legs. A physician was summoned, and the first thing after he arrived the little sufferer looked up into his face and said, “Doctor, will I live to get home?” “No,” said the doctor, “you are dying.” “Will you tell my mother and father that I died a Christian?” They bore home the boy’s corpse and with it the last message that he died a Christian.

Oh, what a noble work was that young lady’s in saving that

little wanderer! How precious the remembrance to her! When she goes to heaven she will not be a stranger there. He will take her by the hand and lead her to the throne of Christ. She did the work cheerfully. Oh, may God teach us what our work is that we may do it for His glory.

A PLEASURE DENIED TO ANGELS.

It is the greatest pleasure of living to win souls to Christ, and it is a pleasure that angels can't enjoy. It is sometimes a wonder to me that God doesn't take the work out from the church and give it to the angels. If the redeemed saints could return, I sometimes think they would rejoice in coming back here to have the privilege of leading one more soul to Christ. Isn't it high time that the church got awake from its midnight slumber? It is time the work was commenced, and when the spirit of God revives it, sha'n't we go and do it? Are there not 5000 Christians in this hall, and ain't there some one among them that can lead a soul to Christ within the next week? If we work, what a great army can be brought in, if we are only faithful.

I want to say to the Christians here that there is one rule I have followed that has helped me wonderfully. I made it a rule that I wouldn't let a day pass without speaking to some one about their soul's salvation, and if they didn't hear the Gospel from the lips of others, there will be 365 in a year that shall hear the Gospel from my lips. There are 5000 Christians here to-night; can't they say, "We won't let a day pass without speaking a word to some one about the cause of Christ."

At a place where we were holding meetings, in the gas works, there was a man who came to our very first meeting. He was very much interested, and said, "I will try and see if I can't lead some of the men in my shop to Christ." He began to talk with them. There were 175 men on the night watch, and when I left they said 25 out of 175 had been converted, and every night at midnight—that is the hour they have what might be called their midnight dinner—and every night at midnight they have a prayer-meeting. When you and I sleep at night all those young converts

speak and pray, and it looks now as if every man in the gas works was going to be brought to Christ.

When we were in Belfast, there was a man who heard about leading souls to Christ. He began by talking to his wife, and to his servant, and to his children, and just as we were leaving Belfast they were very much interested, but not converted. He came down to Dublin—broke up his home, left his business, and came to Dublin. One night he came to me very joyous, and he says, "My wife has been converted." A little while after he came and said, "My younger son has been converted;" and a little while after he said, "My oldest son has been converted." And now the whole family is in the ark. And he came over to Manchester, and he came up to London, and now, perhaps, in all Belfast there is not one that works harder than that whole family.

Look at this man's success. He found his work was right there in his own household; and if the fathers and mothers, and sisters, and wives, and brothers, will try to bring the members of their families to Christ, and cry, "O God, teach me what my work is," the Spirit of God will surely tell them what their work is, and then if they are ready to go and do it, there will be thousands converted in this city in a few days. O, may the Spirit of the Lord come upon us to-night, and may every one of us be taught by the Holy Ghost what our work is, and may we be ready to do it.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Six "One Things."

I WANT to call your attention this afternoon to six "One Things." The first, Mark x. 21 : "One thing thou lackest."

We very often hear people say, "Oh, well; he is a very good man," or, "She is a very, very good person; but she lacks one thing," or, "He lacks one thing." But if that one thing is salvation, why, he lacks everything. You might say all that a dead man lacks is life. That is all. All that a beggar lacks is money to make him rich. Only one thing! A sick man that is lying right on the borders of the eternal world only lacks his health to make him all right.

That is one thing, but it is everything to a man that is sick. Money is everything to a man in want—a beggar; and if a man lacks salvation he lacks everything; and it seems to me it would be well for us just to pause in life once in a while and ask ourselves the question, "Do we lack that one thing?" Now, that young man spoken of here came to Christ, and Christ, beholding him, loved him. He was a noble young man. He tried to save himself by the law. He had the law and the prophets; but when Christ just touched his heart—for he had his heart set on his possessions—he found that he did not love God with all his heart; he did not love his neighbor as himself. He thought he did; but he didn't know himself. He spoke very well of himself. He had a good opinion of himself.

There are a great many such people, and it is almost impossible to do them good. It is a good deal better for God to say, "Well done!" than for us. It is a good deal better for God to say we lack nothing than it is for us to say ourselves we are not lacking.

I am told Whitfield once was a guest of a General high in position, and Whitfield's courage failed him. He wanted to speak



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MUSIC INSTRUCTOR AT THE BIBLE INSTITUTE—CHICAGO

to him about his soul, but he didn't have the courage. He was up late one evening and the next morning he was to go away early. The General was an old man, but he was one of those men that lacked that one thing. He lacked Christ and lacked salvation; and Whitfield, when he went up stairs to retire, just took his diamond ring and wrote upon the pane of glass, "One thing thou lackest." And after Whitfield had gone some of the servants found that text of Scripture and spoke to the General about it, and God used that to bring the old soldier to his knees and into the kingdom.

One thing thou lackest. My friends, do you lack Christ? I was speaking once in Manchester on a platform very much higher than this, and right below me, in a seat close up to the platform, sat a man who strained his neck looking up at me all the time, and I looked right down on him and said: "My friend, won't you take Christ?" Said he, "I have got Him, thank God!" He did not lack Him. He had got Him; and it is the privilege of every one here to have salvation and to know you have got it.

LIGHT WHEN THE CLOUDS BREAK.

Now when I was out at sea some time ago we had been in a fog and storm and darkness for a day or two and didn't know just where we were; but the moment the clouds broke away a little and we could get a glimpse of the sun, we took an observation to find out where we were, and I think it would be well for sinners to take an observation and find out where they are. Have I a hope that will bear the light of eternity, or am I lacking that one thing that will be worth more than all the world when God calls me to stand for Him? You know when a man comes to die, church order and government won't help him. It may be very well to ease a man's conscience, but when he comes to die, he wants a real, living, personal Christ. That is the one thing to do.

My friends, have you got Him? "Oh, yes, I go to church every Sunday." Well, that is not having Christ. You may go to church and lack Christ. "But I say my prayers." Yes, a man can say his prayers, too, and yet lack Christ. I suppose no one prayed

more than Saul did in Jerusalem ; at least he thought he prayed. The time he really prayed was when he got near to God and cried out, "Lord, what will Thou have me to do?" That prayer came right out of his heart and not out of the prayer-book. He cried right out what he felt.

There are a good many that are just going through the forms. They have got the form but they have not got Christ. Now, my friends, let us be honest to-day, and let us see if we lack that one thing. If we do let us not rest until we have it. "One thing thou lackest; and the young man turned away sorrowful."

VAGUE HOPE IS NOT ASSURANCE.

The next thing I want to call your attention to is in the 9th chapter of John. It is on assurance, because after we have got Christ the next thing is to know it. I have spoken sometimes about assurance, but I wish I could speak about it every day until I could get the Church of God to look into the subject. Suppose I should meet you when you go out of here, and should take you by the hand and should ask "Are you a Christian?" You would say, "I hope so; I trust I am." They don't dare to say right out, "Yes, I am on the Lord's side," but they say it in such a stammering way that they don't really believe it themselves.

Night after night we have asked people to speak to those near them and they dare not do it. I have learned this, that you cannot get men to work until they know the Saviour themselves. Now, this man says here: "I know that whereas I was blind, I now see." If God does open our eyes we know it. They tried to make him believe Christ was nothing but a man, but, said he, "Haven't I been feeling my way through the world for twenty-five years, and don't I know I can see now?" They could not beat that out of him. All the philosophy and science of the present day could not beat that out of him that whereas he was blind now he could see. All the Scribes and Pharisees could not beat it out of him. He said, "I know I see;" and so, my friends, it is the

privilege of every one to have Christ, and to know we have Him.

This idea that we have got to go on through the world is a terrible uncertainty. We cannot tell whether we have got to spend eternity in heaven or hell. Some people say: "How are you going to be sure until you have got the judgment? You have got to wait until you are brought before the Judge." Thank God, we are not ever going to be brought into judgment. "Don't it say every one shall be brought into judgment?" they ask. Yes, but that is already passed. I have been brought into judgment nearly one thousand eight hundred years ago at Calvary. If Christ was not Judge for me, who was He Judge for? If He didn't settle the claims of sin, what did He go into judgment for? What does the cross mean if it was not for judgment?

QUESTION OF SIN ALREADY SETTLED.

But they say: "Don't it say in Corinthians, every man must give an account of himself for the deeds done in the body?" Certainly, every one must give an account of his stewardship, but not for sin. That is already settled. Don't it say in the Scripture: "Know ye not that your sin shall not be mentioned against you?" We are going to sit upon the throne at the right hand of God himself. We are not going into judgment.

The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life. If I didn't get eternal life twenty-one years ago, when I was converted, what did I get? Then if we get it ought we not to know it? It is a terrible delusion of Satan, and I believe hundreds of Christian people are being deceived by Satan now on this one point, that they have not got the assurance of salvation just because they are not willing to take God at His word. "But," a man said to me, "no one has come back, and we don't know what is in the future. It is all dark, and how can we be sure?" Thank God! Christ came down from heaven, and I would rather have Him, coming as He does right from the bosom of the Father, than any one else. We can rely on what Christ says, and He says, "He that believeth on Me shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Not that we are going to have it when we die, but right here to-day.

And another thing: I don't believe we will have any peace or comfort or joy until this question of assurance is settled. Some people say, "It is presumption for you to stand up there and say you know you are saved." I say it is presumption for me to stand up here and say I doubt it when God has said it. Shall I doubt God's own word?

But you say it is too good to be true. Then you must go and settle that thing with the Lord, not with me. I take it as I find it in the Word of God. Do you think He is going to leave His children down here in the dark world to go through life with terrible uncertainties, not knowing whether we are going to glory or perdition? There is no knowledge like that of a man who knows he is saved, who can look up and see his "title clear to mansions in the skies."

EMPEROR MADE HIM CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.

It is said of Napoleon that while he was reviewing his army one day, his horse became frightened at something, and the Emperor lost his rein, and the horse went away at full speed, and the Emperor's life was in danger. He could not get hold of the rein, and a private in the ranks saw it, and sprang out of the ranks towards the horse, and was successful in getting hold of the horse's head at the peril of his own life. The Emperor was very much pleased. Touching his hat, he said to him, "I make you Captain of my Guard." The soldier didn't take his gun and walk up there. He threw it away, stepped out of the ranks of the soldiers, and went up to where the body-guard stood. The captain of the body-guard ordered him back into the ranks, but he said "No! I won't go!" "Why not?" "Because I am Captain of the Guard." "You Captain of the Guard?" "Yes," replied the soldier. "Who said it?" and the man pointing to the Emperor, said, "He said it."

That was enough. Nothing more could be said. He took the Emperor at his word. My friends, if God says anything let us take Him at His word. "He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Don't you believe it? Don't you believe you have got everlasting life? It

can be the privilege of every child of God here to-day to believe and then know that you have got it.

How is a man going to do all this if he does not think he has got the foundation ready, if he does not know he has eternal life? How is he going to add all these virtues and build up that monument if he has not that assurance? Do you not see that it is the privilege of every one of God's dear children here to-day to know that they have eternal life? Christ is ours for time and eternity; He will never leave us. It seems to me that we want this doctrine preached and taught now so that the Christians of this city will be helped to go to work and begin to talk to others.

WE CANNOT SPEAK FOR OTHERS.

Make it personal. One thing I know—I cannot speak for others, but I can speak for myself; I cannot read other minds and other hearts; I cannot read the Bible and lay hold for others; but I can read for myself, and take God at His Word. The great trouble is that people take everything in general, and do not take it to themselves. Suppose a man should say to me, "Moody, there was a man in Europe who died last week, and left five million dollars to a certain individual." "Well," I say, "I don't doubt that: it's rather a common thing to happen," and I don't think anything more about it. But suppose, he says, "But he left the money to you." Then I pay attention; I say, "To me?" "Yes, he left it to you." I become suddenly interested, and want to know all about it.

So we are apt to think Christ died for sinners; He died for everybody, and for nobody in particular. But when the truth comes to me that eternal life is mine, and all the glories of Heaven are mine, I begin to be interested. I say, "Where is the chapter and verse where it says I can be saved?" If I put myself in among sinners, and take the place of a sinner, then it is that salvation is mine, and I am sure of it for time and eternity.

In the first chapter of Luke, the 41st verse, we read of Mary's choice. After we have been saved, the next thing is to sit at the

feet of Jesus, and learn of Him, as Mary did. That is God's college. You may go through Andover and Princeton and Yale and Harvard, or any and all of the colleges, but if you don't go to God's college God will not use you for His cause. He sends His teachers all out from there. We must learn at the feet of Jesus from His lips. A man who prayed at Jesus' feet did not have his prayers answered in the way he expected them to be. He wanted to stay there. He prayed to be allowed to sit at Jesus' feet forever. "No," said Christ, "go and tell what great things the Lord hath done for you."

The first news that came to the disciples that Christ had risen came from the two Marys. They came and fell at the feet of the Saviour, and He said to them, "Go, publish what thou hast seen; go, tell the tidings." He said to Mary, "She hath the one thing needful," and that was to sit at the fountain and drink of the wisdom of the Saviour. The disciples were called disciples because they were to learn of Him. The young converts who are not willing to study Christ and learn of Jesus, are not fit for His service. They must go to God's college and learn of Him.

NOT WILLING TO HEAR HIS VOICE.

Martha was like many who are willing to work for God, to do something for Him, but are not willing to pause and hear the voice of Jesus. Hundreds of good people are willing to do all they can, but they are not willing to stop and hear the voice of the Lord and receive instruction from Him. He says, "It is more blessed to give than receive." Mary took her place of receiving, and was content to put the Lord in His place of giving something. She chose the good part. I think if I had Christ in my house to-night, I would feel like not doing anything, like letting the supper go, and sitting at His feet to ask Him questions and listen to the answers. It is better if we are going to work for God to be alone with Him a great deal.

There are two lives that Christians lead; one before the world, wherein we manifest God; and there is a life that we must live alone with God, and sitting at the feet of Jesus Christ. The

longer I live and the older I grow, the more convinced I am that there are times when we must sit quietly at the feet of Jesus, and only let God speak to our souls. O, young friend, learn that lesson. It will save you many a painful hour. Just keep quietly alone, and learn of Jesus.

You know it is when a man is alone with his wife that he tells her the precious secrets of his soul. It is not when the family are around, or when there is company there. So, when we want to get the secrets of heaven we want to be alone with Jesus, and listen that He may come and whisper to our souls. The richest hours I have ever had with God have not been in great assemblies like this, but sitting alone at the feet of Jesus.

TOO BUSY TO ATTEND TO IT.

But, in these days of steam and telegraph, we cannot get time to listen to Christ's whisper in our ears. We are so busy we do not choose that one thing needful. If we did, we would not talk so much as we would listen, and when we did speak it would be only when we had something to say. We would hear words that came from the Master, and they would burn down deep into our souls and bring forth fruit.

In the 20th chapter of Matthew, 8th verse, you read the words, "One is your Master." Ah, to learn who is your Master and serve Him only! We are willing to serve our friends, to serve the church, to serve the public, and please every one, and forget the Lord. But we should just have one master, and live to please him alone, and He should be the Lord of Glory. He is a good Master. I want to recommend Him to you here to-day. If He is not your Master, then the devil is. Every one has a master, and that master is either Satan or Christ.

You may not acknowledge it, you may not know it, but either the Lord of Glory or else the Prince of the Powers of Darkness is the one you serve. Satan is a hard and cruel master. If you make mistakes under him, he will have no mercy for you. When you get **into** trouble, if you are in his service, you will have to suffer indeed; but with the Lord of Glory for your master, if you

make mistakes or fall into error, all you have to do is to go and confess to Him, and He will forgive you quickly and smile upon you, and restore to you the joy of salvation if you have lost it. O, that we might learn the sweet lesson that "One is our Master." and that One is Christ in Heaven.

Those men who are trying to serve the public, what do they gain? I pity those men in Washington who are trying to serve the public. We send them there and then turn and abuse them. Public men get nothing but abuse, after all. It is a hard thing to serve the public; but it is a glorious thing to serve Christ. I would a thousand times rather have Him for my master than the cruel, heartless, wretched world, To know that we have only one master, but one to please and to serve; to live with that idea in view all the while—one to please and one to glorify—is a most blessed thing.

THE JOY OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

He is not a hard master. He knows we are liable to mistakes, and He is ready and willing to forgive. If Christ is such a glorious Master should we not be willing to sacrifice ourselves to Him and give up all and follow Him, and turn our back upon this fleeting world and live for Him? When our country was in danger, how men laid down their lives and gave up everything for their country. The moment Abraham Lincoln called for six hundred thousand men you could hear the tramp of their feet in every direction, and the song went up from all quarters, "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand strong." All Mr. Lincoln had to do was to call, and the men came pouring in.

Christ is calling for laborers. There are nations perishing for the want of Gospel tidings. We are a long time getting them to the world. America has men enough and money enough to do it all, to send the Gospel around this globe. It is high time that this Gospel was proclaimed in every town and village and hamlet throughout the whole world. It would be very easy if God's disciples would work together for it.

Oh, my friends, if we have such a glorious Master, who has



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passed through heaven and is sitting on the right hand of God, calling for laborers, shall we withhold our lives and affection? Shall we not go into the vineyard and work for Him? It is a glorious thing to have such a Master, a high exalted privilege to be a co-worker with God. Let us remember our Chieftain has gone on before. He bears even now at the throne of God those scars He received here for our sakes; He suffered and endured the cross, despising the shame, for the glory that was before him. Shall we excuse ourselves from work? Shall we say: "Do not send me, Lord; send some one else?" Oh, just go into the heat of the battle! There has never been a time in your life or mine when we could work for our Lord and see such immediate fruits and results. It seems to me that all we have to do is to sow with one hand and reap with the other. The harvest seems to be white; the fields are waiting for the sickle; the voice of our Master is calling us. Shall we hear that call in vain? Are there not thousands that shall say "Lord, use me!" You, mothers, can be used; you, young man, can be used among your companions; you, gray haired men, can be used in your declining days. Shall we not all go to work for Him while yet there is time?

DOING ONE THING.

There is "one thing" that Paul speaks of: "One thing I do." Some one has said that the man who does one thing is a terrible man. I like to see those Christians who have a definite work and are doing it. I like to see them work in view of the heat and the burden of the day and never weaken. I suppose it will turn out in this city as it has in a great many other places where we have been, where a great many, having received a new spirit, are asking what they shall do. They are quickened into new life; they are all full of soul, full of life, and the fire burns in their souls, and they want to publish the tidings of salvation.

The cry is, "What shall I do?" Let me say to you, find some one thing and do it well. Do not think anything you do for the Lord is a little work. What seems to you a little work may be the most mighty thing that has ever been done. You are a teacher

in a Sunday-school, for example, and have a class of little boys; you do not know what those boys may become. There may be a Luther, there may be a Whitfield, there may be a John Bunyan there. You may call these little boys to Christ, and they may go out and move the world as Luther did.

No one ever thought that little monk would become so mighty in God's hand. He shook the whole world; the spirit of the Living God came upon him. The dark clouds that settled upon his nation were lifted and beaten back. He drove them back. It is a great thing to turn one soul to Christ. O, find some one thing to do for the Saviour, and do it well. "This one thing I do," said Paul. If he had folded his arms and said, "O dear, the Christians are so cold we cannot do anything; if the church was wide-awake we might."

YOU SHOULD KEEP AWAKE.

Never you mind whether the church is wide-awake or not; you keep wide-awake yourself. If you wait for the church you will never do anything. I made up my mind ten years ago that I would go on as if there were not another man in the world but me to do the work. I knew I had to give my account of stewardship. I suppose they say of me, "O, he is a radical; he is a fanatic; he only has one idea." Well, it is a glorious idea. I would rather have that said of me than be a man of ten thousand ideas and do nothing with them. To have one idea, and that idea Christ, that is the man for me; that is the man we want now.

A man that has one idea, one desire, one thought, and that idea, that thought, that desire Christ and Him crucified—that is what this groaning, perishing world wants now. It can get on without our rhetoric; it can get on without our fine speeches, without our eloquence. It does not want them; it wants Christ and Him crucified. Let that old colored man find his work and go about it; let that young lady find her work and do it.

Don't go and get discouraged when you get to work because you don't find everything prosperous as you expected. You cannot tell what will prosper. What you think is prosperity may turn out

to be the worst thing you could have done, and the thing you have least hope of may turn out to be your greatest success.

An old woman who was seventy-five years old had a Sabbath-school two miles away among the mountains. One Sunday there came a terrible storm of rain, and she thought at first she would not go that day, but then she thought, "What if some one should go and not find me there?" Then she put on her waterproof, and umbrella, and over-shoes, and away she went through the storm, two miles away, to the Sabbath-school in the mountains. When she got there she found one solitary young man, and taught him the best she knew how all the afternoon. She never saw him again, and I don't know but the old woman thought her Sabbath had been a failure.

OLD WOMAN RECEIVED A LETTER.

That week the young man enlisted in the army, and in a year or two after the old woman got a letter from the soldier thanking her for going through the storm that Sunday. This young man thought that stormy day he would just go and see if the old woman was in earnest, and if she cared enough about souls to go through the rain. He found she came and taught him as carefully as if she was teaching the whole school, and God made that the occasion of winning that young man to Christ. When he lay dying in a hospital he sent the message to the old woman that he would meet her in heaven.

Was it not a glorious thing that she did not get discouraged because she had but one school and scholar? Be willing to work with one. Bear in mind the words, "This one thing I do." I live for souls and for eternity; I want to win some soul to Christ. If you want this and work for it, eternity alone can tell the result. May God give us a passion for souls.

When Joshua was one hundred and ten years old, the old warrior lay dying, and he called the Elders in Israel around him, and as they gathered around his bedside, he gave these words as his dying testimony. There stand the Elders in Israel and he was the last one of the great leaders alive. Moses was gone, Aaron was

gone; he was the only man that was at Mount Sinai when the law was given from on high. They stood around his bedside and heard his dying testimony. How it shined out. "Behold this day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in your hearts and in your souls that not one thing hath failed of all the good things that the Lord your God spoke concerning you."

Is not that a high tribute? Had not God kept his word to them? The old warrier is going to rest, and this is his dying testimony: "Not one thing has failed. All things have been fulfilled." That is what the man has said who has tried God. Infidels won't try God, and of course they do not have such a peaceful end as the man who has taken God at his word. Let us look over the six one things. "One thing thou lackest." Do you lack Christ? Oh, take Him to-day! "One thing I know." Do you know you have got Christ? If you do not, do not go out of this house to-day without knowing it; step into the inquiry-room and talk with some of the Christian men and women who know they have salvation.

Make up your mind you will not leave this house to-day till you can look up and read your "title clear to mansions in the sky." I would rather do that than have a title to all this city. I would rather have some poor soul that I have won from this dark world to Christ come and weep over my grave when I am gone, than to have a monument of pure gold reaching from the earth to the skies. The next "one thing" is the "one thing that is needful." "One is your master," "Not one thing has failed," and "One thing I do,"—it is the privilege of each one to have all these "one things" and to know that you have them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Christ's Call to Peter.

I WANT to call your attention this afternoon to the life of Peter. If you will just turn your Bibles to the first chapter of John, 40th verse, that is the first glimpse we get of him: "One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother, Simon, and saith unto him, we have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus. And when Jesus beheld him, He said, Thou art Simon, the Son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, a stone." That is John's first account of Peter and Christ's meeting, the first time they met. Then in Matthew, in the 4th chapter, 18th verse, we find that they met again, and I have an idea that that account in John was that Peter was called to be a disiciple, a follower of Christ; but in Matthew, iv., 18, he is called from his business, his occupation, to become an apostle and a worker in the vineyard.

The 18th verse says: "And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers. And He saith unto them, follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets, and followed Him."

One thought I want to call your attention to is this: that before a man leaves his occupation, whatever his business may be, to give his whole life and service to God, he must be sure he has got the call, "Follow thou me." I think there are great mistakes being made every year by men who would make good farmers, carpenters, and mechanics, perhaps by those who would make good business men, giving up their occupation and attempting to preach, to work for God.

Now, I don't know how many men have come to me during the past few months and asked my advice about their going into

the ministry. I never advised a man in my life to go into the ministry. I don't think I ever shall, for I think the ministry is too high a calling for a man to be influenced to enter it by anybody. He must get a higher call than from man. He wants to get a call from above. If God calls him into His service, to leave all and become a "fisher of men," he won't fail. One reason why so many break down in the pulpit is because they run before they are sent, in fact before they are called at all, and the result is so many failures. Now let us be sure we have got a call before we give up our business to go into the service of the Lord, and one good way to tell whether you have got that call is: Has God used you?

TRIED BY A PRACTICAL TEST.

I think Wesley had a good idea of it. When a man came to him and asked him if he should enter the ministry, he used to ask him: "Has God blessed you? Have there been any souls converted under your efforts? How is it when you preach; do people go to sleep under it or wake up? Do some get mad and some get converted?" He thought that was a good sign that they had been called to the ministry, for that is what the Gospel does, for it wakes up some and brings them to the feet of Christ. It is better if they get mad, for then there is some hope of their getting over it and becoming Christians; but if they go to sleep they may make up their minds they are not called. We don't want that.

Now, undoubtedly, Peter, after he met Christ, went about fishing, and undoubtedly he was a successful man at that work. He stayed there until Christ came along one day and told him, "Follow me." There is something very sweet about this, that when He called Peter to His service the thing He said was, "Follow me." Christ said to Peter, "Follow thou me," and as long as Peter followed Him he was successful. As long as any of us will follow Christ we will be successful, successful in everything we undertake to do. Christ never failed in anything He undertook to do. God never failed. It is man that is constantly failing; but if we get our orders from above and God calls us we cannot fail. It is utterly impossible.

So now we find Christ coming along and saying to Peter, "Follow me." And he left his fishing smack and business to go with Him. It says here they "forsook" them. It don't say they took their nets and their old boats, and disposed of them. They didn't stop to sell them, or have an auction of them. They had got the highest call a man ever got, and so they just left all and followed Him. It says in Luke that he gave them one chance. He told them to throw their net in and have one good haul, and when they attempted to pull in their net it broke, there was such a multitude of fishes in it; and He called them away from their nets, and boats, and fish, and they followed Him straightway.

And let me say to any man or woman here that if Christ calls you to go into His vineyard, and leave father and mother, you should go; but be sure you have got the call. It is God who will then stand by you, and you cannot fail.

SHUT UP IN DOUBTING CASTLE.

Now, in Matthew xiv. 28, we find Peter again. There we see that he has got into doubts. How many people get into doubting castles? Peter got to doubting, and the result was he got into trouble, as all Christians do when they get to doubting. The Lord appeared to Him walking on the water, and he calls out to Him, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water," and the Lord said, "Come!" and when Peter was come down out of the ship he walked on the water to Jesus, but when he saw the wind was boisterous he was afraid.

Ah, that is it. He got his eye off Christ and got to thinking about the wind and the waves and the storm. He had made a good start, a good beginning, and some of you young converts want to take heed right here. This is the great danger. You get to looking away from Christ; you begin to look at the obstacles and the difficulties in the way, and you get full of fear, and down you go. It was a noble act of Peter when he got out of that ship and put his foot on the water. He had got the word of God. God told him to do it, and the water was as hard as stone to him, because God's word was there, and he ought not to have doubted when he

got half-way over. His word was enough, and He could make that sea like a whole mountain of rock.

There was no trouble if he had only kept his eye on Christ, looking to Jesus. Christ said, "Come," and he started all right; but ah! the wind made a great noise and he could hear the waves dashing right up against him, and he walked right on the top of them. His foot did not probably sink an eighth of an inch in the water. There was no danger, but he got his eye off of Christ, and he was full of doubts and fears, and the result was, down he went. How many have fallen in the same way. "But when he saw the wind was boisterous he was afraid; and beginning to sink he cried, saying, Lord save me.

LOOKING AT THE HUGE WAVES.

"And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" "What made you doubt, Peter? Didn't I tell you to come? Wherefore did you doubt?" Oh, the Saviour don't like these doubts. I wish we could get the Church of God out of Doubting Castle. I wish we could get away from these doubts that hinder us so much. We are all the time looking at the wind and the waves, and are full of doubt. How many Christians go through the world trembling all the time and all their life, because they are afraid of the storm and of the troubles they think may come upon them. Just think of the promises of God. Just let us walk right out on them. The Lord has promised never to forsake us. We have nothing to fear. "Fear not." All through Scripture that word comes out again and again. "Fear not! I have thee by the right hand."

I want now to call your attention to Peter's confession. He made an open confession. I think the edict had gone forth from the Sanhedrim the day before that if any one should confess Christ, "put him out." They would not have Him, and so now, it might have been the very next day, He is trying His disciples. "When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea and Philippi, He asked His disciples, saying, "Whom do men say that I am?" Perhaps this

edict had gone forth. "You are around among the people, preaching in the towns and villages, and whom do the people say I am? What do they say?"

"Well, some say that Thou art John the Baptist, and some say Elias, and others Jeremiah, or one of the prophets," and He saith unto them, "But whom say ye that I am?"

There was the question brought home to them. They had strong faith in Him, and strong love for Him, but they would not confess Him because if they did they would go out of the Synagogue. "Now, whom do you say I am?" "And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

PETER'S FRANK CONFESSION.

That is who He was—Christ, the Son of the living God. That put Peter out of the Synagogue. He could not get in after that. He had made his confession. "And Jesus answered and said unto Him: Blessed art thou Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." It seems as if Christ was always, when down here, was all the time trying to find some one willing to confess Him. It was to Him like a cup of water to a thirsty man to find in this dark world a man ready to say He was all He professed to be.

There are men now trying to make out that Jesus was not the Lord divine, the Lord of glory, the Lord of heaven; that He was not what He professed to be; but, ah! thank God! there were some men that believed in Him, stood by Him, confessed Him, were not ashamed of Him; and, thank God! they live to-day, their influence lives to-day, here in this city, at the close of the nineteenth century, because they took their stand and were not ashamed to confess Him.

But now turn to the 9th chapter of Luke, 28th verse. Here is Peter turning his eyes toward Rome, getting to worship the saints, and not knowing the difference between Christ and Moses and Elias. The idea that Peter should put Christ on the same level with Elias and Moses. "And it came to pass about eight days after these sayings, He took Peter and John and James and

went up into a mountain to pray. And as He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment was white and glistening. And, behold, there talked with Him two men, which were Moses and Elias; who appeared in glory, and spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem.

"But Peter and they that were with Him were heavy with sleep; and when they were awake they saw His glory and the two men that stood with Him. And it came to pass as they departed from Him Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here. And let us make three tabernacles, one for Thee and one for Moses and one for Elias; not knowing what he said."

THEY MAKE HIM A MERE MAN.

That is what some men are trying to do—put Christ on the same level with other men. They say, "Yes, Christ was a very good man; so was Moses, and so was Elias. He was a very good man, and we have a profound respect for Him, but don't say He was divine." Why, this makes Christ out the greatest liar in the world, if He is not divine, if He was not more than Moses and Elias. He was a liar and the greatest deceiver that ever came into this world if He was not divine. God says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." Look at the millions that are worshipping Him to-day. Every one of them is thus breaking the first commandment: not only breaking that, but it is a commandment the violation of which God punishes as He does no others.

It seemed to be a sin that God abominated above all others. How He punished the Jews because they had another God. God is a jealous God, and do you think He would allow these millions for 1800 years to worship His Son and adore Him if He was not God in the flesh? Ah, my friends, if you want to please a father speak well of his son. You are driven to one or two alternatives—that He was either the Lord or else the greatest impostor that ever came into this world. "While He thus spake, there came a cloud, and overshadowed them; and they feared as they entered into the cloud. And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son; hear Him."

You see God snatched them both away and said, "That is my beloved Son; hear *Him*." When Peter came to put Moses and Elias on a level with His Son, God would not have it, and snatched them both away, and they have never been on earth since.

Let us look into the 6th chapter of John for a moment. Peter believed in assurance. Look at the 66th verse. "From that time many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered Him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." That is an old saying. How has it rung down through the ages. I should like to ask you here to-day, suppose you leave Christ, to whom can you go? Go to the world: what can it give you? Where are you going to? To whom can we go? Peter was right. They had left all for Jesus, and they had no desire to go back.

THE WORLD AFFORDS NO SATISFACTION.

I never saw a Christian in my life with his eyes open that wanted to go back. He has got nowhere to go. The world is spoiled for him. Peter had got his eyes upon the better world, where sickness and death and sorrow never comes, and do you think a man having his affection set upon that City, and having got a glimpse of it, wants to leave for this world again? This world is empty and hollow, and cannot satisfy the longing of our heart. And I never saw a man living for this world that was satisfied; but Christ satisfies the longings of the heart.

Here Christ had been lifting the standard pretty high on account of those men whom He knew had an empty profession, and no love for Him. Christ wanted heart-love. Many followed Him without love, and He knew that when trials and persecutions came they would all leave Him, and they might as well go that afternoon; and He lifted the standard pretty high; and He turns to Peter and says, "Are you going to leave me, too?" Peter says no. "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

And so if there is a Christian here to-day who wants to turn

back, where are you going to turn? What can the world give? What can the god of this world do for you? He is a liar and a deceiver, and every man and woman under his power has been and will be deceived down to the end of time.

But now I am going to Peter's fall, for that is the object of this lecture. I want to call your attention to the fall of Peter, so as to warn these young converts and Christians that have just commenced a new life. You will find the first step of his fall in Matthew xxvi. 33: "Peter answered and said unto Him, Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended. Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee that this night before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. Peter said unto Him, Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee. Likewise also said all the disciples."

SELF-CONFIDENCE WAS HIS DOWNFALL.

Now the thought I want to call your attention to is this: Peter was self-confident, and wherever you see a Christian so confident and boasting of himself and reflecting on others, you may doubt the permanency of his zeal. Peter tells the Lord that, "though James and John and all deny Thee, I will not deny Thee." He casts a reflection on all of them, as if he was stronger than the rest. There is one thing the Lord cannot have, and that is His disciples boasting in their strength.

When a man thinks he has got a good deal of strength, and is self-confident, you may look for his downfall. It may be years before it comes to light, but it is already commenced. Peter did not fall at once, but it was gradual and sure. The thing to do is to stand, and take heed lest ye fall. Beware! We have got terrible enemies, and we are very weak in ourselves. All our strength is borrowed strength. We get it from Christ. I don't think there is a disciple in this house but what would fall in sin within twenty-four hours if it were not for the wonderful grace of the Lord Jesus Christ keeping us. See how the most wonderful men of Scripture have fallen, and fallen on their strongest points.

Look at Moses, the very last man that would have spoken

unadvisedly with his lips, slow of speech ; you would not think that was the man that would strike that rock and be kept out of the promised land. You would not think Elijah, who could stand against Herod and all his royalty, and all those eight hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, and against the whole nation, was going to be scared by one woman. He supposed he was strong, but a message came from the Queen, and she said, "Thy life will be like those of the false prophets in twenty-four hours," and away he went off into the desert, and the Lord found him there hidden away.

THE STRONGEST ARE WEAK.

When you find men like Elijah, Moses, and Peter, able, strong men, falling, it ought to make us tremble and bear in mind that our strength is in God and not in ourselves. We cannot afford to be self-confident. I tremble for these young converts. They say they are going to live for Christ all their days, and they are going to stand up for Him if the rest don't. That is not the kind of language. No, my friends, you ought to be very humble. Keep low, and if your strength is in God, and you are looking to Him for strength all the time, you will be able to stand ; and otherwise you will go. When Peter says, "I will not deny Thee," the Lord told him he would deny Him. Peter says, "I will die for Thee." "You will?" "Yes." Then the Lord answers, "This very night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me me thrice." "What, Lord, you don't think I would do such a thing as that?"

And so these young converts don't think they are going to fail, and there is the danger. We have got some terrible enemies, and therefore we ought to walk very humbly, and if we do so God will strengthen and keep us, but the moment we get self-confident and lifted up in our own sight, then the danger comes. There was a time when I was first converted when I used to think that when I got to be a Christian of twenty years' standing I should rejoice, because there would be no danger of my falling then.

My friends, there is more danger now than there was then. Do you know why? Because the more useful a man becomes the better target he is for the devil. The devil is more watchful to see

if he cannot trip him up, and the fall is a great deal more for a man that has risen to be used of God. The higher the man gets the greater the fall. Therefore, every man that is used of God ought to be very humble and keep down in the dust; if he don't the enemy will come in some unguarded moment and he will fall into some sin. Not that we are going to lose our souls, not that Elijah or Peter were lost, but the devil is trying to weaken Peter's testimony, and how many good people there are in the world that have lost their testimony. Their testimony now is gone and God won't use them.

MOVES HELL TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

The wiles of the devil are many: first, he moves all hell to keep a man from coming to Christ, and if he does come in spite of the devil he moves all hell to keep his mouth closed, that he shall not speak for God, and if he cannot do that he uses all hell to blacken his character, and he will start lies about him. Some one says "a lie will go round the world before Truth gets his boots on," and the world will take it up and want to believe it whether they do or not. And when you come to trace it to its fountain-head, "Well," they say, "it was such a good joke they wanted it to go anyway, and they would not change it and it went."

The world likes to believe a lie; and so the children of God walk very circumspectly and carefully, so that their enemies should not have this chance of bringing up and blazing forth to the world all our failings. Peter got so self-confident that the Lord knew he would not be of any use after He was gone, and so he had to let Satan sift him. The Lord said to Peter, "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted strengthen thy brethren."

But now the hour comes for Peter's fall, and if you turn to Luke you will find he gives a very good account of it. I think it is the 22d chapter of Luke, beginning at the 45th verse: "And when He rose up from prayer, and was come to His disciples, He found them sleeping for sorrow." Now, He told them not to sleep.

"Watch and pray," He had said, and they had done just what He told them not to do—they had gone to sleep. Now, the second step of Peter's downfall, after he became so confident, was his going to sleep after the Lord had told him he was to watch. One would have thought when the Lord told him he would deny Him that he would have kept himself awake, but now as the Lord was passing through that dreadful agony of Gethsemane and sweating great drops of blood—"and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground,"—these men could fall asleep and Peter among them.

IN DANGER WHEN ASLEEP.

And the devil can do most anything he wants to when we are asleep. The *soul* is never asleep. Bear that in mind; and I believe nineteen-twentieths of the people of America to-day are sound asleep. That is the reason why they cannot tell the difference between the theatre and the opera and the church. A mother has a darling son, a youth of promise, and she sees him fond of the theatre and the opera and gives no check. She begins to wake up, and by-and-by finds herself before the corpse of this son, and then she realizes the truth at last. "Oh," she says, "what have I done? I have put the cup to his lips, and have fostered his love for the theatre, I have plunged him the first step downwards." Oh, may God wake up all the fathers and the mothers before it is too late.

Peter got asleep and the devil could do anything with him after he was asleep. The next thing he wakes up out of his sleep and he is not in communion with Christ, he is a sleepy Christian; and when they come to arrest Christ, Peter draws his sword and smote the servant of the high priest and cut off his ear. That was not the spirit of Christ. He had to go and heal that man's ear, and He rebuked Peter and told him to put up his sword. He did not come to ruin men, but to save them. He came to bless, to keep, and I should have thought that that would have broken Peter's heart to have had Christ heal that man's ear. Undoubtedly there was no scar there.

But now they start back into the city with Christ. They have got him under arrest, and the next thing is, Peter follows Him afar off. This is the fourth step of Peter's downfall. When Christians get to following Christ afar off you may know it won't be long before they will deny Him. If there was any night when Christ needed Peter it was that night.

If there was any night when He needed His little band around Him it was that night, He did not want to be forsaken that night, but at that very hour Peter was following Him afar off. How many Christians to-day are following Him afar off. How the cause of Christ to-day needs everyone that professes to be a follower of Jesus, and how we ought to come out and follow Him boldly and gladly. The first words were "Follow me," as He took Peter from his business and now he follows Him afar off.

PETER'S BASE DENIAL.

The next thing is we find him with the enemies of Jesus Christ. It won't be long before from following afar off we will be with Christ's enemies. There he is among Christ's enemies. That is the next step, and at last one comes in and looks at him and says, "You are one of His disciples?" "No, I am not." He denies it. The man that had been with him for three years says, "I am not His disciple. I don't know Him." "I believe you are." "Well, I am not." I suppose he thought that was the end of it; that it was all settled. A little while after another came and looked at him saying: "This man is one of that Galilean's followers." "I am not," says Peter. "I am not. Don't you accuse me of that. I tell you I don't know anything about it." "Well, you look very much like a man I have seen with Him. I was out there in the wilderness when he fed the five thousand, and if you are not one of the men who passed around the bread you look very much like him." And Peter says, "I am not the man. Don't you accuse me of that."

Thus Peter denies Him. And by-and-by another man comes up and he, too, recognizes Peter and says, "Surely thou are one of His disciples, and Peter denies Him again. The third man comes

up and says, "Thou are one of His disciples, for thy speech betrayeth thee." And Peter got full of anger. His wrath was kindled and he cried out with an oath and swore, "I am not." I cannot use his language.

A WARNING SOUND.

Think of Peter swearing and cursing! Undoubtedly, he was in the habit of swearing and cursing before Christ met him and the old sin came back upon him and he swore at Christ and said, "I never knew him." And away out in the street he heard a cock crow, and when the cock crew Christ turned round and looked at him. All he did was to look at him. He might have said. "Is it true you don't know Me? You have been with Me three years. Have you forgotten when your mother was crying for help you wanted Me to raise her from sickness and make her well? Have you forgotten how you wanted Me to make three tabernacles, one for Moses, one for Elias and one for Me? Is it true you have forgotten how, when you walked on the water, you began to sink and cried to Me for help that you might not perish?"

He might have reminded him of that, but the Lord didn't do that. He did not put the knife in him. All He did was to turn and give him one look, and it just broke Peter's heart. If there is a backslider here to-day may you just catch a glimpse of Christ looking down into your heart. It broke the heart of Peter, and I can see him springing to his feet and going out and weeping bitterly. No one on earth knows what he suffered that night. I can imagine some of the disciples coming and telling him what had taken place, how Jesus had been condemned to death, and next, he hears that the Saviour is dead and that they have buried His body, and all that night how much Peter must have suffered. I can imagine it in his sleep even.

Oh, what bitterness! He was passing through the agonies of Gethsemane himself now. I can see him weeping and wailing, "Oh, that Christ had only forgiven me before He died!" He had no hope of His resurrection. He had forgotten all that Christ said about His coming back. But see how tenderly Christ treated

him. When He came out of the grave He said, "Go back and tell My disciples."

No doubt Peter thought he would be counted out. But no. He leaves a message for Peter: "Go tell Peter that I will meet him in Galilee." I can imagine, when the disciple came to Peter and told him, "The Lord is raised, He sent a message to you," that Peter exclaimed, "What! did He speak my name?" "Yes, He said go and tell the disciples and Peter. He put your name in." "Oh," says Peter, "thank God for that! I will see Him," and away went Peter to see the Lord. He was eager to see Him, and we are told by Paul here in Corinthians that he met Him alone.

No one on earth knows what took place at that interview, but I can imagine the first time Peter saw Him he fell at His feet and washed them with his tears, and cried, "Lord forgive me!" But his self-confidence is all gone.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS PUT TO PETER.

When he met Him there at that breakfast on the sea-shore, when Christ prepared the feast—what a feast it must have been!—He called them all around Him, and then said, "Peter, do you love Me more than these? Do you love Me more than John?" What does Peter say? He says, "Lord, you know." And then He says again, "Feed My lambs." "Lovest thou Me more than these, Peter?" said He, the second time, and then He said it the third time. It grieved poor Peter, I suppose, because he had denied Him three times; and the last words the Lord said to him after He had fed him were, "Feed My lambs." And the last words before were, "Follow thou Me."

O, Blessed Saviour! if there is a wanderer from the fold here to-day, bring him back. If there is one following afar off, let him come to-day. I wish I had more time to talk about this wonderful character, but may it be a great help to us, and may we be kept from falling.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Decision.

YOU will find my text this afternoon in the 27th chapter of the gospel according to Matthew, part of the 22d verse: "What shall I then do with Jesus which is called Christ?" Our last Sunday here has come, and I am speaking to many to-day that will probably not be here again. Even if you should all want to come you probably would not be able to; so to-day I want to press this question home upon you. For ten weeks we have been trying to preach to you about Christ, and tell you something about Him. To be sure we have done it very poorly, but now the time has come for us to close. It remains with you to say whether these meetings shall close and leave you out of the ark or in it. A good deal depends upon this afternoon's meeting. A solemn question and a personal one is before you; not what your neighbors and friends are going to do, but "what shall I do with Jesus?"

Pilate was in great difficulty. The question had been sprung upon him, as it were, suddenly. He had not heard about Christ for ten weeks, as you have, nor, as it may be, for twenty-five or forty or fifty years. He had not been proclaimed to Pilate as He has been proclaimed in this Christian land.

We live within sight of the cross and of our Saviour glorified in heaven, but Pilate only saw Him in His humiliation, when He was condemned and cast out by His own nation. He was a heathen man, wakened perhaps suddenly early one Saturday morning, between the hours of six and seven, called into the judgment hall in great haste to pass sentence upon a man that they wanted to have put to death at once. They wanted him to sign the death-warrant. They did not want any trial or examination.

But when Pilate looked at Him, he saw that he was a different prisoner from any he had had before. Pilate asked a few questions:

"What do you bring against Him?" They said, "If he was not a malefactor, we would not bring Him to you." So he begins to question the prisoner, and before he had talked with Him long, he was convinced that never was such a prisoner brought before him. His judgment told him to release the man, his conscience told him to release Him. His heart, even his treacherous deceitful heart that was desperately wicked above all things, that very heart said "Release Him." His wife sent word, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered much in a dream concerning Him;" but still Pilate had not the moral courage to stand and release the man. Herein he was not true to his own convictions.

PILATE'S CASE OVER AGAIN.

I believe that is the trouble with thousands of people that have been attending these meetings. I believe that if every man and woman that has been here had been true to their convictions, there would have been thousands more saved. Many a man and woman has gone out of this hall convinced that they were sinners, and that they ought to receive Christ, but yet they have rejected Him, just as Pilate did. Pilate was a vacillating character, wayward, and undecided. Reuben is spoken of as "unstable as water;" and that is the character of Pilate.

There are hundreds in this city in the same state of mind. Pilate was thoroughly convinced and aroused, knowing down deep in his heart that he ought to receive Christ; but he was not willing to decide. People are vacillating. Another mistake Pilate made was that he was influenced by others. He first let the judgment go out of his own hands. He tried to get others to decide the matter for him, and every step he took carried him deeper and deeper into the pit. He got into difficulty every time he turned round, because he had not the moral courage to decide for himself what he would do with Christ.

There was another thing that weighed with him, and that was his worldly position and influence. If he decided against Him, he was afraid he would lose the favor of the Emperor of Rome; or if he decided against them, he might lose the favor of the leading men

at Jerusalem. He might have removed every difficulty, but he was afraid; he loved place and power better than truth and justice, and he was willing to sacrifice justice and honor and everything that was pure that he might have position. How many there are in this audience who are doing the same thing! They know that they ought to be Christians; that they ought to receive Christ; that they ought to take advantage of the occasion that God has offered them; and yet, on account of some worldly advice of friends, or because some one will laugh at you, some one that may scoff and ridicule, you have been vacillating and halting and wavering for all these weeks.

JUDGMENT UPON EVIL DOERS.

May not the decision be made to-day? One solemn truth comes to me to-day, and that is, that all these men that would not decide for Christ and decided against Him, had punishment sent upon them! There was Annas; we are told that in the next generation the mob of Jerusalem tore down his house and dragged his son through the streets and scourged and killed him. That was a terrible judgment. We are told that Judas went out and hung himself. We find that Caiaphas, who was High Priest, and wanted to keep his office and position, and did not dare to decide in favor of Christ, lost his office the very next year.

We are told that Herod was sent off to exile and banishment, and died a terrible death; and Pilate, who was the central Governor of Judea, and had had the office but a little while at this time, was soon afterward displaced from the very office that he had tried so hard to keep. He went off into exile, and remorse settled down upon him, and we have it on pretty good authority that he committed suicide.

What a grave mistake he made! How his name might have blazed out upon this inspired Word! How it might have been handed down gloriously through the ages, with the names of Peter, James, and John, with Nicodemus and Joseph! Thoroughly convinced that he ought to be in favor of Christ, he had not the moral courage to stand by his conviction. Lost, lost, lost, for time and

for eternity for want of decision! I believe in my soul that there are more at this day being lost in this city for want of decision than for any other thing.

O, my friends, what is your decision to-day? What are you going to do with Christ? That is the question to-day. I do not care much about the sermon; if I could only get this text down into your heart, get it down deep into your soul, I should feel I had accomplished my work here. It is not preaching you want now; it is to come to a decision, to decide what you will do with God's own Son? He gave Him up freely for us all. Will you not receive Him? It is to have Him for our Saviour now, or at some future day to have Him for our judge.

TRIES TO SHIRK RESPONSIBILITY.

Pilate, like every other sinner, wanted to get rid of the responsibility. He did not like to be pressed to a decision. He shifted the responsibility to Herod. But even Herod refused to take His life, and sent Him back; so Pilate tries again. He thinks he has got a plan that will work. He puts it out of his own power—foolish man! He ought to have decided "it" himself, and not left the multitude to decide. He said, "I will put the question to them now and get them to decide." Poor deluded man! He thought they would choose Jesus instead of Barabbas.

He did not know the depravity of man's heart, and how they were in league with hell against Christ. He took the murderer and highwayman, and asked them which one he should release, and the multitude lifted up their voice and said, "Release unto us Barabbas." After they had made that decision the poor disappointed Governor said to them, "What shall I do with Jesus that was called Christ?" And they answered, "Let Him be crucified."

Let us look at Barabbas. It seems to me that there is no case in the whole Bible where the great doctrine of substitution is brought out better than in this one. There was a man condemned in one of our Western cities. What troubled him the most was, that the night he was to be executed, they were making the gallows in the prison. He heard them sawing the planks and driving the

nails ; and as he heard he trembled from head to foot. This cross might have been made in the prison where Barabbas was confined, and these two thieves to be crucified with Christ might have been associated with Barabbas, and he might have been the ring-leader in crime.

“BARABBAS, YOU ARE FREE!”

Barabbas knows he has to die, that there is no hope ; he has perhaps heard them making the crosses, one for him and the others for each of his two companions. At last the executioner comes. He hears the footfall in the hall, as he takes one man from his cell, and then another, and there is poor Barabbas trembling from head to foot. He thinks, “In a few moment I will be lead to execution, and will be nailed to the cross, to die its terrible death ;” and while Barabbas trembles, the executioner comes and unlocks the door, and throws it open and says, “Barabbas you are free !” “What ! free ? Am I free ?” “Yes, you are free.” “What do you mean ? How comes this ? Who set me free ?” “Pilate asked the people which should be free, yourself or Jesus of Nazareth, and the multitude have chosen you to be released, and Christ is to be put to death in your stead.”

What joy, what good news it must have been for poor Barabbas ! And think, my friends, what guilt there was in that multitude making the choice of Barabbas ! I never saw any one in my life but thought it was one of the most cruel cases in this world.

But did you ever stop to think that what you are doing is worse ? The man that chooses this world has chosen much worse than the Jews did. I would rather choose Barabbas than the god of this world. If you reject Jesus Christ, bear in mind that Satan is your god ; he leads you on with an unseen hand. He is your tempter, and is trying to lure you away from the world of light, to leave you in the dark caverns of eternal death and ruin.

Thanks be to God, there is hope to-day ; this very hour you can choose Him and serve Him. O, make your choice to-day. It is not between Jesus and Barabbas now ; it is between the Lord of

Glory, the Prince of Peace, or the Devil of Hell. Every one has to decide, whether he wants to decide or not. Some people say, "I do not propose to decide this question at once. I am going to be neutral." No one can have Christ presented to him but he has to decide. You will either decide to reject or to receive Him. There is but one alternative; if you reject Him you will receive the devil.

IT IS FOLLY TO SCOFF.

If we would stop putting this question over from day to day unanswered, if that little girl sitting by her mother would just say what she would do, how happy we should all be. There are some here this afternoon who have come, perhaps, to scoff and laugh. Dear friends, are you going to scoff on? Are you going to die in your sins and be lost? When Jesus comes this afternoon and knocks at the door of your heart and wants you to become a Christian, are you going to reject Him? Some say, "Well, I can't give up the world." Would you rather have the world than have Christ? Would you rather have the god of pleasure than the God of Heaven?

There is no way to stand neutral on this question. You must have one or the other; you must have the god of earth or the God of Heaven. I pity the man or woman who is living for this world. You will not only be disappointed now, but you will be disappointed all through this life. The god of pleasure can never lift you up and make your heart to rejoice. Solomon looked abroad over this land for that which would satisfy the yearnings of his soul. He picked up worldly pleasure, looked at it, and then laid it away and said, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!" There are many who live for wealth and social position. What is it after you have got it? It is like the boy running after a bubble; when you get it it is gone.

Oh, that this text would sink deep into the hearts of all here, that they might be made to realize their need of Christ! Don't go out of this hall and say you will forget this text. Just let it sink into your heart and say, "What shall I do with Jesus?"

Won't you stop just a moment and think, What shall I do with Him? One of two things you must do; you must either receive Him or reject Him. You receive Him here, and He will receive you there; you reject Him here and He will reject you there. O, may every soul make up its mind where it will spend eternity! Whether it will be found in the world of light or in the dark caverns of eternal woe.

ONE THING WEALTH COULD NOT BUY.

There was a young woman dying. Her father and mother were wealthy. They had brought her up with every wish gratified. She had lived in luxury. In worldly things she had wanted nothing. Her parents bestowed upon her all that wealth could buy; but at last she was taken sick, and when she came down to the bank of the river, she said: "Father and mother, won't you go with me, it is dark?" They wept bitterly over the dying child, but they told her they could not go. Then she wanted them to pray for her, but they didn't know how to pray. The father and the mother stood at her bedside and sent for a minister, but it was too late. When he arrived she was dead.

My friends, that dark hour will come to all of us. We must pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and if we have not Christ it will be very dark. A man became anxious for the spiritual welfare of a friend. He went and asked him if he would not come to Christ. The man was occupied in business; he didn't have time to seek the Kingdom of God. Time passed on, and one day this kind friend heard that the man to whom he had spoken was sick, that he had caught cold. The friend went to the sick man's bedside, hoping to win the soul to Christ. He spoke to him about Jesus, and begged him not to delay repentance. The man said to the friend, "I wish you would come in to-morrow; I don't feel well enough to talk now, but come in to-morrow, and I will be better."

The next day he went again, and the man said, "Don't talk to me now; I am not well enough yet." The next day he went again, but the doctor had given orders that no one should go into

the room where the invalid was. Then the Christian friend begged of the wife to let him go in, but the wife said the doctor had given orders that no one should see him. And I believe that many ungodly physicians do this just to keep Christians away from dying sinners. They don't believe in God, and are willing to see others die without a knowledge of the Saviour.

The friend called the next day and was again told that no one was permitted to enter the room. The man was dead when he went the next day. I believe that man intended to receive Christ. There are many who intend to receive Christ but put it off to a more convenient time. What Satan wants is for you to put it off until to-morrow. He knows that to-morrow never comes.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.

Don't delay the answer to this great question, "What shall I do with Christ?" Accept Him now. When you are sick it is no time to receive Jesus. When death comes He often steals in unawares. Some men don't know that death is coming until they are hurried away into the other world without any preparation. How much do you think some lost one would give if he had his life to live over again? How much do you think Agrippa would give to be in Paul's place now? How much do you think those men who took part in the services and heard Christ preach to them would give if they had the opportunity you have here this afternoon?

Oh, if I could go to the borders of the lost world, and call upon one soul, and bring him on this platform, and let him tell the awful horror and woe of being separated from Christ, how terrible it would be. Why, I believe that Caiaphas would be very glad to exchange places with John; but it is too late now. All the opportunities are gone. They risked all for wealth and station. And what was the wealth and the position these men held? It was only for a few months or years, and then God changed their countenances and sent them away.

The rich man would have been glad to have exchanged places with Lazarus, who sat with the dogs at his door. What must have

been his misery when he saw from his terrible position Lazarus among the saved. It is a good deal better to be a poor beggar, with Christ in your heart, than to have the applause of this world and die without hope.

Well, I imagine that a good many say, "How am I to receive Christ?" Well, my friends, you are to receive Him just as you are to receive anything else. You are to take Jesus just as a friend who gives you a gift. Why not receive Him? You reject Him, and of course you must be without a gift. You must be without Christ. If you receive Him then He is yours for time and eternity. Now, I don't know any better illustration of receiving Christ than matrimony. I see some of you smiling, but my friends, it is a Bible illustration.

BRIDEGROOM AND THE TEN VIRGINS.

Speaking of the ten virgins, He says that He was the bridegroom and the virgins the bride. In Revelations it is said, "Blessed is he who shall be at the marriage supper of the Lamb." You remember how a servant was sent to seek a wife for Isaac. He met her at the well, and as soon as he had told his errand he wanted to be off next morning. He wanted to take her to his master immediately. But they said, "Don't take her off now; let her remain with us a few days." But he wanted to be off, and they concluded to call Rebekah and see if she would accompany the servant.

Then they called Rebekah and said to her, "Wilt thou go with this man?" She said, "Yes, I will go; I will accept of the invitation." It was an offer extended to her. Now, that servant could not say that he loved Rebekah. He had never seen her before, but the Lord guided him. I can tell you, my friends, that Jesus Christ knows all about you, and He loves you with an untiring love. It is just so with any lady whose hand is asked in marriage by a man. She can receive him or reject him, as she wishes. That is just the way with Christ. You can receive Christ—give up father, mother, home, if need be, and receive Christ. In marriage the man takes the first place in your heart.

You would not give up your home, your advantages, all your friends, if you did not love the person.

So it is with Christ. You have been told about Him, read about Him, and I have come to-day and asked you if you would accept Him. I have come to-day to get a bride for my Master. I have come to plead Christ's cause among you. Out of these thousands of women are there not some who are willing to become Christ's people? Is there one who will go with this man? Now, just answer it in your own heart and say, "By the grace of God I will accept Jesus. This very day and this very hour I will become His." Now, just think a moment and answer the question, "What shall I do with the Jesus who is called Christ?"

MADE A GREAT MISTAKE.

I remember when Mr. Sankey and myself were in Chicago preaching. We had been five Sunday nights on the life of Christ. We had taken Him from the cradle, and on the fifth night we had just got Him up to where we have him to-day. He was in the hands of Pilate, and Pilate didn't know what to do with Him. I remember it distinctly, for I made one of the greatest mistakes that night I ever made. After I had nearly finished my sermon I said, "I want you to take this home with you, and next Sunday night we will see what you will do with Him."

Well, after a while the meeting closed, and we had a second meeting. The people gathered in the room, and Mr. Sankey during the service sang a hymn, and as he got down to the verse "The Saviour calls, for refuge fly," I saw I had made a mistake in telling the people that next week they could answer. I saw that it was wrong to put off answering the question. After the meeting closed I started to go home. They were wringing the fire-alarm at that time, and it proved to be the death knell of our city. I didn't know what it meant and so went home. That night the fire raged through the city, destroying everything in its path, and before the next morning the very hall where he had gathered was in ashes.

People rushed through the streets crazed with fear, and some of those who were at the meeting were burned to death.

CHAPTER XXV.

Man's Great Failure.

I WANT now to call your attention to a clause in that chapter I have just read, a part of the 22d verse: "*For there is no difference.*" Now that is one of the verses, one of the portions of Scripture, that the natural man don't like. I have had many a quarrel with men on this verse, because we are just apt to think we are a little better than our friends and our neighbors, and men don't like to believe there is no difference. It is one of the greatest lessons a man has to learn—that he is a sinner. If you don't believe that you are sick you won't call in a physician. It is just because the natural man don't like this text I have taken it to-night.

I have found out long ago that the lessons we don't like are the best medicine for us. I can imagine there is some one here who says, "I don't believe that statement, that there is no difference." I can imagine there is some one here who says, "Isn't it better for a man to be a sober man than it is to be a drunkard? Isn't it better for a man to be honest than it is for a man to be dishonest?" Yes, we will admit all that; but that don't apply when it comes to the great question of salvation. If a man has not been saved from sin he must perish like the rest of the world.

Now if a man wants to find out what he is, let him turn to the 3d chapter of Romans. He can read his life there. If you want to read your own biography, you need not write it yourself. Turn to the 3d chapter of Romans, and it is all there written by a man who knows a good deal more about us than we do about ourselves. Christ was the only one that ever trod this earth that saw everything in the heart of man. We read that he didn't commit himself, because he knew their hearts. The heart is deceitful. Who can know it? It is deceitful above all things, and it is desperately wicked. Now, Satan either tries to make men believe that they are good enough without salvation, or if he can't make them believe that, he tries to

tell them that they are so bad God won't have anything to do with them.

The law isn't to save men, but the law is brought in just to show man that he is lost and ruined under the law. These people that are trying to save themselves by the law are making the worst mistakes of their lives. Some people say if they try to do right they think that is all that is required of them. They say, "I try to keep the law." Well, did you ever know a man to keep the law except the Son of God himself? The law was never given to save men by. "And what was the law then given for?" It was given to show man his lost and ruined condition. It was given to measure men by their fruit.

PHOTOGRAPHING PEOPLE'S HEARTS.

Before God saves a man he first stops his mouth. I meet some people in the inquiry-room who talk a good deal. When I meet those people I say to myself, "They are very far from the Kingdom of God." A perfect God couldn't give an imperfect standard: a perfect God sees that the law is pure and good; but we are not good if we don't come up to the standard. Now if a man should come into this city and advertise that he could take a photograph of people's hearts and give a perfect likeness, do you think he would get a customer in this city? If we go to have a photograph taken we brush ourselves up, and we have it taken sitting, and standing, and sitting in this position and sitting in that position, and standing in this position and standing in that position, and if the artist flatters us and makes us look better than we do, we send it around to our friends, and we say, "Yes, that is a good likeness." Suppose the artist could get a photograph of the heart of the true man, do you think he would get many customers? A good many of you would say: "I wouldn't like to have the wife of my bosom see my heart. I wouldn't like to have her read my secret thoughts." The heart of man is a fountain of corruption, vileness, and pollution, and there is no hope for a man being saved until he finds out he is bad.

And so the law is a looking-glass just to show a man how foul

he is in the sight of God. A little while before the Chicago fire I went home one afternoon to my family, and I thought I would take them out riding. My little boy, about two years old, clapped his hands, wanted to know if I wouldn't take him up to Lincoln Park to see the bears. I said that I would, and I went out. I hadn't been gone a great while when the little fellow wanted his mother to wash him up, and then he wanted to go out and play.

SAW IT IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Well, he got playing in the dirt, and he got all covered with dirt, and when I drove up he wanted to get into the carriage. I said, "No, Willie, you are not ready; I must take you in and get you washed." The little fellow said, "O, papa, I'se ready." I told him he wasn't ready, he was all over dirt. "But papa, mamma washed me; I'se clean." I could not make him believe that his face was all dirt. He could not believe it: his mamma washed him, and he was clean. So I took him up and let the little fellow see himself in the looking-glass in the carriage. He saw the dirt and it stopped his mouth. I held him up to the looking-glass so that he saw the dirt, but I did not take the looking-glass to wash his face with.

That is what people do. The law was not given to save man. It was given to show him his lost and ruined condition. It wasn't given to save men—the Son of God came to to that work—but the law is the schoolmaster that came to show us what to do when we are saved. Stop all this idle doing, and just come to the fountain that has just been opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanliness. I can imagine some of you may say, "I am sure I am not as some people. I am not a publican. I never got drunk in my life. I don't like to have Mr. Moody say I am as bad as other people."

I don't know but pharisaism is as bad as drunkenness, and I find you can just sum up the whole human race into about two heads—the publican and the pharisee. Yonder is an orchard, and in that orchard there are two apple trees—miserable, sour, bitter. Stop, one of them is bare; they are worthless. Why are they good for nothing? Well, one tree has got five hundred apples, and the

other has got five. There is no difference. The fact is the tree is bad. One man may have more fruit than another ; but the fruit is bad from the old Adam's stock. God didn't look for good fruit from Adam's stock.

Make the fountain good, and the stream will be good. Make men's hearts good, and their lives will be good. You might as well tell a man to jump over the moon as to be moral, if he hasn't got God in his heart. The way to improve the soul of a man is to strike at the root of the tree, and if the heart is right and in sympathy with God there will be no trouble about the life. You need not be cultivating a crab-apple tree. That is what some people do.

BREAKING THE LAW.

Now, in the law it is written that a man that breaks the least of the law is guilty of all. Some people say, "I have not broken the ten commandments." They seem to think that the ten commandments are ten different laws. But a man who breaks the least of the commandments has broken all, and if you have broken one of the commandments you have broken the law of God. Some people think that if they only fail in one commandment they are not so bad ; but if a man is guilty of breaking one, he breaks all. And where can we find one man who does not break more than one commandment ?

How many people here worship idols ! Measure your heart by the law of God, my friends, and you'll find yourself guilty. The reason why people sin so much is because they don't believe they do sin. Unbelief is the root of all evil. Adam sinned through unbelief, and we must get out of the pit at the same place he fell in. He fell by unbelief, and we must believe to be saved. You go to a prison and you will find there a good many criminals ; one is there for one offense and one for another, but they are all criminals. So here to-night, some of us are guilty of one offense and some of another, but we are all sinners.

A few years ago we had a law in our city requiring all the policemen to be of a certain height, five feet and ten inches, I think it was, and of a good moral character, and to be well recommended.

One day as I was going down the street with a friend, I saw a crowd of men standing in front of the Commissioners' office waiting to be examined. Now suppose my friend had gone with me into the Commissioners' office, and we had presented certificates of good moral character coming from persons high in place.

BELOW THE STANDARD.

When I came to present my recommendations the Commissioner would have said, "Well, Mr. Moody, before we look at your papers we will proceed to measure you;" and lo, I am found to be but about five feet high! So I am rejected. And my friend might say, "O, well, I am taller than you are, so I need have no fear on that score;" but when they come to measure him he is found to be just one-tenth of an inch too short, and they throw him out, too. My father once told me that in England the archers used to shoot at a ring, and if the archer failed to shoot all his arrows through the ring he was called a sinner. Now suppose I should take ten arrows and try to send them through a ring at the other side of the building and should only get one through, I should be called a sinner. And suppose Brother Taylor should take as many arrows and send nine through, one after the other, and just miss the ring with the last one, why he would be a sinner too, just like me.

My friends, have any of you missed the mark? I see a man down there in the audience bow his head. There is hope of your being saved if you feel you have sinned. And who of us have not failed in many ways? We are all failures, and every man since Adam has been a failure. Many persons wish they could have been created perfect like Adam; but there is no man who would not have fallen like Adam, if he had been put in Adam's place. Put 1000 children into this building, and give them all sorts of playthings, but tell them that there is one thing in the room that they must not look at; leave them alone for half an hour, and they would all be looking at that one thing.

Man is a stupendous failure. God on Mount Horeb shouted the law to man, and man said, "Oh, yes, Lord, we'll keep the law; we'll not break this Thy command. And the very first command-

ment was, "Thou shall not have other gods." Then Moses and Joshua go to have an interview with God, and the people whom they had left behind at once begin to say, "Make us a god." And the golden calf was made and they worshipped it. When Moses and Joshua returned from Horeb they heard a great shout. Ha! do you hear that shout? Is it the shout of victory, of those who are rejoicing in conquest? No, it is the shout of the idolater. All worshipped the golden calf.

BOWING DOWN TO A CALF.

It was an idolatrous shout that the prophets heard. The worship of the golden calf! You'll find it in this city. One man says, Give me more money; another, Give me a seat in Congress; another, Give me a bottle of rum. Ah, it's easy to condemn the Israelites—it is easy to smile, but beware that you are not guilty of the same sin. Man was a failure under the judges, failure under the prophets, and now for 2000 years under grace he has been a most stupendous failure. Walk the streets and see how quickly he goes to ruin. How many are hastening down to the dark caves of sin! Man in his best day, under the most favorable circumstances, is nothing but a failure.

Imagine Noah stopping work on the Ark, and going on a preaching tour. He tells the people of the Flood. He warns them of their danger. He exhorts them to repent. All are to perish, the wise, the rich, the great—all, all are to perish when God comes to judge. They mock at him, They tell him, "You'd better go back to your old Ark: do you think we will believe that the rich, the priests, the great, the powerful, are going to perish as you say?" They would mock, and would not believe. I can hear over the waves, that proved the warning true, this one text, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Take the people of Sodom. Do you believe they would believe the warning voice, "No," they would say, "Sodom to be destroyed? Nonsense; it was never more prosperous." They would not believe, and didn't they all perish alike? I tell you there is no difference when God comes. It was my sad lot to be in Chicago

when that great fire swept through the city, and I have often thought it was almost a glimpse of the Judgment Day. All were on a level then. There was the house of the millionaire and near it the house of the poor man. The rich man turned his back on his gilded palace, and the poor man went with him. There was no difference.

THE GREAT WAY OF ESCAPE.

We are all on one platform; let no mocking words escape! Flee for your lives! Flee! Flee! There is a mountain we can all escape to—it's Calvary. You can escape thus, any night. Some may say I paint too dark a picture. For two nights I have tried to tell you of the Gospel; perhaps I have made a mistake. Christ kept the law. He was the Lamb, pure and spotless. He never broke the law, therefore He can die for the sins of man. The law cuts all down as a scythe cuts down the grass. All go down before its sweep. Right here comes in the Gospel—the Son of God came to seek and to save that which was lost. The grace of God brings grace down to men. Substitution! If you take that out of the Bible, you can take the Bible along with you if you wish to. The same story runs all through the book. The scarlet thread is unbroken from Genesis to Revelation. Christ died for us, that's the end of the law.

I always loved that hymn sometimes sung by Brother Sankey, "Free from the law. O! happy condition." He was bruised for us, and through Him are we saved. Napoleon Bonaparte once sent out a draft. A man was drafted who didn't want to go. A friend volunteered to go in his place. He went into the army and was killed. A second draft was made, and by some accident the same man was drafted again, but he said to the officer, "You can't take me, I'm dead. I died on such a battle-field." "Why, man, you are crazy," said the officer. "You are not dead, here you are alive and well before me." "No, sir," said the man, "I am dead.

"The law has no claim on me; look at the roll." They looked and found another name written against his. They insisted; he carried his case before the Emperor, who said that he

was right, his friend had died for him. Christ died for me. The wages of sin is death. Christ has received this payment. It is the height of folly to bear this burden, when he can so easily step out from under it.

A MAN WITHOUT ARMS.

In Brooklyn, I saw a young man go by without any arms. My friend pointed him out, and told me his story. When the war broke out he felt it to be his duty to go to the front. He was engaged to be married, and while in the army letters passed frequently between him and his intended wife. After the battle of the Wilderness the young lady looked anxiously for the accustomed letter. At last one came in a strange hand. She opened it with trembling fingers, and read these words: "We have fought a terrible battle. I have been wounded so awfully that I shall never be able to support you more. A friend writes this for me. I love you more tenderly than ever, but I release you from your promise. I will not ask you to join your life with the maimed life of mine." That letter was never answered. The next train that left the young lady was on it. She went to his hospital. She found out the number of his cot and she went down the aisle, between the long rows of wounded men.

At last she saw the number; she threw her arms around his neck and said: "I'll not desert you. I'll take care of you." He did not resist her love. They were married, and there is no happier couple than this one. You're dependent on one another. Christ says: "I'll take care of you. I'll take you to this bosom of mine." That young man could have spurned her love; he could, but he didn't. Surely you can be saved if you will accept salvation of Him. Oh, that the grace of God may reach your heart to-night, by which you may be brought out from under the curse of the law.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Taking God at His Word.

THERE are times in meetings when I feel like bowing my head and praying. It seems as if we had preaching enough—for ten weeks, day after day, night after night. I am sure I don't know how to present Christ in any other light than I have. I've tried to tell you of His wonderful grace, and how full of love He is; and now, after I have read a few verses of Scripture, I shall call on some of our friends to tell you the way of life, in hopes that you may get it from other lips if not from mine. Every soul here to-night may be saved if he will only take God at His word. Let me read from the 13th chapter of Acts, 39th verse.

I do not know of any verse in the whole Bible that puts the way of life in clearer light than that 39th verse: "By Him all that believe are justified from all things from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses." So it is just simply to believe. You say, What am I to believe? You are to believe God's Word; you are to take God at His word and trust Him for salvation. If you trust Him to keep you, He will keep you. He will save you the moment you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Instead of trying to trust Him, instead of trying to save ourselves, just drop the word try and put the word "trust" in. He will justify us in all things by just simply believing on Him.

I do not know any word that the inquirers stumble over more than they do over that word believe. It is not any miraculous kind of belief. Some people are waiting for some belief to come down out of heaven. In their hearts they do not believe they can have the same kind of faith in Him that they have in one another. It is not any miraculous faith or belief we want. It is to put our trust in God, and say with Job, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." "I will cast myself on the mercy of God." I

never knew any one in my life but that got salvation who did that; and the very moment you do it you get salvation.

Paul says, in the 4th chapter of Romans, 5th verse, "But to him that worketh not, but believeth." The very thing that keeps hundreds of people away from Christ is that they are trying to work their way to salvation. The moment you try to work for a gift it ceases to be a gift. If you pay even a farthing for it, it ceases to be a gift. Some man says he is not worthy of it, that his life has been so bad. What does grace mean? It means undeserved favor. It is because we do not deserve it and cannot deserve it that God gives it to us. If a man is not going to be saved until he is worthy, he will never be saved. A man prayed in a prayer-meeting in Philadelphia the other day a prayer that made the cold chills run all over me. He prayed to be blessed as far as he was worthy.

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

We ask not because we are worthy; we live in rebellion against God day after day; we have been in rebellion for years. If you will let rebellion cease and be willing to let the Lord save you He will do it. A young convert told us a week ago how he was saved. It was one of the sweetest conversions I ever heard of. I noticed him a number of times in the inquiry-room, and talked with him some, but I never had thought he was very deeply awakened. He said he was walking down Broadway one day, and just right in the street in one moment he was saved, by the thought that he would just give himself up and trust to God to save him.

It is often said to me, "You see I do not just understand what it is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Take that verse, "He came unto His own, but His own received Him not; but as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the daughters and sons of God." The difference between a saved and an unsaved man is that one has received Christ, and the other has not. Christ is the life. There is all the difference in the world between a man who receives Christ and a man who rejects him. Christ is God's gift. If you receive Him you are saved; if not, you perish.

The question is whether you are willing to receive the Lord Jesus Christ. I know of a person who, in the city where she lived, at one time could not have gone out and bought \$25 worth of goods on credit in all the shops together; they would not trust her. The next day she could have bought \$1000 worth. The difference is that she was a poor shop girl, and she married a wealthy man. She had received him, and that gave her power. A person that receives Christ has the power. A man may be poor, blind, wretched beggar; the next day he may have received all the treasures of hope; he may have espoused the Lord God. "For as many as received Him to them He gave everlasting life, and privilege to become the sons of God." If every verse but one were to be blotted out of the Bible, and we could choose but one, I would decide in one moment without hesitation. I would say give me John v. 24: "Verily"—which means truly, or "Mind what I tell you."

A WORD WITH A MEANING.

Whenever you see "Verily, verily," in Scripture, put your name in right there. I put my name there; there it is, D. L. Moody—"I say unto you, He that heareth my word"—I have heard it. Nothing can make me believe that I have not heard it—"He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me"—I just as much believe that God sent Christ into the world, to be the Saviour of the world, as I believe that I exist. I could not doubt it. We have evidence enough; we do not want any more. Men here that have been gamblers and thieves, the worst men there are, have been saved, who have heard His word. Some of you say they won't hold out. I know some converts of that class in Chicago who were saved ten years ago, who hold out faithfully yet. I know they said I would not hold out twenty-one years ago, but God has kept me so far, and I think He will continue to do so.

"He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me"—I said to those inquirers, "Have you got it that far? Do you believe every word of it so far?" "Yes." Well now the next word—"hath, h-a-t-h, hath—everlasting life." One man said there, "Oh, I understand that. That is very plain." It does not say

you shall have it when you come to die. It does not say "for six months, or as long as you live," but "everlasting." God says *hath* it. The next word is, "And shall not come into condemnation"—that means into judgment—"but has passed from death unto life." Paul says, "Give a reason for the faith which is within you."

THE ROCK IS FIRM.

If I were called upon to give a reason, I would say my reason is John v. 24. I took my stand on that rock twenty years ago, and I stand upon it yet. As the Irishman said, "I tremble sometimes, but the rock never does." God's Word does not fail. If you build your hopes of heaven on God's Word, you will be saved. Why not take that verse home to you, and take salvation with it? Eternal life is hidden in that short verse. It is there, if you will but reach out your hand and take it. To-night God offers Christ to you. He will receive you to-night if you will take Him at His word, and make room for Christ in your heart to-night.

A building in Dublin caught fire some time ago, and in it was a person exposed to death. The flames had already enveloped the staircase, but the firemen took ladders and spliced them and put the long ladder up, and the only hope for that person was to get out on the latter, but they found it was not quite long enough, and this person perished in the flames. Thank God, the ladder is long enough to-night. The fire-escape comes up to the very window window where you are. The question is, Will you trust the fire-escape—will you trust Christ to-night?

The other Sunday, when I was speaking on "Trust," a person came to me the next day and said, "I want to tell you how I was saved. You remember you told about that lady who sought Christ three years and could not find Him, and when you told that it was I. I was in that same condition and through your story I got light." I don't think I have ever told it but what somebody got light and life. I will tell it again, for I would go up and down the world telling it if I could get a convert.

One night I was preaching, and happening to cast my eyes down during the sermon, I saw two eyes just riveted upon me.

Every word that fell from my lips she just seemed to catch at with her own lips, and I was very anxious to go down to where she was. After the sermon I went to the pew and said, "My friend, are you a Christian?" "Oh, no," said she, "I wish I was. I have been seeking Christ three years and cannot find Him." Said I, "Oh, there is a great mistake about that." Says she, "Do you think I am not in earnest? Do you think, sir, I have not been seeking Christ?"

IT IS ONLY TO BELIEVE.

Said I, "I suppose you think you have, but Christ has been seeking you these twenty years, and it would not take an anxious sinner and an anxious Saviour three years to meet, and if you had been really seeking Him you would have found him long before this." "What would you do, then?" Said I, "Do nothing, only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "Oh," said she, "I have heard that till my head swims. Everybody says, Believe! believe! believe! and I am none the wiser. I don't know what you mean by it."

"Very well," said I, "I will drop the word; but just trust the Lord Jesus Christ to save." "If I say I trust Him will He save me?" "No, you may do a thousand things; but if you really trust Him He will save you." "Well," said she, "I trust Him, but I don't feel any different." "Ah," said I, "I have found your difficulty. You have been hunting for feeling all these three years. You have not been looking for Christ." Says she, "Christians tell how much joy they have got."

"But," said I, "you want Christian experience before you get one. Instead of trusting God, you are looking for Christian experience." Then I said: "Right here in this pew, just commit yourself to the Lord Jesus Christ, and trust Him, and you will be saved," and I held her right to that word "trust," which is the same as the word "believe" in the Old Testament. "You know what it is to trust a friend. Cannot you trust God as a friend?" She looked at me for five minutes, it seemed, and then said: "Mr. Moody, I trust the Lord Jesus Christ this night to save my soul."

Turning to the pastor of the church she took him by the hand and repeated the declaration. Turning to an elder in the church she said again the solemn words, and near the door, meeting another officer of the church, she repeated for the fourth time, "I am trusting Jesus," and went off home. The next night when I was preaching I saw her right in front of me, "Eternity" written in her eyes, her face lightened up, and when I asked inquirers to go into the other room, she was first to go in. I wondered at it, for I could see by her face that she was in the joy of her Lord. But when I got in I found her with her arms around a young lady's neck, and I heard her say, "It is only just trusting. I stumbled over it three years and found it all in trusting;" and the three weeks I was there she led more souls to Christ than anybody there. If I got a difficult case I would send it to her.

SUPREME ACT OF TRUST.

Oh, my friends, to-night won't you trust Him? Let us put our trust in Him. Let us commit everything to Him. Who will trust Him to-night? Who will commit themselves to Him to-night? Who will do it this last night we are to preach the Gospel? Who will believe in the Lord Jesus Christ to be saved? I must confess that I hate to close this meeting.

These have been ten very sweet weeks to me; ten precious weeks; but there is one sad thought about it all, that there are a few who have been here night after night having missed hardly a night. I have looked for their coming. I have watched them, I have gone to their houses—some of them—and talked with them. I have not had time to go to many. I have gone down into the congregations and spoken to them, and they have just wavered and halted, and it seems as if I could not have these meetings close and leave them out. It seems like a visitation of God, and if these will not accept Him now I fear they never will. May every man and woman in this assemblage trust the Lord.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Two Adams.

I WANT to speak to-day upon the subject of the two Adams. Every person in this hall to-day is either in the first or second

Adam, and I want for a little while just to draw the contrast between the two Adams. In the 1st chapter of Genesis, 26th verse, we will find the Lord made the first Adam lord over everything, over creation. They have now in the old country a great many titled men, and a good many whom they call lords. You might say that Adam was the first lord; he was the first man that was lord over creation. God had made him lord, or you might say king, and the whole world was his kingdom. He was the father of all.

The second Adam you will find if you turn to the first of Mark. You will see that when Christ commenced his ministry, after He had been baptized by John, He went off into the wilderness, and there He was among the wild beasts for forty days. He was not made lord over everything. He came not as the first Adam did, but He that was rich became poor for our sakes. Then in the 2d chapter of Genesis, the 17th verse, you will find the first Adam introduces sin into the world. I used to stumble over that verse more than any other verse in the whole Bible. I could not understand how God said Adam should die the day he ate that fruit, and yet he lived a thousand years.

I didn't understand then, as I do now, that the life of the body is not anything in comparison with the death of the soul. Adam died in his soul right there and then. Death is just being banished from God's sight; for God is the author of life, and the moment the communication was cut off between Adam and God that was the end of life. It was then "Eat and die." Thank God! It is now eat and live. If we eat of the bread of heaven we shall live forever.

Then in the 3d chapter of the 6th verse God told him not to do it, and when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eye, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. Now, there is the first sin that came into the world.

THE FIRST AND SECOND ADAM.

The second Man, instead of yielding to sin—He that knew no sin—became sin for us. The first man brought sin upon us and brought sin into the world, but the second Man, who was without sin, became sin for us. A great many complain because Adam's sin comes down upon the human race all these six thousand years. They seem to think it is unjust in God that Adam's sin should be visited upon the whole human race, but they forget that the very day Adam fell God gave us a Saviour and a way of escape, so that instead of complaining about God being unjust, it seems to me every one of us ought to look on the other side and see what a God of grace and love we have.

God was under no obligations to do that. If it had been any one of us, we would have come down and pulled the rebel from the face of the earth. We would have created another man, it might have been, but God made a way for Adam and all his posterity to be saved. He gave us another man from heaven, and through Him all of us could be saved just by accepting life. Through the disobedience of one many were made sinners, but thank God, through the obedience of another many are made heirs of eternal life. I want every one in this hall to just turn away from this first Adam. He has brought all the misery into this world. It came by Adam's disobedience and transgression. He disobeyed, and sin came, and death came by sin.

God's word must be kept, but you turn to the 11th chapter of John, and you find Christ is the Resurrection and the Life. One brought death, and the other brought immortality to light. If it were not for Christ we could know nothing about resurrection. I pity the poor man who ignores Christ, who rejects the Son of God,

What has he got to do at the resurrection? In the 3d chapter of Genesis the first Adam lost life. In the 1st chapter of John the second Adam gives it back to us if we will only take it. The gift of God is eternal life and all we have to do is to just take it.

All the pain and sickness in this world came by the first Adam, but thank God the second Adam came to bear away our griefs and sorrows. "Surely, He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." And you will find in the 17th chapter of Matthew that he cures our sickness. Now, when the first Adam had done this, had sinned and brought death upon the world, had brought a curse upon it, he ran away and hid in the bushes; but when the second Adam came to take his place and suffer his guilt, instead of hiding away in the bushes of Gethsemane, He came out and said to these men who were seeking for Him, "Whom seek ye?" and they said, "Jesus of Nazareth," and He answered, "Here am I." He delivered Himself up.

OBEDIENT EVEN TO DEATH.

The first man was disobedient unto death, but the second man was obedient unto death. Through the obedience of one, many shall be made alive, many shall live forever. Turn back to Corinthians, 15th chapter, 45th verse. That is the most wonderful chapter, almost, in the whole Word of God. You ought to be well acquainted with the 15th chapter. And so it is written, "The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last was made a quickening spirit." Now there is a difference between a living soul and a quickening spirit. The first was made a living soul, but he could not impart life to a dead body. He could hand life down through his own family and his own line. He was made a living soul, and he could have lived forever if he had not sinned; but the second Adam was made a quickening spirit; therefore He could raise others from the dead.

All He had to do was to speak to a dead body and it would live. That is the difference between the first Adam and the second. The first was made a living soul and he lost life, and the second was made a quickening spirit, and all He had to do was to speak to

dead bodies and they lived. He was the conquerer over death; He bound death hand and foot and overcame it and was a quickening spirit.

Now the first Adam was of earth, earthy. God promised him the earth; God gave him Eden, and he was all of this earth, earthy. The second man is the Lord from heaven. That is the difference between the two Adams. One is all of earth, earthy, and the other is from heaven. Now I don't see what people are going to do with these passages in the Bible where they try to ignore Christ's godhead, saying that He did not belong to the godhead—that He was not God-man. "The second man was from heaven," says Paul, "and therefore He spoke as a man from heaven."

THE TEMPTER OVERCOME.

When the first Adam was tempted he yielded to the first temptation. When the second Adam was tempted He resisted. Satan gave Him a trial. God won't have a Son that He cannot try. He was tried; He was tempted; He took upon Him your nature and mine and withstood the temptation. The first Adam was tempted *by* his bride. The second was tempted *for* His bride. God says, "I will give you the church." He was tempted in this world just for His bride—the church. He came for His bride, and instead of the bride tempting Him, He overcame all that He might win the bride to Himself.

And you can always tell the difference between the two Adams. When the first Adam sins he begins to make an excuse. Man must have an excuse always ready for his sins. When God came down and said, "Adam, where art thou? What have you been doing? Have you been eating of that tree?" he hung his head and had to own up that he had; but he said, "Lord, it is the woman that tempted me." He had to charge it back upon God, you see.

Instead of putting the blame where it belonged, on his own shoulders, he tried to blame God for his sins. That is what the first Adam was. We have it right here every day in our inquiry-room—men trying to charge the sin back on God instead of getting

up and confessing their sins. They say, "Why did God tempt me? Why did God do this and that?" That was the spirit of the first Adam. But, thank God, the second Adam made no excuse. He took it upon Himself to bear our sins upon the tree.

The first Adam looked upon the tree and plucked its fruit and fell. The second Adam was nailed to the tree. "Cursed is every one that is nailed to the tree." He became a curse for us. The two wonderful events that have taken place in the world are these, that when the first Adam went up from Eden he left a curse upon the earth, but when the second Adam went up from the Mount of Olives He lifted the curse. The first brought the curse upon the earth, the second as He went up from the Mount of Olives lifted the curse, and so every man that is in Christ can shout Victory! and there is no victory until he is in Christ.

THE GLORY OF DEATH.

When God turned Adam out of Eden, He put cherubim at the gate with a sword; Adam could not go back to the tree of life. It would have been a terrible thing if he had gone back and eaten the fruit, and had never died. O, my friends, it is a good thing to be able to die, that in the evening of life we may shuffle off this old Adam coil, and be with the Son of God. There is nothing sad about death to a man that is in Christ Jesus. God put a sword there to guard the tree of life. The Son of Man went into the garden and plucked up the tree, and transferred it into Paradise.

The gates are ajar (that is a poetical expression, but I use it for an illustration), and all we have to do is to walk right in and pluck the fruit and eat. Men complain because Adam was driven out of the Garden of Eden. I would rather be up there, where Satan cannot go, than to be in the old Eden.

Thanks be to God, Satan cannot go up there! The tree is planted by the throne of God, and there is the crystal stream by the river, and the tree is planted beside it. If God put Adam out of this earthly Eden on account of one sin, do you think He will let us into the Paradise above with our tens of thousands of sins upon us? If He punished one sin in that way, and would not

allow him to live in the old garden for one sinner, will He permit us to go to heaven, with all our many sins upon us? There is no sense in the sacred history of the atonement unless our sins have been transferred to another and put away.

There is no hope unless God's sword has been raised against sin, and if God finds sin on you and me we must die. All we have to do is to turn our sins over to Him who has borne our sins in His own body on the tree. Will you turn to the 3d chapter of Colossians, 3d verse: "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." When Adam was driven out of Eden, all he lost was an earthly garden. God never promised him heaven. He was not a fallen man; he was an earthly man. God gave him Eden. What do we get if we are of the second Adam?

THE GREAT DESPOILER DEFEATED.

The moment that God pronounced His Creation good, then evil began to creep in. You could hear the footsteps of Satan coming. Satan said to himself, "Good, is it? I will mar it then;" and he went to work to destroy God's work. But no sooner had Satan left Eden than God came right down and put man into a higher place than before. Thanks be to Him, we have our life hid with Christ in God! You know Satan was once the Son of the Morning, but God afterward cast him out, and now God takes a man and puts him in Satan's former place beside Him on the throne. We have more in the second Adam than we lost in the first Adam.

There is a poor sinner that takes and hides his life in Christ; how will Satan get at him? He is secure. Our life is where Satan cannot get at it. If he could he would get at it before we could have time to get our dinners to-day, and we could not have the power ourselves to keep him out; but Christ keeps him out, and we are secure. When God said to old Adam, "Where art thou?" Adam went and hid away. When he asked the second Adam, "Where art thou?" He was at the right hand of God. When God asked the first Adam, "What hast thou done?" he said he had sinned. The second Adam said, "I have

glorified thee forever." He came for that purpose. That is all that He did when He was down here on earth.

I want to call your attention to the natures of the two men. It is one of the most important truths that can be brought out. I was a Christian for twelve or fifteen years before I understood the two natures. I had a good deal of doubt and uncertainty because I did not understand one thing. I thought when a man was converted God changed his whole nature. We very often talk about a change of heart. I do not think that is a good way to put it. You cannot find those words in Scripture. All through Scripture it is a "new birth;" it is a new creation; it is new life given; "born from above of the Spirit;" "born again." If it is a new birth it must be a new nature.

TWO NATURES IN ONE MAN.

I believe that every child of God has two natures. Some people say, "Why have you Christians so much conflict? You are always struggling with yourselves, and having conflict. We don't have it. Why is it?" Because we have two natures; and there is a battle always going on between the worlds of light and darkness. Once there was a judge who had a colored man.

The colored man was very godly, and the judge used to have him to drive him around in his circuit. The judge used often to talk with him, and the colored man would tell the judge about his religious experience and about his battles and conflicts. One day the judge said to him, "Sambo, how is it that you Christians are always talking about the conflicts you have with Satan. I am better off than you are. I don't have any conflicts or trouble, and yet I am an infidel." That floored the colored man for a while. He didn't know how to meet the old infidel's argument. The judge always carried a gun along with him for hunting. Pretty soon they came to a lot of ducks. The judge took his gun and blazed away at them, and wounded one and killed another. The judge said quickly, "You jump in and get the wounded duck," and did not pay any attention to the dead one until the wounded one was safely secured.

The colored man then thought he had his illustration. He said to the judge, "I think I can explain to you now how it is that Christians have more conflict than infidels. Don't you know that the moment you wounded that duck, how anxious you was to get him out, and that you didn't care anything about the dead duck until after you had saved the other one?" "Yes," said the judge. "Well, I am a wounded duck; and I am all the time trying to get away from the devil; but you are a dead duck, and he has you anyhow, and does not bother about you until he gets me for certain."

THE OLD ADAM AND THE NEW.

So the devil has no conflict. He can devour the helpless and the widow, and it does not trouble him; he can drive a sharp bargain, and get the advantage of a man and ruin him, and not be troubled about it; and he can heap up such things all the time, and have no conflict within. Why? Because the new nature in him is not begun. When a man is born of God he gets a new life. One is from heaven and comes from Christ, that heavenly manna that comes from the throne of God. The other is of the earth, and comes of the old Adam. When I was born of my father and mother I received their nature; when they were born of their parents they received their nature; and you can trace it back to Eden. We then received God's nature.

There are two natures in man that are distinct as day and night. With that old Adam in us, if we do not keep him down in the place of death, he brings us into captivity. I do not see how any one can explain the 6th, 7th, and 8th chapters of Romans in any other way. People sometimes tell me they have got out of the 7th chapter of Romans, but I notice they always get back there again. The fact is, we do not know ourselves.

It takes us all our lives to find out who and what we are, and when we think we know something happens that makes us think we are not much further than we were when we started. The heart is deceitful above all things. In the 6th chapter of Romans it is written: "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should

not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin." And in the 11th verse there are just three words to be specially considered: "Reckon yourselves dead."

If we were really dead, we would not have to reckon ourselves dead; but if we were dead, as it means there, we have to think of it and "reckon" about it. Judicially we are dead, but in reality we are down here fighting the world, the flesh, and the devil. Some people seem to think they have got away from the flesh, and that they are soaring away in a sort of seventh heaven, but they get back again sooner or later. We find them wandering off down here. You cannot make the flesh anything but flesh. It will be flesh all the time; it will bring us into captivity. If we do not put it off and crucify it, and keep it in the place of death, it will keep us there for ever.

NO EXCUSE FOR WRONGDOING.

What if a man does yield and says it is not he, but it is the sin in him? It is but one man after all, not two men; and one man is responsible. If I am led astray by Satan, I may protest against it as much as my accuser does. I say I know I have been wrong; I was off guard; I was not watching; but I hate it as much as any one does. That is the reason why in the 7th chapter of Romans he calls it "I protest." But protestation does not excuse us.

A man went into court, having been arrested for something. He said he did not do it, and when it was proved against him he said he did not do it—it was the old man in him. The Judge said: "Well, I will send the old man to prison: the other may do what he can." If we yield and sin we have to suffer.

And at the very time that we are doing good Satan comes along and says, "That is a good action," and goes on and gets us all puffed up. There are a good many that have been ruined by spiritual pride. At the very time we are trying to do good the devil is present trying to get us to do it with some impure motive. We are to put him off. He is no longer our master. We have been redeemed, and we belong to the new man. We must starve out the old man; give him no food at all; not let him speak.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Christian Love.

IT speaks in Galatians about love, the fruit of the Spirit being love, joy, peace, gentleness, long suffering, meekness and temperance. The way this writer has put it—and I think it is very beautiful—is that joy is love exultant, peace is love in repose, and long suffering is love enduring. It is all love, you see, a gentleness is love in society, and goodness is love in action, and faith is love on the battle-field, and meekness is love at school, and temperance is love in training.

Now there are a great many that have got love and they hold the truth. I should have said they have got truth, but they don't hold it in love, and they are very unsuccessful in working for God. They are very harsh, and God cannot use them. Now let us hold the truth, but let us hold it in love. People will stand almost any kind of plain talk if you only do it in love. If you do it in harshness it bounds back and they won't receive it. So what we want is to have the truth and at the same time hold it in love.

Then there is another class of people in the world that have got the truth, but they love so much that they give up the truth because they are afraid it will hurt some one's feelings. That is wrong. We want the whole truth anyway. We don't want to give it up, but hold it in love, and I believe one reason why people think God don't love them is because they have not this love. I met a lady in the inquiry-room to-day, and I could not convince her that God loved her, for she said that if He did love her He would not treat her as He had. And I believe people are all measuring God with their own rule, as I said the other day, and we are not sincere in our love, and we very often profess something we really don't possess. Very often we profess to have love for a person when we do not, and we think God is like us.

Now God is just what He says He is, and He wants His chil-

dren to be sincere in love ; not to love just merely in word and in tongue, but to love in earnest. That is what God does. You ask me why God loves. You might as well ask me why the sun shines. It can't help shining, and neither can He help loving, because He is love Himself, and any one that says He is not love does not know anything about love. If we have got the true love of God shed abroad in our hearts we will show it in our lives. We will not have to go up and down the earth proclaiming it. We will show it in everything we say or do.

VERY NICE TO THEIR FACES.

There is a good deal of what you might call sham love. People profess to love you very much, when you find it is all on the surface. It is not heart love. Very often you are in a person's house, and the servant comes in and says such a person is in the front room, and she says: "Oh, dear, I am so sorry he has come, I can't bear the sight of him ;" and she'll get right up and go into the other room and say, "Why, how *do* you do? I am *very* glad to see you!" [Laughter.] There is a good deal of that sort of thing in the world.

I remember, too, I was talking with a man one day and an acquaintance of his came in, and he jumped up at once and shook him by the hand—why I thought he was going to shake his hand out of joint, he shook so hard—and he seemed to be so glad to see him and wanted him to stay, but the man was in a great hurry and could not stay, and he coaxed him and urged him to stay, but the man said no, he would come another time ; and after that man went out my companion turned to me and said, "Well, he is an awful bore, and I am glad he's gone." Well, I began to feel that I was a bore, too, and I got out as quickly as I could. [Laughter.] That is not real love. That is love with the tongue while the heart is not true. Now, let us not love in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. That is the kind of love God gives us, and He wants the same in return.

Now, there is another side to this truth. A man was talking to me out here the other day that he didn't believe there was

any love at all; that Christians professed to have love, but he didn't believe men could have two coats, and I think he reflected on me, because I had on my overcoat at the time and he hadn't got any. I looked at him and said: "Suppose I should give you one of my coats, you would drink it up before sundown. I love you too much to give you my coat and have you drink it up."

A good many people are complaining now that Christians don't have the love they ought to have, but I tell you it is no sign of want of love that we don't love the lazy man. I have no sympathy with those men that are just begging twelve months of the year. It would be a good thing, I believe, to have them die off. They are of no good. I admit there are some that are not real, and sincere, and true, but there are many that would give the last penny they had to help a man who really needed help. But there are a good many sham cases—men that won't work, and the moment they get a penny they spend it for drink. To such men it is no charity to give. A man that won't work should be made to work. I believe there is a great deal more hope of a drunkard or a murderer or a gambler than there is of a lazy man.

TOO LAZY TO STAY CONVERTED.

I never heard of a lazy man being converted yet, though I remember talking once with a minister in the backwoods of Iowa about lazy men. He was all discouraged in his efforts to convert lazy men, and I said to him, "Did you ever know a lazy man to be converted?" "Yes," said he; "I knew of one, but he was so lazy that he didn't stay converted but about six weeks." And that is as near as I ever heard of a lazy man being converted, and if there are any here to-day saying they don't love us because we don't give them any money, I say we love them too well. We don't give to them because it is ruin.

Some years ago I picked up several children in Chicago and thought I would clothe them and feed them, and I took special interest in those boys to see what I could make of them. I don't think it was thirty days before the clothes had all gone to whisky and the fathers had drank it all up. One day I met one of the

little boys for whom I bought a pair of boots only the day before. There was a snow-storm coming up and he was barefooted. "Mike," says I, "how's this? Where are your boots?" "Father and mother took them away," said he. There is a good deal that we think is charity that is really doing a great deal of mischief; and the people must not think because we don't give them money to aid them in their poverty that we don't love them, for the money would go into their pockets to get whisky with.

POVERTY SOMETIMES A BLESSING.

It is no sign that we are all hypocrites and insincere in our love that we don't give money. I believe if the prodigal son could have got all the money he wanted in that foreign country he would never have come home, and it was a good thing for him that he did get hard up and to live on the husks that the swine ate. And it is a good think that people should suffer. If they get a good living without work, they will never work. We can never make anything of them. God has decreed that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and not live on other people.

But I am getting away from the subject. I only wanted to touch upon this subject because a good many are complaining that Christian people don't help them. I have sometimes fifteen or twenty letters a day, coming from Kansas, and Europe even, asking us to take up a collection. They say: "Here is a poor woman. Just get the people to give a penny apiece." Suppose we began doing that sort of thing. We should have to have somebody to look up this man or this woman and find if they are worthy. If we took up one collection, we would have to take up five hundred. I never found a person true to Christ but what the Lord would take care of them. I think it is a good thing for people to suffer a little until they come back to God. They will find that God will take care of them that love Him. A great many say, "Oh, I love God." It is easy enough to say this, but if you do love God He knows about it, be assured. He knows how much you love Him. You may deceive your neighbors, and think you love God, and assume a good deal of love, when there is really no love in your heart.

Now it says in Corinthians viii. 3: "But if any man love God, the same is known of him." God is looking from heaven down into this world just to find that one man. God knows where he lives, the number of his house, and the name of the street he lives in. In fact, He has the very hairs of your head numbered, and He will take good care of you. He will not let any of His own children come to want, He will not let any of those that come to want suffer, He will provide for their wants if they are only sincere, but He don't want any sham work. When the Lord was here He was all the time stripping those Pharisees of their miserable self-righteousness. They professed great love for Him while their hearts were far from God. Let us not profess to love God with our tongue and lips, while our lives are far from it.

DON'T KNOW THEIR OWN MINDS.

Another class say, "I don't know whether I love God or not. I am really anxious to know whether or not I love God." Now, if you are really anxious it won't take you long to find out. You cannot love God and the world at the same time, because they abhor each other. They are at enmity, always have been and always will be. It is the world that crucified God's Son; it was the world that put God's Son to death. Therefore, if we love the world it is a pretty good evidence that the love of the Father is not in us. We may say our prayers and go through some religious performances, but our hearts are not right with God because we cannot love God and the world at the same time. We have got to get the world under our feet and the love of God must be first in our hearts or else we have not got the love of God.

The command we have is that he who loveth God loveth his brother also. Now, if we have got our heart full of enmity and jealousy and malice toward any of God's children it is a sure sign that the love of God is not in our hearts. To love a man that loves me—that don't require any goodness; the greatest infidel can do that; but to love a man that reviles me and lies about me and slanders me—that takes the grace of God. I may not associate with

him, but I may love him. I may hate the sin, but love the sinner. And that is one of the tests by which to find out whether you have love in your heart. The first impulse of the young convert is to love every one, and to do all the good he can, and that is the sign that a man has been born from above, born of God, and that he has got real love in his heart; and these tests God gives us that we may know.

CHRISTIAN LOVE OPPOSED TO WORLDLINESS.

The question is, do you love the world? Had you rather go to a theatre than to prayer-meeting? Had you rather go to a dance than to commune with the godly? If so it is, then it is a good sign that you have not been converted and not born of God. That is a test. People want to know whether they love God or not; let them turn to that test and they will find out. If your heart is set on the world and you had rather not be with God's people, it is a sure sign that you have not been born of God.

Well, there is another class of people who say, "I don't see if God really loves me and I love Him, why I am called upon to have so many afflictions and troubles." Just turn a moment to the 8th chapter of Romans, the 28th verse: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to His purpose." It is not a few things, not a part of them, but *all* work together for good. Give a man constant prosperity and how quickly he turns away from God, and so it is a little trouble here, and a little reverse here, and some prosperity there, and taken all together it is the very thing we need.

If you just take your Bibles you will find that God loves you. There is no one in this wide world, sinner, that loves you as God loves you. You may think your father loves you, or your mother loves you, or a brother or a sister, but let me tell you you can multiply it by ten thousand times ten thousand before it can equal God's love. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Can you have greater proof of God's love and Christ's love? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Christ laid down his life for his enemies. Ah, my friends,

it will take all eternity for us to find out the height and breadth and length and depth of God's love.

I am told that when the Roman Catholic Archbishop in Paris was thrust into prison during the last war there was a window in the door of his cell in the shape of a cross. He took his pencil and at the top and bottom marked the height and length and depth, and at each end of the arm the length and breath. Ah, that Catholic bishop had been to Calvary. He could realize the breadth and length and depth and height of God's love, and that Christ gave Himself up freely for us all.

PROTECTED BY THE FLAG.

How men with an open Bible can say that God don't love them is more than I can understand. But the devil is deceitful and puts that into their heads. Let me beg you, beg you, go to Calvary and there you may just for a moment catch a glimpse of God's love. There was a man came from Europe to this country a year or two ago, and he became dissatisfied and went to Cuba in 1867 when they had a great civil war there. Finally he was arrested for a spy, court-martialed, and condemned to be shot. He sent for the American Consul and the English Consul, and went on to prove to them that he was no spy. These two men were thoroughly convinced that the man was no spy, and they went to one of the Spanish officers and said, "This man you have condemned to be shot is an innocent man." "Well," the Spanish officer says, "the man has been legally tried by our laws and condemned, and the law must take its course and the man must die."

And the next morning the man was led out; the grave was already dug for him, and the black cap was put on him, and the soldiers were there ready to receive the order, "Fire," and in a few moments the man would be shot and be put in that grave and covered up, when who should rise up but the American Consul, who took the American flag and wrapped it around him, and the English Consul took the English flag and wrapped it around him, and they said to those soldiers, "Fire on those flags if you dare!" Not a man dared; there were two great governments behind those

flags. And so God says, "Come under my banner, come under the banner of love, come under the banner of heaven." God will take good care of all that come under His banner.

Oh, my friends, come under the banner of heaven to-day. This banner is a banner of love. May it float over every soul here, is the prayer of my heart. God don't will the death of any who will come under His banner of love. It is pure love, and sinner, may the love of God bring you into the fold is the prayer of my heart. I read once of a young man who left his father, and at last that father died and the boy came to the funeral, and there was not a tear that flowed over his cheeks during all the funeral. He saw that father laid down into the grave, and he did not shed a tear. When they came to break the will, and the boy heard that the father had dealt kindly with him and had given him some property, he began to shed tears. When that boy heard his father's will read, his heart was broken, and he came to his father's God.

O sinner, if you want to find out God's love, take this last will and testament of Jesus Christ. He showed his love by going to Calvary; He showed his love by His death agony there. He loves you with an everlasting love; He don't want you to perish. O, may you love Him in return.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Abounding Grace.

I AM going to take to-night a subject rather than a text. I want to talk to you about free grace. I say free grace; perhaps I had better drop the word "free" and say just "grace." There is a sermon just in the meaning of the word. It is one of those words that are very little understood at the present time, like the work gospel. There are a great many that are partakers of the spirit of Christ or of grace that don't know its meaning. I think it is a good idea to go to Webster's dictionary and look up the meaning of these words that we hear so often but don't fully understand.

You seldom go into a religious assembly but you hear the word grace, and yet I was a partaker of the grace of God for years before I knew what it meant. I could not tell the difference between grace and law. Now grace means unlimited mercy, undeserved favor, or unmerited love. I had a man come to-day to see me, and his plea was that he was not fit to be saved. He said there was no hope for him because he had sinned all his life and there was nothing good in him. I was very much gratified to hear him say that. There is hope for that man—and I suppose he is here to-night—and there is hope for any man who thinks there is nothing good in him. That was the lesson Christ tried to teach the Jews—the lesson of grace. But they were trying to prove themselves to be better than other people. They were of the seed of Abraham and under the Mosaic law, and better than the people about them.

Now let us get at the source of this stream, that has been flowing through the world these hundreds of years. You know that men have been trying to find the source of the Nile. Wouldn't it be as profitable to try and find the source of grace, because this is a stream we are all interested in. I want to call your attention

to the first chapter of John, the 14th and 17th verses: "And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Then the 17th verse: "For the law is given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Then in the 5th chapter of Romans, the 15th verse: "But not as the offense, so also is the free gift. For if through the offense of one many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many."

FREE GIFT FOR MANY.

There it is called the free gift—it abounded unto many. Then in Paul's epistle to the Corinthians, the 1st chapter and the 3d verse: "Grace be unto you and peace from God, our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. I thank my God always on your behalf for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ." Now bear in mind that He is the God of all grace. We wouldn't know anything about grace if it wasn't for Jesus Christ. Men talk about grace, but they don't know much about it. These bankers, they talk about grace. If you want to borrow a thousand dollars, if you can give good security, they will let you have it and take your note, and you give your note and say, "So many months after date I promise to pay a thousand dollars."

Then they give you what they call three days' grace, but they make you pay interest for those three days. That ain't grace. Then when your note comes due, if you can't pay but nine hundred and fifty dollars, they would sell everything you have got and make you pay the fifty dollars. Grace is giving the interest, principal, and all. I tell you, if you want to get any grace, you must know God. He is the God of all grace. He wants to deal in grace; He wants to deal with that unmerited mercy, undeserved favor, unmerited love; and if God don't love man until he is worthy of His love, He won't have time for very much love for him; He is the God of all grace.

Unto whom does He offer grace? I would like to have you turn to your Bibles to two or three texts; to the 21st chapter of

Matthew, the 28th verse: "But what think ye? A certain man had two sons and he came to the first and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. He answered and said, I will not; but afterward he repented and went. And he came to the second and said likewise. But he answered and said, I go, sir; and went not. Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first. Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you." Why? Because He loved those publicans and harlots more than He did those Pharisees? No; it was because they wouldn't repent, because they wouldn't take grace. They didn't believe they needed the grace of God.

FIRST STEP IN SALVATION.

A man who believes that he is lost is near salvation. Why? Because you haven't got to work to convince him that he is lost. Now here is a man that said he wouldn't go, and then he saw that he was wrong, and repented and went, and this man was the man that grace held up. Any man or any woman here to-night who will repent and turn to God, God will save them. It don't make any difference what your life has been in the past. He will turn to any that will turn to Him. I was preaching one Sunday in a church where there was a fashionable audience, and after I got through the sermon I said: "If there are any that would like to tarry a little while, and would like to stay and talk, I would be glad to talk with you." They all got up, turned around, and went out. I felt as though I was abandoned. When I was going out I saw a man getting behind the furnace. He hadn't any coat on, and he was weeping bitterly. I said, "My friend, what is the trouble?" He said, "You told me to-night that I could be saved; that the grace of God would reach me. You told me that there wasn't a man so far gone but the grace of God would reach him." He said: "I am an exile from my family; I have drunk up twenty thousand dollars within the last few months; I have drunk up the coat off my back, and if there is hope for a poor sinner like me I should like to be saved." It was just like a cup of refreshment to

talk to that man. I didn't dare give him money for fear that he would drink it up, but I got him a place to stay that night, took an interest in him, and got him a coat, and six months after that, when I left Chicago for Europe—four months after—that man was one of the most earnest Christian men I knew. The Lord had blessed him wonderfully. He was an active, capable man. The grace of God can save just such if they will only repent. I don't care how low he has become, the grace of God can purge him of all sin, and place him among the blessed. In proportion as a man is a sinner much more does the grace of God abound. There isn't a man but that the grace of God will give him the victory if he will only accept it.

A MOTHER'S EARNEST APPEAL.

I want you to turn a moment to a passage you will find in the 7th chapter of Mark: "And from thence He arose, and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into a house, and would have no man know it; but He could not be hid. For a certain woman whose young daughter had an unclean spirit heard Him, and came and fell at His feet. The woman was a Greek, a Syro-Phœnician by nation; and she besought Him that He would cast forth the devil out of her daughter. But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled, for it is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it unto the dogs. And she answered and said unto Him, Yes, Lord; yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs. And He said unto her, For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter."

Now, just see how Christ dealt with that woman—a Syro-Phœnician, a Gentile; she didn't belong to the seed of Abraham at all. He came to save His own, but His own received Him not. Christ was willing to give to the Jews grace. He dealt in grace with a liberal hand, but those that He was desirous to shower grace upon wouldn't take it. But this woman belonged to a different people—and just hear her story.

I wonder what would happen if Christ should come and speak that way now? Suppose He should come into this assembly and

take any woman here and call her a dog. Why, that Syro-Phœnician woman might have said, "Call me a dog! Talk to me like that! Why I know a woman who belongs to the seed of Abraham who lives down near me, and she is the worst and meanest woman in the neighborhood. I am as good as she is any day." She might have gone away without a blessing if she had not felt her utter destitution and lost condition. But Jesus only said that to her just to try her, and after calling her a dog, she only broke forth into a despairing cry, "Yes, Lord—yes, Lord." Christ had said it was more blessed to give than to receive.

ASKED FOR CRUMBS AND RECEIVED A LOAF.

She took His place and received His blessing and His commands. She was satisfied to be given only a crumb, as long as He heard her petition. So, instead of giving her a crumb, she got a whole loaf. And so will you get the fullest beneficence of Christ if you lift your heart up to Him. Oh, that many would but just take her place, understand how low and unworthy they are, and cry unto Jesus. If you do, Christ will lift you up and bless you. But then the great trouble is that people will not confess that they have need of grace. Such miserable Pharisaism is the worst feature of the present time. They think they can get salvation without the grace of God. The old saying is that when you come to Jesus as a beggar you go away as a prince. Instead of doing that, they feel so self-confident and proud that they come always as princes and go away beggars.

If you want the Son of God to deal with you, come as a beggar and He will have mercy upon you. Look at the great crowd going up to the Temple: they feel they have strength of themselves, and all pass on, proud and haughty, except one poor man, who smites himself on the breast and says, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

If you want to see the idea that the Jews had as to who was worthy, and how they thought that that kind of worthiness should be rewarded, just take your Bibles and look at the 7th chapter of Luke. It reads there, "Now when He had ended all His sayings

in the audience of the people, He entered into Capernaum. And a certain Centurion's servant who was dear unto Him was sick and ready to die. And when he heard of Jesus he sent unto Him the elders of the Jews, beseeching Him that He would come and heal His servant. And when they came to Jesus they besought Him instantly"—now, just listen—"saying that he was worthy for whom He should do this." Yes, that was the Jews' idea of the reason He should come, because he was "worthy." What made him worthy? "For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue."

HAD BUILT A SYNAGOGUE.

He was not worthy because he was a sinner; oh, no; not at all. But he was worthy because "he hath built us a synagogue." Ha! that was the same old story—the story of the present day. There is a great deal of that now. Give that man the most prominent place in church; let him have the best pew and the one furthest up in church, because he is "worthy." He has built the church perhaps; or he has endowed a seminary. No matter where his money came from. He may have got it gambling in stocks, or doing something else of a like character; but he has given it to us. Oh, yes, he is worthy. He may have made his enormous gains by distilling whiskey even. Make room for him, he has got a gold ring on; make room for her, she has got a good dress on.

So said the Jews; now, Lord, come at once, for he hath built a synagogue. Oh, he is worthy. You must not refuse or halt; You must come at once. That was the Jews' idea, and it is the idea of the world to-day. But how do you expect to get grace that way? The moment you put it on the ground of being worthy of it, then to receive it would not be grace at all. It would only amount to this; that if the Lord should give a man grace because He owed it to him, He would only be paying a debt. Jesus, however, went with them in this instance to teach them a lesson.

Luke goes on to say: "Then Jesus went with them. And when He was not far from the house, the Centurion sent friends to Him saying unto Him, Lord trouble not Thyself for I am not

worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof." That is the kind of humility we want; that is the kind of men we are hunting after—a man that is not worthy. See how quick he will be saved when he is in that frame of mind. I suppose that some one had run in to tell this Centurion that Jesus was approaching the house. And the Centurion sent to Him to say he was not worthy that He should come unto him, "neither thought I myself worthy to come unto Thee; but say in a word and my servant shall be healed." This Centurion had faith at any rate.

A VERY COMMON MISTAKE.

If he thought himself unworthy to come to Jesus, he sent friends whom he considered better than himself. How common it is to think yourself good and all other people bad. It is good to see a man consider himself a poor, unworthy man. "God, I didn't think myself worthy to come unto Thee, but say the word and my servant shall be healed." Thank God, he had faith. No matter how many sins we have if we only have faith. In this case, because he had faith Jesus healed his servant without coming to him at all. He hadn't to go to the house and examine his pulse, and see his tongue. Then he didn't have to write out a prescription and send him to the drug store. No; He said, "All right, your servant shall live." "For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say, unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. When Jesus heard these things, He marvelled."

It is only twice, I think, that Jesus marvelled. He marvelled at the unbelief of the Jews; and again, at the faith of the Centurion—"and turned Him about and said unto the people that followed Him, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Here is a Gentile, he said in effect, here is a man not of the seed of Abraham, and yet what faith he shows! Why, here is a Centurion, and he has more faith than the chosen people of God. Jesus granted the petition at once. When he saw a genuine check presented for payment He cashed it at once. He pays instantly in the gold of heaven, without any hesitation or

discount. "And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick." Found him perfectly well, leaping and dancing around the house, praising God. He had been at the point of death one minute, and the next he had been made perfectly well.

You may be made whole too, friends. You may even on the borders of hell, and yet be made an inhabitant of the Kingdom of Heaven. Think of this you men that are the slaves of strong drink. You may be mangled and bruised by sin, but the grace of God can save you. He is the God of grace. I hope that grace will flow into your souls to-night. Christ is the sinner's friend. If you have read your Bibles carefully you will see that Christ always took the side of the sinner. Of course, He came down on the hypocrites, and well He might. Those haughty Pharisees He took sides against, but where a poor, miserable, humble, penitent sinner came to Him for grace He always found it. You always read that He deals in grace, and to-night He will have mercy upon you that confess your sins to Him. If you want to be saved come right straight to Him. He comes to deal in grace: He comes to bless, and why don't you let him? Let Him bless you now. Let Him take your sins away now.

STUMBLING OVER FREE GRACE.

A man said to me the other night, "I feel I have got to do something." I said to him, "If this grace is unmerited and free, what are you going to do?" And I warn you to-night, my friends, against trying to work out your own salvation. It really is a question whether it don't keep more people out of the Kingdom of God than anything else. When at Newcastle, I was preaching one night, and I said that grace was free; that all were to stop trying to be saved. A woman came down and said to me: "Oh! how wretched I am; I have been trying to be a Christian, and yet you have been telling me to-night not to try." "Has that made you wretched?" I asked. "Yes; if I stop trying, what will become of me?" I said: "But if grace is free what are you going to do? You cannot get it by working." She said, "I can't understand it."

Well, let me call your attention now to a few passages of Scripture. I turn to the 2d chapter of Ephesians and the 8th and 9th verses: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God:"—"Not of works, lest any man should boast."

Salvation is a gift from God. If a man worked it out, he would boast of what he had done, and say, "O, I did it." A Scotchman once said it took two persons to effect his salvation—"God gave me His grace and I fought against Him." It is not then for men to work, or they will boast of it, and when a man boasts you may be sure there is no conversion. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, neither can the leopard change his spots. We do not work to get salvation, but we work it out after we get it. If we are ever saved it must be by grace alone. If you pay anything for salvation it ceases to be a gift. But God isn't down here selling salvation. And what have you to give Him if He was? What do you suppose you would give? Ah, we're bankrupt. "The gift of God is eternal life;" that's your hope. "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MARTHA AND MARY.

Now who will take salvation to-night? Oh, you may have it if you will. "To him that worketh the reward is not reckoned of grace but of death." The difference between Martha and Mary was that Martha was trying to do something for the Lord, and Mary was just taking something from Him as a gift. He'll smile upon you if you'll just take grace from Him. "It's to him that worketh not but believeth," that blessings come. After you get to the Cross, there you may work all you can. If you are lost, you go to hell in the full blaze of the Gospel. That grace is free to all. To every policeman here, every fireman, every usher, every singer, every man, woman and child, every reporter, all of you.

What more do you want God to do than he has done? Oh, I hope the grace of God will reach every heart here. O, be wise, and open the door of your hearts and let in the King of Glory. You'll be saved when you believe. It is written, "For the grace of God

hath appeared, bringing salvation to all." If you are lost one thing you must do, and that is trample the grace of God under your feet. It won't be because you can't be saved, but because you won't.

Now I want to call your attention to the 5th chapter of Romans and the 20th verse: "Moreover, the law entered that the offense might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. That as sin had reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ, our Lord." Now sin reigns unto death. The penalty of the law of God is death. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." No use of having a law if there is not a penalty attached to the disobedience of it.

A LAW THAT WOULD BE USELESS.

Suppose the State of New York should pass a law that you shall not steal or that you shall not murder, and put no penalty to the infraction of that law. What would be the use of that law? What would it be good for? Now sin hath reigned unto death, but grace hath reigned unto eternal life. It don't stop with death, grace don't. It carries us past death—right through the grave, clear over into the Promised Land. Now, in the closing verses of Deuteronomy, and in the 1st chapter of Joshua, you read that Moses brought the children of Israel down to Jordan.

But he couldn't bring them any further. He was the representative of the law, and that is where the law brings us to—to Jordan. Jordan means death, judgment. After bringing them to death and judgment, he couldn't bring them any further, but left them there. The law brings us to death, and there it leaves us. It don't give life; it never has given life, and it never can. Sin reigns unto death, but the grace of God hath reigned unto eternal life. So when Moses had brought the children of Israel down to Jordan, and couldn't go any further, then came Joshua and took the congregation over and away on their journey. Joshua means Jesus.

And as Joshua led them past the Jordan, so Jesus will take His people through the dark valley of the shadow of death unto

eternal life. He is the Good Shepherd and He came to save His people from their sins. When John came he appeared as the forerunner of grace and Jesus. He was the last representative of the old dispensation. He brought the people who came to be baptized down into the Jordan, and he left them in Jordan. When Christ came He commenced where John left off. He went into the Jordan and brought the people out of it. That is the difference between law and grace; law slays a man, but grace makes him live; the law takes a man to death and judgment, but Christ comes and quickens him, giving eternal life.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN LAW AND GRACE.

There is a great difference then between law and grace, and I want you to bear this in mind and keep the distinction between the two separate and clear in your minds. Let me repeat: Law leads unto death, but grace to eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord. Some people are lingering around Sinai yet—around the old dispensation—around the law. You can't get them to come away from Horeb. It is better to come to the Mount of Olives, better to come to Calvary.

Now I want to carry you to another verse, the 14th of the 6th chapter of Romans. There it is written: "For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace. What, then, shall we sin because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid." Bear that in mind; ye are not under the law, but under grace. The Lord Jesus came to bring us out from under the law. It is not any more thou shalt not do this; thou shalt not do that. That was the law. Under that dispensation it was to do and live—now it is live and do. Christ came and says, "If you love Me, keep My commandments." Before that it was thou shalt not do this or that. But grace reigns unto eternal life by Him, and if you love Him you will keep His commandments, and grace shall bring you unto everlasting happiness. Yet, notwithstanding all these plain texts, some will still have it that we are not under grace, but remain under the law.

Now just turn to the 21st chapter of Deuteronomy and the

18th verse, and you will see what would happen under this law : " If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them, then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him and bring him out unto the elders of his city and unto the gate of his place. And they shall say unto the elders of his city, This, our son, is stubborn and rebellious ; he will not obey our voice ; he is a glutton and drunkard. And all the men of the city shall stone him with stones that he die ; so shalt thou put evil away from among you, and all Israel shall hear and fear."

OLD PENALTIES ABOLISHED.

A very strange state of things would take place now if we lived under the law. Think of a man in these days taking his son and have the Aldermen of the city come and stone him to death. It would be pretty effectual in breaking up the rum-shops and the whiskey-selling saloons. A man takes his son, who is a confirmed drunkard, and kills him or has him killed—wouldn't that soon put a stop to the buying and selling of this vile whiskey and intoxicating and maddening stuff that is now going on throughout the country ? The distillers would have a good deal of whiskey on their hands.

But grace deals differently with men. See the prodigal son. He went away and lived a low and vicious life. He squandered all he had. He was a drunkard and spent his substance on harlots and thieves. How did his father treat him ? Did his father take him out and have him stoned to death ? No. That would have been his end under the law I have read to you ; but see how his father acted towards him under grace. He met him with a kiss and treated him with kindness and love. The law says, " Stone him ;" but grace says, " Forgive him." When Moses was in Egypt to punish Pharaoh, he turned the waters into blood. When Christ was on earth He turned the water into wine. That is the difference between law and grace. The law says, " Kill him ;" grace, " Forgive." Law says, " Let him die ;" grace says " Love him."

Law makes us crooked; grace straightens us. Law makes us vile; grace cleanses us. That is the difference between law and grace. When the law came out of Horeb three thousand men were lost. At Pentecost, under grace, three thousand men got life. What a difference? When Moses came to the burning bush, he was commanded to take the shoes from off his feet. When the prodigal came home after sinning he was given a pair of shoes to put on his feet. I would a thousand times rather be under grace than under the law.

THE LAW HOLDS A ROD OVER YOU.

Why, the law is a schoolmaster; a cold, severe man that is continually holding a rattan over you. Well, some of us know what that means. You know what it is to see a rattan, and perhaps to feel it. Thou shalt do this, and thou shalt do that. That is the law, with a rattan at the back of it. But under grace the schoolmaster tries to rule the school with kindness and love. He says if you love me do this, if you love me don't do that. The schoolmaster that I was taught by was a harsh, severe man. It was a word and a blow with him, and generally the blow came first. I knew what it was to have severity in my school days, and I also knew what it was to have kindness. After that stern school-teacher came a kind-hearted lady, who commenced to rule by love.

Well, we thought we should have a grand time—do just as we pleased—didn't fear her. The first time that I broke a rule through, instead of seeing a rattan in her hand, I saw tears in her eyes. That was good deal worse than a stick or a rawhide to me. She asked me to remain after school. And when we were alone she took me by the hand and talked to me in a low, kind voice with the tears in her eyes. If you love me, she said, keep my rules. I tell you I never broke a rule after that. Her kind words went straight to my heart. But take a further view of this difference between law and grace.

Here is a boy in school, and the master's name is Mr. Law. He holds his cane over him and says, in a cold, severe tone, "thou shalt not do this, and thou shalt not do that." This went on for

some time, and there was no love or affection between the boy and his teacher. But by-and-by the head master comes and takes the pupil out of that room and puts him in another class, the teacher of which is Mr. Grace. The boy, you see, can't be in both rooms at the same time—can't have both teachers at the same time. Now, we are not under law, but under grace, and all the Lord wants is to deal in grace, and bring us out from the curse of the law; He wants to partake of love with every one.

NOT UNDER LAW, BUT GRACE.

Thank God, I am not under the law to-night, but under grace, and as I said last night, the Lord Jesus is trying to reach every man by grace. A friend of mine, the last time I was in England, told me this story—gave me this illustration of grace. Suppose, said he, that a man had a beautiful farm on the side of the mountain. Everything was in an enclosure. He had a great wall all around it. Everything within the walls was bright and green, while everything outside was hot and dried up. One day there came a messenger to the man that had the beautiful farm, and he said to him: "Sir, you have a beautiful and flourishing farm, but I want to make it better. I will increase its fertility; I will make it a thousand times better than it now is." "No," says the farmer, "my farm is good enough; you can do nothing to better it;" and drove him away. He wouldn't have his farm made better, and he built his walls still higher to keep all men out. Up in the mountain near the house was a fountain. Its stream was used to irrigate and beautify the farm, and from it the crystal waters came to the garden.

And the man that sent to him said to himself, "This man won't let me make his garden more beautiful; he won't accept my kindness. I will build up a wall and cut the stream off." When the wall arose around the fountain's head the waters ceased to flow to the farm; the flowers began to fade and wither, and soon everything presented the appearance of desolation and ruin. So the Lord of Glory comes and wants to give us grace, but we spurn it, refuse to accept His blessing, and we perish.

Why, Christ had the hardest work of his ministration to teach this subject even to his apostles. When they were offered grace they wouldn't have it. They couldn't keep grace in the country. They built up a wall of unbelief, the stream of grace ceased to flow to them, and what was the result? The garden that once was there is now the only dried up and withered spot on the whole mountain round about. Grace has flowed out to the Gentiles and to all the nations, and what a blessing it has been! It was just because they built a wall of unbelief. That is just what the sinner is doing now. But if you'll only let the grace flow, nothing can hinder you from getting a blessing.

HOW TO PARTAKE OF THE GIFT.

And now the question comes, How are we to become partakers of this grace? In the 4th chapter of Hebrews and 16th verse, we read; "Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, and find grace and strength to help in time of need." God wants us to come and get all the grace we need. The reason why there are so many half-starved Christians is because they don't come to the throne of grace. It is related of Alexander that he gave one of his generals, who had pleased him, permission to draw on his treasurer for any sum. When the draft came in the treasurer was scared, and wouldn't pay it until he saw his master. And when the treasurer told him what he had done, Alexander said, "Don't you know he has honored me and my kingdom by making a large draft?" So we honor God by making a large draft on Him.

If there is a drunkard here who wishes to get control of his appetite, all he has got to do is to come and get all the grace he needs. You can get enough to overcome every trial and sorrow. When Dr. Arnot was in this country—he is now in heaven—I heard him use in a sermon an illustration that impressed me. He said: "Haven't you ever been in a home where the family were at dinner, and haven't you seen the old family dog standing near and watching his master, and looking at every morsel of food as if he wished he had it? If his master drops a crumb he at once licks it up and devours it, but if he should set the dish of roast beef down

and say, 'Come come,' he wouldn't touch it—it's too much for him. So with God's children; they are willing to take a crumb, but refuse when God wants them to go for the platter." God wants you to come right to the throne of grace, and to come boldly.

A while ago I learned from the Chicago papers that there had been a run on the banks there and many of them were broken. What a good thing it would be to get up a run on the bank of heaven! What a glorious thing to get up a run on the throne of grace! God is able to help thee and deliver thee if you will only come to Him. That's what grace is for. I want you to turn to the 8th verse of the 9th chapter of II. Corinthians. I want you to mark that verse. If you have got your Bibles with you, draw a black mark right around that verse. Many want to know why Christians fail. It's because they don't come to God for grace. It's not because He hasn't got the ability. Men fail because they try to do too large a business on too small a capital.

AN EXHAUSTLESS BANK.

So with Christians; but God has got grace enough and capital enough. What would you think of a man who had one million dollars in the bank and only drew out a penny a day? That's you and I, and the sinners is blinder than we are. The throne of grace is established, and there we are to get all the grace we need. Sin is not so strong as the arm of God. He will help and deliver you if you will come and get the grace you need.

Now, take all the afflictions that flesh is heir to, and all the troubles and trials of this life—no matter how numerous—and God has grace enough to carry you right through without a shadow. Some people borrow all the trouble they can from the past and the future, and then multiply it by ten, and get a big load, and go on reeling and staggering under it. If you ask them to help any one else, they say they can't—they've got enough to do to take care of their own; forgetting "Casting all your care on Him, for he careth for you."

A man was once travelling along a highway, and he overtook one carrying a heavy burden on his back, and he asked him to ride.

But the man, after he got up, kept his bundle on, saying, "I am willing to carry it if I can only get a ride." So many are content to be nominal Christians, and go along with great loads and burdens. What is the throne of grace for but to help you carry your burden? God says, "Come," and "As your day so shall your strength be." I suppose we all have thorns in the flesh. Instead of praying God to take the thorns out, let us pray for grace to bear them. Let us live day by day, casting our care on God. In this 5th chapter of Romans there are these precious words—peace for the past, grace for the present, glory for the future. Some think that when they get to Calvary they have got all. They have just commenced. By and by we shall see the King in His beauty. The glory is just beyond.

NO SPECIAL GRACE UNTIL YOU NEED IT.

A man said to me some time ago, "Moody, have you got grace to go to the stake as a martyr?" "No, what do I want to go to the stake for?" A person said to me, "Moody, if God should take your son have you grace to bear it?" I said, "What do I want grace for? I don't want grace to bear that which has not been sent. If God should call upon me to part with my boy He would give me strength to bear it." What we want is grace for the present, to bear the trials and temptations for every day. "As thy day so shall thy strength be."

The woman who had lost her husband went to Elisha with a story that would move the heart of Elisha or any one else. Her husband had died a bankrupt and they would sell her boys into slavery. She came to Elisha and told her story. He asked her what she had to pay. She replied a pot of oil. Elisha told her to go home, "borrow vessels not a few, take oil and pour into the empty vessels." Men in these times wouldn't believe in this. They would say, "What, take a pot of oil and pour into all these vessels—what good will that do?" Not so this poor widow. She has faith and does as she is told.

She goes to her neighbors and asks for vessels; they can lend her a few. She takes all they have and goes on. She clears

out the next house, and the next, and the next. "Borrow," says the prophet, and she goes on until her house is filled with vessels. "Now close the doors," she says to her sons. And she pours oil into the first vessel and fills it full, and the next, and the next, and the next in the same way. She pours it in, and pours it in, and the boys run and get more vessels, until the house is full of oil. Then she goes to Elisha and asks what she shall do. He tells her "go" sell the oil and pay the debt. Now, Christ pays the debt and gives us enough to live on besides. He doesn't merely pay our debt—He gives us enough to live on. He gives according to our need. "As thy day so shall thy strength be."

Rowland Hill tells a story of a rich man and a poor man of his congregation. The rich man came to Mr. Hill with a sum of money which he wished to give to the poor man, and asked Mr. Hill to give it to him as he thought best, either all at once or in small amounts. Mr. Hill sent the poor man a five-pound note with the indorsement—"More to follow." Now which do you think did the most good? Every few months came the remittance with the same message—"More to follow." Now, that's grace. "More to follow"—yes, thank God, there's more to follow. Oh, wondrous grace! May the grace of God reach every heart in this assemblage to-night is my earnest prayer.

CHAPTER XXX.

Weak Things Employed to Confound the Mighty.

YOUR attention is called to the 27th verse of 1 Cor. 1, that chapter I read to you: "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are. That no flesh should glory in his presence."

There is just one sentence there I would like to call your attention to: "But God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." Then in the 29th verse He tells us why He has chosen the weak things—"that no flesh may glory in His presence."

Now, if we are to have the Word in this city, we must give God all the glory. I dread coming to a new place; it takes almost a week or a fortnight to come down to solid work. The people are thinking of the choir, and saying "What a large choir!" and "So many ministers! Surely there is going to be great work now, there is such a great choir and congregation and so many ministers." It is not by might and power, but by God's spirit, and we have got to get our eyes off of all these things, and there will be no work and no blessing until this is done. Now, we have not come with any new Gospel; it is the old Gospel, the old story, and we want the old power, the power of the Holy Ghost; and, if it is anything less than that, it will all come to naught and be like a morning cloud—soon pass away.

Now I can tell you, before the meetings go on any further, who will be disappointed and who in after years will say the meetings were a failure—every man and every woman that don't get quickened themselves. If there is a minister here in this city that doesn't get quickened himself, he will say the work has failed; but

I have never known a man who has got quickened to say the work has failed. Nowhere that we have been has it been the case. What we want is to get down to ourselves, and if there is to be a true revival, there must be first a casting down of ourselves before a lifting up. It was only when Abraham was on his face in the dust before God that He would talk to him.

NEED OF DIVINE QUICKENING.

And it is then that God lifts us up and the blessing comes. There is no true revival until God's own people are lifted, until they are quickened. It will be superficial until then. It will be a counterfeit. If you attempt to begin to work among the ungodly and unconverted before you get quickened yourself, God won't bless you. As the Psalmist says, "When the Lord has restored to us the joy of his salvation, then we will be able to teach transgressors the way of the Kingdom of God," and not until then, and when we are cold and lukewarm and are conformed to the world, and have not the Holy Ghost resting upon us, why God is not going to revive His work. Here and there we will hear of one converted, but it won't be deep and thorough unless the Church of God is quickened.

Now, I have just come here, and I confess I have seen nothing in America like what has pleased me in Princeton. I think they have a revival there, and the President of the college told me he had not seen anything like it, and one of the Faculty told me he didn't think there had ever been anything like it in the history of Princeton. Of course I inquired into it, and I found that they had sent for different ministers to come there and had been disappointed, and they got together—the Christians did—and prayed God to bless them, and one of the Faculty asked them to pray for *him*, and right there the work broke out, and there have been about fifty quickened and brought back who had wandered from Christ, and it looks now as if all Princeton was going to be blessed.

Oh, that it may commence here to-night in our hearts; that we may be quickened first, and then how quick the Lord will bless us. If you want to introduce two men to each other you want to

be near to them. If you want to introduce sinners to God you must be near to God and to the sinner, too; and if a man is near God he will have a love for the sinner and his heart will be near that man. But until we are brought near to God ourselves, we cannot introduce men to God. Somebody has said God uses the vessel that is nearest at hand, and if we are near to God He will use us, and if we are not of course He cannot. Now what we want is to be in a position that will give God all the glory.

EVIL OF MAN-WORSHIP.

There are some things that make me tremble at times as if the work will all come to naught, because there is so much man-worship. Now, we have got to get rid of this man-worship before it will be a deep work. We have got to sink self. If we can only get "I" down in the dust and get outside of our dignity and get self out of the way and say, "Here, Lord, use me if Thou canst, and, if not, use somebody else," or in the spirit of the wilderness preacher who said, "I must decrease, but He must increase," then the Lord will take us up and use us.

And right here, before I forget it, I want to urge the people of this city—the Christian people—not to buy anything of these people on the street. I am told that sixty-five men have come on from another town to sell photographs and medals, and I don't know what not, and they are hawking them in the streets. Why, I would almost think nobody would come into the meeting if, when coming along, they hear these men crying the photographs. I believe that Christian people who patronize these men are doing the cause of Christ a great injury. I don't know that anything is hindering the work more than these men, that are making money out of us. If you want hymn-books, go into some bookstore and buy them. Don't buy these photographs. They are no more photographs of us than they are of you. I have not had one taken for eight years. [Laughter.]

Some men complained that they had got counterfeits, and I was glad they had been cheated, because they ought not to buy them so on the street. People are apt to say of us, "Those fellows

are speculating. They are just making money. They don't care anything about saving our souls." And the impression has gone abroad just on account of people's patronizing these men. Oh! let me beg of you to do anything to keep down this man-worship. Let us look at the Cross, with Christ full in view, and then we will have men coming into the Kingdom of God.

POWER OF WEAK THINGS.

Now, let us get back to the text. It is the weak things that God wants to use. We want the great, the mighty, but God takes the foolish things, the despised things, the things which are not. What for? That no flesh may glory in His sight. Now, what is that written for unless it is that we shall learn the lesson that God shall have the glory, and that we are not to take any of the glory to ourselves? "That no flesh may glory in His sight?" Just the moment we are ready to take our places in the dust and give God His place, and let Him have all the glory, then it is that the Spirit of God will be given to us. If we are lifted up and say we have got such great meetings and such crowds are coming, and get to thinking about crowds and about the people, and get our minds off from God, and are not constantly in communion with Him, lifting our hearts in prayer, this work will be a stupendous failure. Now, you will find in all ages God has been trying to teach His children this lesson—that He uses the weak instead of the strong.

What is highly esteemed of man is an abomination to God. When God was about to deluge the earth He wanted an ark built. What did He do—did He call an army? No, He just called one man to build the ark. In the sight of the world it was a very little thing, and yet when the deluge came it was worth more than all the world. The weak things of the world that excite our scorn and contempt are the very things that God uses. When God delivered Egypt He didn't send an army. We would have sent an army or an orator. We would have sent some man who would have gone down before the King, and laid it out before him in grand style, but God didn't do that.

He sent this man Moses, who had been back there in the desert

forty years, a man with an impediment in his speech—and God said to Moses, “Moses, I want you to go down into Egypt and bring my people out of bondage.” That is not our way. When the King looked at him he ordered him out of his presence, “Who is God, that I should obey Him?” He found out who He was. God used the little fly and the little frog. The world looks upon the frog with scorn and contempt, but Moses said, “Oh, there are a good many of them.” We may be very weak in ourselves, but see what a mighty God we have. God likes to take the weak things to confound the mighty. When God wants to move a mountain He does not take the bar of iron, but He takes the little worm.

TOO STRONG TO GAIN SUCCESS.

The fact is, we have got too much strength. We are not weak enough. It is not our strength that we want. One drop of God’s strength is worth more than all the world. There was that giant whom, we are told, for forty days came out every morning and every evening. Down into that Valley came the Giant of Gath every morning, and he terrified all the army of Saul; the whole army were trembling; they were afraid. When Joshua was weak in himself and strong in the Lord, then they did not fear the giant. But you see Saul and his army had got their eyes off from God. When we get our eyes off from God how mighty that giant looks! There came a young stripling up from the country—a sort of a delegate of the Christian commission. He heard of this giant, and the young boy began to inquire: “What does this mean?” And they told him, and he wanted to go right out at once to meet him. The last man we would have chosen, but God’s ways are not our ways.

God will have the glory, that is the point. If it had been some great giant, then we would have given the giant all the glory. The young stripling requires no army of Saul; he just takes a few small, smooth, round stones out of the brook and puts them in his sling. He says to the giant: “You have your sword, but I have come in the name of my God.” Yes, he leaned upon the

strength of God. Now just look at that! We are to pass that little stone into that sling. God directs it, and the work is done. The Giant of Gath falls. David was the last one we would have chosen, though he is chosen of God.

What we want is to learn the lesson that we are weak, and we don't want any strength but God's strength. Look at Jonathan with his small army! "Why," he says, "the Lord can save by few as well as many." It is not these great meetings that are going to do the work. It is not by might and by power, but by the spirit of God. But let me just impress this upon you that it is weakness that God wants.

HEAVEN WAS ONCE IN TEARS.

There was weeping once in heaven. John wept when the book of seals was brought out, and there wasn't any one who could open the book. He might have looked upon Abel, but Abel wasn't worthy to open the book. He might have looked upon Enoch, but Enoch wasn't worthy. He might have looked upon Abraham, and yet the father of the faithful wasn't worthy to open that book. There was Daniel and Elijah, and the holy men of the Old Testament, and not one of them worthy to open the book. Some of the saints of the New Testament had entered upon their reward. There was Stephen who was martyred. Stephen wasn't able to open the book. And John said he began to cry as he looked down, and there wasn't one worthy to open the book. But pretty soon a voice said, "Don't weep; the Lion of the Tribe of Judah is able to open the seals;" and John began to look round to see the Lion, and lo, it was a Lamb. Instead of having strength we want weakness. It is the Lion—the Lamb of Calvary. He sealed the Lion of Hell, He overcame the Lion, He conquered him.

What we want to-night is to ask God to give us weakness, not strength, then those obstacles, why how small they look! When we are walking with God, all these obstacles how they flee away. Go up in a balloon and look down upon some giant and how small he looks. Go up into some mountain and look down upon some giant and how small he looks! But get on a level and how large he

looks! God takes the weak things to confound the mighty. When He wanted twelve men to introduce His Gospel, whom did He take? Did He call the wise and mighty? No; He called a few ignorant Galilean fishermen. It was those men the power of God rushed in upon. They were weak in themselves, but strong in God.

So to-night, if there is a band weak in themselves but strong in God, what a work they can do! No other strength is worth having but the strength of God. When God wanted Germany to be blessed he gave power to one man. The Spirit came upon Martin Luther, and all Germany was blessed. When darkness and superstition was settling over Scotland, the Spirit of God came upon John Knox, and he moved all Scotland. You can go where you will in Scotland to-day, and everywhere you will hear the name and feel the influence of John Knox in that country. You can go into England to-day and you will feel the influence of Wesley and Whitfield, grand men and mighty. They relied not upon their own strength, for the Spirit of the Living God was upon them. They were mighty in God.

AN ANCIENT MAN OF VALOR.

Look at that mad Gideon. He marshalled his army of thirty thousand men to give battle to the Philistines. God said: "Gideon, your army is too great. My people would be lifted up, and they would take the glory upon themselves." God said to Gideon, "You just say to the men who are fearful and afraid 'Go home.'" And the Lord reduced the army twenty thousand, leaving only ten thousand men. But God said: "Gideon, you have got too many; if those ten thousand men get victory, they will say, 'Look what we have done.' Just take them down to the water, and we will try them again. Those that drink it up one way and those that lap it up another, they shall be separated." Then God took away all but three hundred. God said that was enough. "If I get a victory with those three hundred, I will get the glory." I would rather have three hundred men in this city whose hearts are right with God than a host who take the glory which belongs to the Lord.

I have no doubt but that some here will say, "There are so many obstacles in the way I don't believe we are going to succeed. You won't succeed in this city; it is a very hard place." If God is with us we are going to succeed. If we take God out of our plans we are going to fail, and we ought to fail. Is not the God of our fathers strong enough to take this city and shake it as a little child? There is not a skeptic in the city but what the power of God can reach.

When we were in Philadelphia, we almost failed for a few weeks. The crowds were so great that many of those who attended the meetings spent most of their time in watching the people. We could not get their eyes towards the Cross for a long time. By and by, when the holidays came on, the numbers began to fall off, and it was the best thing for us. It was what we wanted, so that men could think of God.

ONE MAN WITH GOD IS A HOST.

Now, my friends, do not think that anything is small that God handles. Look at that little cloud up there, not bigger than a man's hand; but that cloud was large enough to water all Palestine, and the land that had thirsted for three years and six months got all the water out of that cloud that it wanted. Plenty large enough if God is in it. Let me say before we close, that what we want is to get hold of God. Now, there are a great many people that lend their ears to other people. They never hear for themselves. They want you people to use their ears for them.

Let us each go up for ourselves, and pray to God that we may get a blessing for ourselves. If the Spirit of the Lord God comes upon us it will take all eternity to tell the result. If the Spirit of God comes upon us afresh, I have no more doubt about the success of the meetings than I have that we exist. If we are cold and indifferent then the work will be superficial. It will not be lasting, and will not be such as many of you are praying for. Let us ask God that we may receive the blessing of the Holy Spirit. Let the prayer be "Oh! God, quicken me. O! God, give me a fresh baptism. Instill in me the blessing of thy salvation."

God said to Elijah just before he went away, "Go call Elisha to take thy place." If God calls us to a work, He can qualify us to do it. When the time drew near for Elijah to be taken from Elisha, Elijah said to Elisha, "I will go down and see the prophet." It had been revealed to Elijah that Elisha was going to be taken out. Elisha wanted to be anointed near the place he was called to fill. They traveled together until they reached Bethel, and then Elijah said, "You stay here, and I will go down to Jericho and see how the prophets are getting along down there." But Elisha kept close to him, and they walked arm in arm to Jericho. When they reached Jericho, Elisha said, "You just stay here and I will go over to Jordan." They were on a tour of inspection of the theological seminaries. But Elisha still kept close to his companion, and as they were talking together, Elijah asked, "What can I do for you, Elisha? What is your petition?" "Well," says Elisha, "I want a double portion of your spirit." Well, that was a pretty bold petition. He was asking great things.

That is what God wants us to do—ask great things. They came to the waters of the Jordan, and Elisha takes off his mantle, the waters spread, and they pass through safely, dry shod. While they were talking, there suddenly comes a chariot from heaven to bear Elijah away to glory. And Elisha takes up the mantle of Elijah, and Elisha goes back to Jordan; and when they saw the mantle of Elijah they cried out, "The spirit of Elijah rests upon Elisha." The mighty spirit of Elijah rest upon us to-night. Let go to our closets, let us go to our homes, and let us cry to the God of Elijah—"Here I am, God, use me"—that we may be ready for all His services. Oh, that we may be weak in ourselves, that we may give all the honor and glory to Jesus, and if we do this we will see how quick He will use it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"The Gospel."

I WANT to call your attention to a verse in the 4th chapter of the Gospel of Luke—the 18th verse: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor." I have spoken a great many times in this city, but I believe I never preached the Gospel here but once. I have spoken a great many times in different parts of the city, but I have never preached the Gospel but once. I have tried to arouse Christians up to work. People are in the habit of thinking that anything that is in the way of a religious meeting is the Gospel, but they are mistaken.

I have had quite a number of letters from Christians complaining because I don't preach the Gospel to the people. I want to tell you if I can what the Gospel of the Son of God is. I want to ask all those who are Christians here, to be silently lifting up their hearts in prayer that God may help me to make the way of life plain, and that every one may know what the Gospel of God is. I believe I was converted years before I knew what the Gospel meant. Now the word Gospel means "good spell," or, in other words, "God's spell."

When Christ commenced His Ministry, about His first words were, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He has anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor." That don't mean those who are poor in this world's goods, but that means the poor in spirit. Christ says, "The Lord has anointed me," for that purpose. He had been out of Nazareth for a few weeks, and had gone down to Jordan, where He had met the great wilderness preacher. Christ had left Nazareth, and went to meet John, that man from the desert that was more like Elijah than any man since Elijah went up to heaven in a chariot of fire. There he met a great many people, ten thousands of people probably, and he was crying that

the Kingdom of God was at hand. Down there into the audience came a man, who passed down into the water, and He requested John to baptize Him. John said that he needed to be baptized of Him. But after the baptism there came a voice—God confessed His son: "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased."

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

These thousands took the tidings all over the country, and the voice had reached Nazareth, that Christ had been baptized by John in Jordan, and that there came down a voice from heaven saying, "This is my beloved son, hear him." When He arrived at Nazareth there was no small assemblage ready to meet Him. He went into the synagogue, as was His custom, and He stood up and read the prophecy of the prophet Esaias, and He opened the book to read—they did not have books like those we have, they used to have parchment—He might have turned to the first chapter, "But Israel doth not know Me." He might have read not that, but "from the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is no soundness in it." He passed by the 35th chapter—"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped."

He might have read that but Calvary had got to have a victory before that could be said: He passed over the 9th chapter, he passed over the 40th chapter. He might have told them—he might have turned to the 55th chapter. He had not been wounded, he had not yet gone through Gethsemane. But we read that he found the place where it is written, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor." And that was the commencement of His ministry, and that was on His going back to Nazareth. And in that 61st chapter of Isaiah He stopped, right in the middle of a sentence. There were seven things He had come to do. He read that part which was that He had come to preach the Gospel to the poor. The next was, "He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted." Wasn't that good tidings? You would think that was good tidings, wouldn't you?

The next was He had come to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the next was the recovery of sight to the blind, and to set at

liberty them that are bruised, and to open the doors to the captive, and to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and He closed the book. And the eyes of the whole congregation were upon Him. The next sentence, which He omitted, was, "The day of vengeance is at hand." I have an idea when the Prophet Isaiah wrote those words he did not fully see the first and second coming of Christ, that has already passed, and the day of vengeance has not come. So it seems as if the Prophet Isaiah did not see the first and second coming of our Lord.

Christ shut up the book ; He will come back by and by and He will open the book, and He will commence to read where He left off. You can cry for mercy then, but the door will be shut. But Christ did not come to condemn sinners. He came to save them. I have not come to this city to preach "The day of vengeance is at hand." I have come to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

WHY CHRIST CAME INTO THE WORLD.

I have come to tell you the good tidings. Christ did not come into the world to condemn the world, but that through Him the world might be saved. In the 9th chapter of Luke you will read that He called His twelve disciples together and gave them power and authority over devils and to heal the sick ; that is what He came for—to preach the Gospel of God. And to heal the sick. Then in the next chapter He calls around Him the seventy—He had appointed other seventy, also, and He sent them, two and two, before His face into every city and place whither He Himself would come. Now we find that He had come into the world just to bring glad tidings. Did you ever see or hear of any one that didn't like to receive glad tidings ? Now one proof that people don't believe the Bible is when they wear long faces, as if they had accepted an invitation to an execution. That ain't the Gospel.

The Gospel is good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, "for unto us is born this day in the city of David a Saviour." I don't believe that better news ever fell upon the ears of mortal man than the news of the Gospel. I don't believe any

man ever heard better tidings, and it is glad tidings of heaven. God never had but one Son, and He called Him to send that good news: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor." We find that Moses was anointed. He went down into Egypt and death followed. When he was opposed, look at the plagues that fell upon the Egyptians. We find that the Spirit of God was upon Elijah. When he wanted to protect himself, men lost their lives. The fire came to get Elisha, and he called fire down from heaven, and he was taken up to heaven.

HEROES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The spirit came down upon Gideon, and when men came out to meet him he slew them by thousands. The Spirit of God came upon Samson and he slew men by thousands. The spirit came upon the holy men of old, but when Christ comes, He says, "the spirit of the Lord is upon me"—not to take men's lives—the only man that lost anything was the man that lost his ear. Peter's faith got lukewarm, and he cut off a servant's ear, but the Lord gave it back to him. I don't suppose he lost it more than five minutes, and it was just as good as ever when he got it back. I don't suppose you could find a scar there.

Christ says, "I did not come to destroy men's lives. I came to save them." And it seems to me to be the greatest madness that the world don't receive Christ. That we should have to coax and to entreat men to receive Christ, isn't it a mystery? Suppose while I am preaching, suppose a messenger should come in and bring a letter that brought good tidings to that mother? Don't you suppose she would be glad to receive it. Suppose it told her that her boy who has been gone for ten years has returned. He ran away ten years ago, and the messenger comes in and states that he that ran away has got home. Don't you think that mother's face would light up? I could see it in her countenance, and so when I preach the Gospel I can't help but see those that believe. It lights up their faces.

Look at our churches, how the people throng to them to hear

the Gospel. Let a man preach about something else than the Gospel, and see if the people would throng to them. There is a void in every one's heart that will never be filled until they receive the Gospel of Christ.

Now I want to tell you why I like the Gospel, for I don't believe God calls on us to believe the Gospel without giving us good reason; and I don't believe He would call it good news unless He gave us a reason. Now it has taken out of my path four of the most bitter enemies I had. The 15th chapter of Corinthians tells us that the last enemy that shall be destroyed shall be death. I see by the badges of mourning among you that many of you have lost loved ones. Many of you know what it is to have death come to your door when some loved child has been taken from your bosom.

HOW TO OVERCOME DEATH.

Now I don't know but some of you will say, “If a person is afraid of death, he is a coward.” I don't believe there is a man or woman that ever lived who is not afraid of death unless they knew that Jesus Christ would overcome death. Before I knew the Son of God as my Saviour death was a terrible enemy to me. Now up in that little New England village where I came from, in that little village it was the custom to toll the bell whenever any one died, and to toll one stroke for every year. Sometimes they would toll seventy strokes for a man of seventy, or forty strokes for a man of forty. I used to think when they died at seventy and sometimes at eighty, well, that is a good ways off. But sometimes it would be a child at my age, and then it used to be very solemn. Sometimes I could not bear to sleep in a room alone.

Death used to trouble me, but, thanks to God, it don't trouble me now. If He should send His messenger, and the messenger should come up here on this platform and say to me, “Mr. Moody, your hour is come, I have got to take you away,” it would be joyful news for me; for though I should be absent from the body, I should be present with the Lord. Through the world I can shout, “O death, where is thy sting?” And I hear the voice, I hear the

voice—buried in the bosom of the Son of God. That is what Calvary means. The wages of sin is death, but He took the wages Himself. That is the Gospel of the Son of God, and there is no fear for them who believe in Christ Jesus.

There was Paul; he had got virtually over death. Let death come—"O death, where is thy sting?" Sometimes I used to go into a graveyard, when some one was about to lie down in that narrow house, and when the sexton would shovel and throw dirt in on the coffin, it would be like a death-knell to my soul. I would hear him say, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." Now I can measure its depths. I can shout as Paul did; I can say, "O death, where is thy sting?" But this soul of man shall go into the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. O the grave is lost in victory. It is lost in Christ.

"THEY SHALL RISE AGAIN."

O the blessed Gospel of the Son of God, what can we do without it? When we lay our little children away in death they shall rise again. I was going into a cemetery once, and over the entrance I saw these words: "They shall rise again." Infidelity didn't teach that; we got that from this book. O the blessed Gospel of the Son of God! How every one of you ought to believe it! Young lady, if you have been careless up to this afternoon, O may you get awake. May you this hour not hesitate to turn from your sins unto God and believe the Gospel of His Son. I used to be a good deal troubled with my sins, and I thought of the day of judgment, when all the sins that I had committed in secret should blaze out before the assembled universe.

But when a man comes to Christ the Gospel tells him they are all gone, and in Jesus Christ he is a new creature. All I know is that out of the love which my Lord has for me He has taken all my sins and cast them behind His back. That is, behind God's back. How is Satan to get at it? If God has forgiven our sins, they won't be mentioned. In Ezekiel we are told not one of them shall be mentioned. Isn't it a glorious thing to have all our sins blotted out? And there is another thought, and that is the judg-

ment. You know if a man has committed some great crime, when he is to be brought into judgment how he dreads it! How he dreads that day when he is to be brought into court, when he is put into a box and witnesses are to come up and testify against him, and he is there to be judged.

But, my friends, the Gospel tells us that if we come to Christ, we shall never come into judgment. Why? Because Christ was judged for us. He was wounded for our transgressions. If He has been wounded for us, we haven't got to be wounded. "Verily, verily,"—which means truly, truly—"I say unto you"—now just put your name in there—"He that heareth my words, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath"—h-a-t-h, hath. It don't say you shall have when you die. It says, hath—"He that heareth my words and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation." That means into judgment. He sha'n't come into judgment, but is passed "from death into life." There is judgment out of the way. He shall never come into judgment. Why? Because God has forgiven us and given us eternal life. That is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Ought people to be gloomy and put on long faces when that is the news?

FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE.

Away out on the frontier of our country, out on the prairies, where men sometimes go to hunt or for other purposes, the grass in the dry seasons sometimes catches fire, and you will see the flames uprise twenty or thirty feet high, and you will see those flames rolling over the western desert faster than any fleet horse can run. Now what do the men do? They know it is sure death unless they can make some escape. They would try to run away perhaps if they had fleet horses. But they can't, that fire goes faster than the fleetest horse can run. What do they do? Why, they just take a match and they light the grass from it, and away it burns, and then they get into that burnt district. The fire comes on, and there they stand perfectly secure. There they stand perfectly secure—nothing to fear. Why? Because the fire has burned all there is to burn.

Take your stand there on Mount Calvary. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to whosoever will come. I thank God that I can come to this city with a Gospel that is free to all. It is free to the most abandoned. Still it may be there are some wives that have got discouraged and disheartened. I can tell you the joyful news that your husband and your sons have not gone so far but that the grace of God can save them. The son of God came to raise up the most abandoned.

FOR TRAMPS AS WELL AS EARTH'S GREAT ONES.

I noticed on my way down this morning, not less than four or five tramps. They look weary and tired. I suppose they had slept on the sidewalk last night. I thought I would like to have time just to stop and tell them about the Son of God, and how Christ loved them. The Gospel of the Son of God is to tell us how He loves us. He takes our feet out of the pit and He puts our feet on to the Rock of Ages. And that, my dear friends, is what Christ wants to do, and don't think that there isn't some one in your homes but that He wants to save. Tell them there is none too abandoned, none so young, none so fallen, but that God can save them.

There was William Dorset, and the power of the Lord was upon him, and in closing his meeting one night, he said there wasn't a man in London so far gone but that the Lord could save him. There was Whitfield, and the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, and he said, "God is so anxious to save souls that He will take the devil's castaways." Whitfield said that the Lord would take the devil's castaway. Dorset said there was no man in London so far gone but that the Lord would save him. There was a lady missionary whom I knew, who found a man who said there was no hope for him; he had sinned away his day of grace. She went to Mr. Dorset and said to him, "Mr. Dorset, will you go down and see him and tell him what you said?" Mr. Dorset said he would be glad to go and see him.

He went up into a five-story house, and away up in the garret he found a young man lying upon some straw. He bent over him

and whispered into his ear and called him his friend. The young man looked startled. He says, “You are mistaken in the person when you say, ‘My friend.’ I have got no friends. No one cares for me.” Mr. Dorset told him that Christ was as much his friend as of any man in London. Poor prodigal! And after he had talked with him for some time, he prayed with him, and then he read to him out of the Bible, and at last the light of the Gospel began to break in upon that darkened heart.

SOUGHT HIS FATHER’S FORGIVENESS.

This young man said to Mr. Dorset he thought he could die happy if he knew his father was willing to forgive him. Mr. Dorset said to him, “Where does your father live?” The young man said he lived in the West End of London. Mr. Dorset said, “I will go and see him, and see if he won’t forgive you.” But the young man said, “No, I don’t want to have you do that. My father would abuse you if you should speak to him about me. He don’t recognize me as his boy any more.” Mr. Dorset said, “I will go and see him.” He went up to the West End of London, where he found a very fine mansion, and a servant dressed in livery came to the door, and he was ushered into the drawing-room, and presently the father, a bright, majestic-looking man, came into the room.

Mr. Dorset held out his hand to shake hands with him, and said, “You have a son by the name of Joseph, have you not?” And when the father heard that, he refused to shake hands with him, and was going out of the room. The father said, “If you have come up here to talk about that worthless vagabond, I want you to leave the house. He is no son of mine.” Mr. Dorset said, “He is yours now, but he won’t be long; but he is yours now.” “Is Joseph sick?” said the man. “Yes,” said Mr. Dorset, “he is dying. I haven’t come for money. I will see that he has a decent burial. I have only come to ask you to forgive him?” “Forgive him! forgive him!” said the father, “I would have forgiven him long ago if I thought he wanted me to. Do you know where he is?” “Yes, sir, he is in the East End of London.” “Can you take me to him?” “Yes, sir, I will take you to him.”

And the father ordered out his carriage, and he was on his way. When he got there he said, "Did you find my boy here? Oh, if I had known he wanted me to, I would have taken him home long ago." When the father went into that room he could hardly recognize his long-lost boy. The father went over and kissed the boy, and the father says, "I would have forgiven you long, long ago, if I had known you wanted me to. Let my servant order the carriage and take you home." But the boy said, "No father, I am dying; but I can die now happy in this garret, that I know you are willing to forgive me." And he told his father how Jesus had received him, and in a little while he breathed his last, and out of that dark garret he rose up into the Kingdom of God. Oh, my friends, there may be some one in this city who would rejoice to hear such words. Oh, here is a Christian, shall he not publish it? And you that are not Christians, won't you come into the kingdom? Oh, that to-day you may receive Christ is the prayer, I believe, of the hundreds that are gathered here.

WHY HE REPEATED HIS SERMON.

We don't want to get over that word "Gospel" too soon. It is too precious. And I don't know but it would be well to preach the same thing over and over again here, until you believe it. I heard of a minister who preached the same sermon three times, and some of the brethren went to him, and told him he had better preach another sermon, and he said when his congregation believed that, he would preach another sermon, but he didn't propose to do so until they did.

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel." Now, the question is, whom shall the Gospel be preached to? There is a certain class of people who seem to think the Gospel is very good for drunkards and thieves and vagabonds, but there are so many of these self-righteous Pharisees to-day who are drawing their filthy rags of self-righteousness around them and thinking the Bible is for a certain class. If I understand the Bible correctly, the Gospel is for all. We read in the last chapter of Mark—almost the last words the Son of God

uttered on this earth were to His disciples—“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

When we come to the Gospel, there is no distinction; rich and poor must be served alike; learned and unlearned; all have to come into the Kingdom of God one way, and that is by believing the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Now these words were uttered after Christ had tasted death for every man. Gethsemane now was behind Him; Calvary, with all its horrors, was past; He was just ready to go home to take His seat at the right hand of the Father; He was just giving the disciples His parting message. In other words, He was giving them His commission to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. “And he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.”

A TEARFUL SCENE.

I can just imagine all that little band of disciples who stood around Him, those unlearned men of Galilee, those fishermen who had been associated with Him for three years—I can imagine the tears trickling down their cheeks as He talked of leaving them, and one of them thinking that the Lord didn’t really mean that, that He didn’t mean they should preach the Gospel to every creature—for He had hard work to make them believe that the Gospel should be preached to the Gentiles. It seemed as if the Jews wanted to keep the Gospel in Palestine; but by the grace of God it would flow out; it would go to the world because He had given orders that the Gospel should be preached to every creature.

And now we find the messengers going to the four corners of the earth to proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ. But I can imagine that Peter says: “Lord, you don’t really mean that we shall preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you, to those men that took your life?” “Yes,” says the Lord, “go and preach the Gospel to those Jerusalem sinners.” I can imagine Him saying: “Go and hunt up that man that put the cruel crown of thorns upon My brow, and preach the Gospel to him. Tell him he shall have a crown in My kingdom without a thorn in it. He

may sit upon My throne if he will accept of salvation as a gift. Go hunt up that man that spat in my face, and preach the Gospel to him and offer him salvation, and tell him he can be saved if he is only cleansed by the blood I have shed at Calvary. Go to the man that thrust the spear into My side and tell him there is a way. Tell him there is nothing but love in My heart for him. Go preach the Gospel to every creature."

And after He had gone up on high, we find the Holy Ghost came down upon the tenth day, and then they began to preach, and now see Peter, standing there upon the day of Pentecost and preaching the Gospel of God to sinners; and John Bunyan says, "If a Jerusalem sinner can be saved there is hope for us all." Do you think God is mocking? Do you think God is preaching to you and then not giving you the power to take it? The Gospel is preached to every creature, and do you think He is not willing that every creature shall be saved on the face of the earth?

THE GOSPEL FOR EVERYBODY.

Now, I like to proclaim the Gospel, because it is to be proclaimed to all. When I see a poor drunkard, when I see a thief, when I see a prisoner in yonder prison, it is a grand, glorious thing, to go and proclaim to him the glad tidings, because I know he can be saved. There is not one that has gone so far or fallen so low but that he can be saved; because every one of God's proclamations are headed "whosoever." That takes in all; nobody is left out. Somebody said he had rather have "whosoever" than his name, because he would be afraid it was some other man who might have had his name.

This was well brought out in a prison the other day, when the chaplain said to me, "I want to tell you a scene that occurred here some time ago. Our Commissioners went to the Governor of the State and got him to give his consent to pardon out five men for good behavior. The Governor said the record was to be kept in secret; the men were to know nothing about it, and at the end of six months the men were brought out, the roll was called, and the President of the Commission came up and spoke to them; then

putting his hands in his pocket he drew out the papers and said to those 1100 convicts, 'I hold in my hand pardons for five men.' I never witnessed anything like it. Every man held his breath and it was as silent as death.

"Then the Commissioners went on to tell how they got these pardons; how it was the Governor had given them," and the chaplain said the suspense was so great that he spoke up to the Commissioner and told him to first read the names of those pardoned before he spoke further, and the first name read out was "Reuben Johnson will come out and get his pardon." He held out the paper, but no one came. He looked all around, expecting to see a man spring to his feet at once; still no one arose, and he turned to the officer of the prison and said: "Are all the convicts here?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then, Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon."

TRYING TO FIND REUBEN JOHNSON.

The real Reuben Johnson was all this time looking around to see where Reuben was; and the chaplain beckoned to him, and he turned and looked around and behind him, thinking some other man must be meant. A second time he beckoned to Reuben, and called to him, and a second time the man looked around to see where Reuben was, until at last the chaplain said to him, "You are the man, Reuben;" and he got up out of his seat and sank back again, thinking it could not be true. He had been there for nineteen years, having been placed there for life, and when he came up and took his pardon he could hardly believe his eyes, and he went back to his seat and wept like a child; and then, when the convicts were marched back to their cells, Reuben had been so long in the habit of falling into line and taking the lock-step with the rest that he fell into his place, and the chaplain had to say, "Reuben, come out; you are a free man."

That is the way men make out their pardon—for good behavior; but the Gospel of Jesus Christ is offered to those that have not behaved well. It is offered to all that have sinned and are not worthy. All a man has got to prove now is that he is not worthy

and I will show him that Christ died for him. Christ died for us while we were yet in sin.

While we were in London, Mr. Spurgeon one day took Mr. Sanky and myself to his orphan asylum, and he was telling about them—that some of them had aunts and some cousins, and that every boy had some friend that took an interest in him, and came to see him and gave him a little pocket money, and one day he said while he stood there a little boy came up to him and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, let me speak to you," and the boy sat down between Mr. Spurgeon and the elder who was with the clergyman and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, suppose your father and mother were dead, and you didn't have any cousins, or aunts, or uncles, or friends to come to give you pocket money and give you presents, don't you think you would feel bad—because that's me!" Said Mr. Spurgeon, "The minute he asked that, I put my right hand down into my pocket and took out the money." Because that's me! And so with the Gospel: we must say to those who have sinned, the Gospel is offered to them.

WILLING TO CONFESS MISTAKES.

As I was talking last night in the inquiry-room, a man tried to tell me that he had made many mistakes, but had committed no sins. They were all mistakes instead of sins. Better call things by their right names. We have all sinned. There is no righteousness, and there is no man that has walked the streets that has not broken the law of God. Therefore all need a Saviour, and there is no chance of our being saved, no hope of man being saved, unless he will admit first that he has sinned and is lost. Of course if a man has not sinned he won't need a Saviour, but it is just because we have sinned that we need the Gospel.

Now, as I stated last night, the Gospel is the very best tidings that can come to us. Christ comes to bless us. In Glasgow they were telling me of a scene that occurred when Dr. Arnot was preaching there. A woman was in great distress about her rent. She could not pay it, and so he took some money, and went around to the house,—went to the door and knocked. He listened, and

thought he heard the foot-steps of some one inside, and so he knocked louder. No one came, and he knocked still louder, but after waiting some time he went away disappointed.

A few days afterward he met this lady on the street at Glasgow and told her that he heard she had been in great distress and he went around to help her, and the woman threw up both hands and said, “Why, Doctor, that was not you, was it? I was in the house all the time, and I thought it was the landlord coming around to get the rent, and I kept the door bolted.” Now, Christ comes to bless. He don’t come to demand. He don’t come to ask you to do something that you cannot do. He comes to bless you. When He commenced His Sermon on the Mount, what did He say? “Blessed! blessed! blessed!” When He got ready to go back to heaven, He raised His hands over that little company and breathed upon them blessings.

A PRESENT OFFER.

And so, my friends, He comes into this building to-night to bless you; to help you; He offers to be your salvation; He offers to pay all the debt you owe. You owe God a debt you cannot pay. Can you forget this? You have broken the law of God. What are you going to do with the sins you have committed?

What is your hope? Why there is no hope unless the Lord Jesus Christ blots out your sins with His own body, unless Christ pays the penalty. If Christ settles the claim, why the claim is settled for all time. And that is the doctrine of the Bible, the glorious doctrine of substitution. Christ paid the penalty, Christ died in our stead. There was a man converted in Europe several years ago, and he liked the Gospel so well, he thought he would like to go and publish it. Well, he started out to publish it, and great crowds came to hear him out of curiosity, just as a great many come here out of curiosity, to hear the singing or something of that kind. Well, they came to hear him. The man wasn’t much of a speaker, so the next night there wasn’t many there, and the third night the man didn’t get a hearer.

But he was anxious to publish the Gospel, and so he got some

great placards and posted them all over the town, that if there was any man in that town that was in debt, to come to his office between certain hours on a certain day with the proof of their indebtedness, and he would pay the debt. Well, of course, it went all over the town, but the people didn't believe him. One man said to his neighbor, "John, do you believe this man will pay our debts?" "Oh, of course, not; that is a great sell; that is a hoax." The day came, and instead of there being a great rush, there didn't anybody come.

Now, it is a great wonder that there isn't a great rush of men into the Kingdom of God to have their debts paid when a man can be saved for nothing. About 10 o'clock there was a man walking in front of the office; he looked this way and that to see if there was anybody looking, and by and by he was satisfied there wasn't anybody looking, and he slipped in, and he said, "I saw a notice around town if any one would call here at a certain hour you would pay their debt. Is there any truth in it?" "Yes," says the man, "it is quite true. Did you bring around the necessary papers?" "Yes."

TOO LATE TO HAVE DEBTS PAID.

And after the man had paid the debt he said, "Sit down, I want talk to you," and he kept him there until 12 o'clock. And before 12 o'clock had passed there were two more came in and had their debts paid. At 12 o'clock he let them all out, when they found some other men standing around the door, and they said, "Well, you found he was willing to pay your debts, didn't you?" Yes, they said, it was quite true that he had paid their debts. "O, if this is so, we are going to get our debts paid." And they went in, but it was too late. The man said if they had called within a certain hour he would have paid their debts.

To every one of you that is a bankrupt sinner—and you never saw a sinner in the world but that he was a bankrupt sinner—Christ comes and he says, "I will pay the debt." And that is just what he wants to do to-night. Bear in mind that the Son of God came into the world to save sinners, and He has got the power

to forgive sin. And He has not only got the power, but he is willing to save, and He is anxious to save; and so, my friends, if you will accept Christ's offer you can get out of this hall to-night cleansed of all sin.

Now the question comes, “Who will accept Him?” But I can imagine there is a man down in the audience who will say, “Well, I don't think a man can be saved so easy. I don't believe in these sudden conversions. I don't believe a man can come in here and be saved at once.” What is it God has got? Is it a gift? Now we read in the 6th chapter of Romans, it is a gift: “The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.” Now, if a man is saved, there must be one minute when he has not got the gift, and there must be another minute when he has it.

And that is what it is represented in the Bible. It is a gift. “Well,” some one says, “haven't I got to feel something before I can be saved? How much have I got to give up?” Give up your sins? No, you have never to give them up, for if you just take Christ they will go of themselves. They will all flee away in the dim past. But you can't do it of yourself. I tried for a long time to give up my sins of myself, and I couldn't do it. But the moment I took Christ He snapped the cords, and I have been rejoicing these twenty years. And the way to be saved is not to delay, but to come and take.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Address to Christian Workers.

YOU remember the first week we were here, we were talking about works. We are about ready to go away, and we want to bring that subject before you again—the subject of works. Of course, I am talking now to those who think they have been saved. Those who have been here some of the time during the past ten weeks understand that I do not wish to try to stir up men to work for God until they are first saved, until they have first accepted salvation as a gift. A man cannot work his way into heaven, a man cannot do anything to please God even, until he has first believed in Christ, and accepted salvation through Him.

Let me read from the 2d chapter of Galatians, 16th verse: “Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law, for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.” Then that verse in the 4th of Romans: “Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt.” But after we are saved we cannot help going to work. If a man tells me he has been saved of Christ, and yet has no desire to work for God, I know it is a spurious conversion; it is not a true salvation; it has not got the ring of heaven in it.

The first words that fell from the lips of Christ on earth were, “For wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?” You will find, too, that during His ministry He toiled early and late in the work. A man may say he has faith, but if he has not works he has only a dead faith. You cannot have faith without works; you cannot have fire without heat. Do not let these men that are not willing to lift there little fingers to help God’s cause—do not let them think they are going to heaven only because they have a pew in church, and criticise the minister, and if a minister

touches their conscience in any guilty spot they want to get a new one—that minister does not suit them! Those men are deceiving themselves. If a man has not got a spirit of work, he has not got the spirit of Christ or righteousness. The mind of a man that has been born of God is not in that man.

In the 16th chapter of John it says, “I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.” There are one or two things in this chapter I would call your attention to. It says “fruit,” “more fruit” and “much fruit”—three kinds; there is another, “no fruit.” I believe there is a good of pruning that would not have to be done to us if we abided in Christ. “He that abideth in Christ bringeth forth much fruit.” But we fall off and are fickle and need pruning, so then the knife must be put in.

THE VINES MUST BE PRUNED.

This time of the year the gardener is clipping his fruit trees if he wants them to bear. So God has to prune us. Instead of our murmuring and complaining about it, we ought to go to work to put forth more and more fruit. How many have lost their children and afterwards have gone to work earnestly for the first time for the Lord! Before they lost their children, they worked and lived wholly for them, spending all their time to accumulate money for them. God took their children to Him for their own sake, as well as for their parents’ sake—to lift them higher. No one who has read the Scripture will say that it does not teach us to work.

Every Bible student loves to work. The word of God inspires us to work. Paul said the love of Christ constrained him. Jeremiah said the Word of God burned in his bones. He fed upon it and it was sweet to his taste. If a man gets his heart full of the Word of God, he is not then interested just in one little corner of the vineyard, but he will take a wide field of labor and interest. He will rejoice to hear of a conversion, in any and every part of the world. He will be glad to hear of God’s work among all denominations of Christians, among Baptists, among Methodists, among

Presbyterians. The moment he hears the Word of God taught, he comes out of the sectarian world, and is interested to have the cause of God advanced in all parts of the world. His interest is not confined to the prosperity of his own little sect, but it goes out toward every good work.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL PEOPLE GET SICK.

A man was taken sick, and while he lay there, some one sent him a bunch of flowers. He said if he had known how much good it would do to a sick man, he would have sent some when he was well. A great many do not know how much good they can do until they have been tried, and have been tried to their sorrow. If we will look around us day after day we will find many a good thing to do. We ought to pray every day that we may wipe away the tears of suffering from some one's face that very day. If we are going to help the poor widow and fatherless children, we must do it now.

God has sent us here to make the world brighter and better, and to help those that carry burdens. Some one said the world seemed like two mountains, a mountain of joy and a mountain of sorrow, and if every day we can take a little from the mountain of sorrow to the mountain of joy we might be better and do better. "He that waters, himself shall be watered." Every one of us should study how we can be a blessing to others. Those of you who are going round with your hearts sad and cast down, if you go to work and try to help others, then your burdens will be gone and the light will shine in your souls.

In the 2d chapter of Titus, 14th verse, it says: "Who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of all good works." I think we do not like to be considered peculiar. We are very much afraid of that. We want to be like the world, and mingle with the world, and try to be like the world, so that people won't consider us peculiar. People do not like that. I hear people say sometimes, "Yes she is a good woman, but"—with a shrug or a grimace—"she is very peculiar." "Yes, a very good man—yes, oh yes, but very peculiar."

I would just like to make one journey round the world to see if I could not find one church made up of peculiar people. That church would shake the whole world. That is what we want—peculiarity. Christ taught us that He will make us a peculiar people, zealous of all good works. The very thing we do not like is the very thing we want to-day. Elijah was the most peculiar man of his day, but he was worth more than all those one hundred thousand people around him. He held the keys of heaven. He could stand before Ahab and his whole court, and all his false prophets. God was with him.

“A GOOD MAN, BUT VERY PECULIAR.”

Enoch was the most peculiar man that lived in his day. I suppose they all pointed to him and said, “Yes, yes, a good man, but very peculiar—different from other people.” Daniel was the most peculiar man Babylon ever had. If we could only have a few peculiar people now in this city we would see wonderful results. If God has a great work to do, He will call some peculiar man to do it. A man that sets his back upon the world, and sets his face like a flint towards heaven, is a man that is peculiar, and God can use him and speak through him.

The great trouble is with many that we don't get ourselves out of sight. We ought to let the name of Christ be kept in sight, and ever watch for Him, and then we are ready to work for the Lord in any position. Now turn to Titus, iii. 8: “This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men.” Now, if I understand that portion of Scripture, it means that you are to be a help to every good work, every good society. Don't say, “O God, bless my little field.” Is the Tract Society a good society? I believe that it is.

Let us do all we can to keep it up, and I hope the time is coming, and I hope I will live to see the day, and I believe I will, when these wealthy men will be seeking investments for the Lord as they do for themselves. It will do perhaps for these ungodly

men to accumulate these millions, but when a man has been redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb and is jealous of good work I think he ought to be seeking some investments for the Lord. Is this society a good society? Then maintain it. Keep it up. Look at the societies you have got in this city, that are just bleeding at every pore, suffering for the want of money; look at the churches saddled with debt. Many men are not willing to get into debt themselves, but they will let the Lord's work suffer.

THE WAY TO ENJOY YOUR DINNER.

Now, if you want a good appetite and if you want to sleep well, if you have got money, I will tell you what to do. Send around a check to the American Bible Society for \$10,000; send one to the Tract Society for \$10,000; send around to this Episcopal brother to pay off the church debt. See how his eyes brighten up when I say that. Here are some of these Presbyterian churches in the same fix. They would be very glad to have the debt on these churches paid off. They cannot work much for the Lord when they are in debt. Then there is the Young Woman's Christian Association; they, too, have got a debt and want to work. Look at their field—these hundreds and thousands of women in this city that will be led astray, perhaps, and it will not be long before their feet will take hold on hell. It is worth more than all your preaching if you can only have an institution to throw out a warm hand and a beneficent influence. You, ladies of wealth and position, say, "I don't see the importance of these things." Of course you don't.

You have got a good mother and father to care for and watch over you, but look at the hundreds and thousands of girls that have got no father or mother, and who have no wealth and are poor, and have to struggle against odds that you know nothing about. They ought to be helped, and the strong must help the weak, and if you have got money go and make good use of it. Go and be a sunbeam to cheer up somebody else, and by so doing get a blessing in your own soul. Says Paul: "Be careful that you maintain good work." Instead of cutting down these missionaries

in a foreign land, I think it would be better for us to cut off some of our own luxury. When a man can drive out with a four-in-hand, let him give up two of his horses, and give what he saves by it to the foreign mission field, and so with many little luxuries; then we can enjoy Christianity a great deal better.

HARD TIMES ARE THE BEST.

These hard times are the very best times that could happen to the church. I don't believe we would have had such a blessing in this city if it had not been for these hard times. When men get their millions and hoard them up, I think it is the very best thing that can happen to them to have the Lord come and take them away, and if a man maintains these good works with his money he will never lose it, but lay it up in heaven.

People say that such a man died worth so many millions. It doesn't make any difference how much a man accumulates. He can't die worth anything, for he leaves it here. He is not worth a penny; and so, if you want to save your money, lay it up in heaven where thieves cannot get hold of it. Make yourselves rich by thus investing in these good institutions; maintain good works; keep your Tract Society, your missions.

Wouldn't it be a glorious day if, instead of our going around begging for money for these institutions, we could just sit in an office and have men send checks around. I have got tired and sick of going to men and begging for money. I hope the Lord of heaven will stir up people so that they will be going around to see where they can invest their money. The ministers can tell them, for they know, and you that have money ought to consult them as to what is the best investment you can make. I want to be rich for eternity, not for time. But how blind and short-sighted men are that are seeking to be rich just for time. Men accumulate millions just to make the way to hell easy for their children.

It is almost sure ruin for a child to be left in this world with money and nothing to do. You talk about the young ladies of this city whom you call so fortunate because they have got all they money they want and have nothing to do. It is unfortunate.

I tell you, and they are ruined. I pity them from the bottom of my heart. It would be far better if they hadn't a penny. Be careful, says St. Paul, that you maintain good works. It is good advice. Let us take it.

Now what we want is to have men established. I have been connected for fifteen years—at least before I started out on this preaching tour—with a mission Sabbath-school, and I have noticed this, that the teachers who are at the Sabbath-school fifty-two Sundays in the year, are constantly reaping, and those teachers who are not constantly established, and are only in the Sundry-school about six months, and then give up discouraged, and if there is something better offered give up their place, they never succeed. What we want is to be established in every word and work, and let us take up this word and work and do it thoroughly, and God's word has gone out that we shall reap if we faint not.

A BROTHER'S DEVOTED SISTER.

I was very much interested some time ago in a young lady that lived in the city. I don't know her name, or I have forgotten it. She was about to go to China as the wife of a missionary on his way to some heathen field. She had a large Sabbath-school class in the city and succeeded in getting a blessing upon many of her scholars through her efforts. She was very anxious to get some one who would look after her little flock and take care of them while she was gone. She had a brother who was not a Christian, and her heart was set on his being converted and taking her place as leader of the class. The young man—perhaps he is in this audience to-day—refused to accept of Christ, but away in her closet alone she pleaded with God that her brother might be converted and take her place. She wanted to reproduce herself and that is what every Christian ought to do—get somebody else converted to take up your work.

Well, the last morning came, and around the family altar as the moment drew near for the lady's departure, and they did not know when they should see her again, the father broke down, and the boy went up stairs. Just before she left for the train the boy came

down, and putting his arms around his sister's neck, said to her, "My dear sister, I will take your Saviour for mine, and I will take care of your class for you," and the young man took her class, and the last I heard of him he was filling her place. There was a young lady established in good work. When she left here she got some one to carry it on.

GO AND WORK IN THE VINEYARD.

Let me say to you, young converts who have just commenced a Christian life—find some work to do for the Master. Go out into the vineyard at once and get some work to do. Just persevere, and if you don't see the fruit pretty near, and the work don't seem to prosper, go right on. Those Christians that get discouraged and disheartened, God never uses, and His kingdom is never built up through them. What we want is good courage to persevere.

Turn to Matthew, v. 16: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Now the eyes of the whole Christian world are upon this city at the present time. They are looking to see just what you Christians are going to do, and if the work stops now, don't say it will be our fault. My dear friends, it will be your own. There has been no false excitement here. We have just preached the Gospel. To be sure, we have done it poorly, but it has been the same old Gospel. We have just held up Christ to the people, and if this work stops, bear in mind that it will be your own fault that you have not taken it up and carried it on.

Thousands in this audience have got just as much ability and talent as I have got or as Mr. Sankey has got, if you would only use it.

I want to speak of one thing that has cheered me since coming here beyond measure, and that is the spirit of unity. We have not heard a word about denominations since I have been here. Thanks be to God we are bound up in one bundle, and the moment we understand each other a little better we shall be able to do greater work, and the hosts of hell will not prevail against us.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Address to Young Converts.

Y text this evening is in the 14th chapter of Romans, 4th verse, "God is able to make him stand." There are a great many lukewarm Christians that are themselves saved and yet who really believe in their hearts that these young converts won't stand long. Some people will give them six weeks, and some six months, and then all will be over. That has been the cry ever since I can remember, ever since I have been a Christian. I suppose we will hear it to the end of time. Well, there are some who do not hold out, but think of the thousands and thousands that do. "He is able to make us stand;" and if you young converts, in the morning of your Christian experience, learn this one lesson, it will save you from many a painful hour. Yes, it is God that will make you stand. You cannot stand yourself.

I hear a young convert get up and say, "I am going to hold out." That is not the way to put it. You will not unless God lets you. He is able to make you stand. He was able to make Joseph stand there in Egypt; He was able to make Elijah stand before Ahab; He was able to make Daniel stand in Babylon. So, my friend, you need the same grace and the same power that all these did. They have gone on before you. Your strength lies in God, not in yourself. The moment you lean on yourself, down you go. The moment we get self-contented and think we are able to stand and overcome, we are on dangerous territory; we are standing upon the edge of a precipice. When I first became a Christian I thought I would be glad when I got farther on, and got established. I thought I would be so strong and there would not be any danger; but the longer I live, the more danger I see there is. The only hope of any Christian in this house is to keep hold of Christ. We may fall after we have been Christians for twenty years; a good many fall at a very old age.

But though we fall, we are not therefore lost. A man may fall and not be lost. Perhaps the old Adam comes uppermost and they commit some sin and then get discouraged. It is no sign that a person is not a Christian because he falls into sin. He is as much a Christian as ever if he repents and hates his sin. If he loves his sin and lives in it, he has never been truly converted. If he hates the sin and turns away from it, and mourns over it, it is a sign that he has been converted. If you fall into sin, do not get discouraged. Take it to God and confess it; tell Him all about it. He will forgive.

CAUTION AGAINST SELF-CONFIDENCE.

I want to guard you against self-confidence; there is the danger. You must keep your eyes open, and not be self-confident. Your strength lies in Another, and not in yourself. Take Christ as your model, not any other man on the face of the earth; because then, if you do sometimes make mistakes, if you do sometimes fall into sin, He will restore you. Just keep your eye fixed upon Him and remember all the while that He is able to make you stand. When we get into temptation, He is able to make a way for your escape, and to deliver you from every temptation. He won't suffer you to be tempted more than you can bear. In the second chapter of Hebrews and the 18th verse, we read "For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."

It is encouraging to think He has been in this dark world and knows all about its trials and temptations. "He is able to succor those that are tempted." When temptation comes, it won't crush you; it won't bear you down. Perhaps the old nature will come up in you, but you must look to Him for strength. You know it is an old maxim "Don't give up to your impulse." That is not the advice I give. I say live right up to your impulse; live up to all the impulse that God gives you. Don't be afraid you are not going to have grace enough in the future. That is a mistake. Use all the grace that God gives you; He has plenty; the more you use, the more you'll get; He is able to succor them that are tempted.

About getting discouraged when you sin; you know they say short accounts make long friends. Keep short accounts with God. You should see the face of God every morning before you see the face of any human being. If you come to the cross every morning, you never will get but one day's journey from the cross. You must say to yourself, "I want to feed my soul as well as my body a breakfast every morning. I want to see the face of God before I see the face of any earthly man." Just keep close to the cross, and close to Him, and if anything has gone wrong during the day or evening, do not sleep until that account has been settled. Take it to Christ and tell it right out to Him; tell Him how you are sorry, and ask Him to forgive you. He delights to forgive. That is what I mean by keeping a short account with God.

HOW LITTLES MULTIPLY.

You know when you go to a grocery store and get a little sugar, for instance, every few days, in a short time you will soon find that the grocer has a bill against you for ten pounds. You are surprised, and you likely say you never had it. You forget how much you did get. Perhaps then you quarrel with the grocer, and you have a great deal of trouble from it. Perhaps if you kept short accounts you would remember what you owed. Keep short accounts, or else you won't prosper. If you sin, bear in mind that you have an advocate in Jesus Christ. We read in 2d Timothy, 1st chapter, 12th verse, "Nevertheless I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed and I know that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." A man was asked what his persuasion was. He said it was the same as Paul's. I don't know what Paul's persuasion was. All persuasions claim him. "Verily I am not ashamed, for I know whom I believe, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him." That is Paul's persuasion. You may call it what you have a mind to, it is a good persuasion.

If you have really been converted you have committed your soul, your body, your reputation, your life, your money, everything you have, to the Lord. Stick to this text: "He is able to

keep that which I have committed to him." If the devil comes and tries to make you everything else but a Christian, don't listen to him, but just refer him right over to Christ. Tell him you have committed your case to Christ. He will take care of your cause; He is able to keep that which you have committed to Him.

THAT BIG BROTHER.

A little boy was going home from school one day and met a big fellow who wanted to fight with him. He said "Well, wait till I go and fetch my big brother," and he ran off after his big brother and away ran the boy. So you tell Satan when he threatens to convince you, that you will go after Christ, and let Him settle it for you. You are no match for Satan. He is stronger than you are; but Satan flies when you bring Christ. Then you are saved, and that is your only refuge. Jesus will be to you an Elder Brother.

A man with whom I was acquainted bought out a certain store. Everybody predicted that he would fail. Two or three men had failed one after another in the store, with more capital than that man had. Well, he went on, and on, and did not fail, and every one wondered why he got along so well. By and by it leaked out that he had a rich brother who kept furnishing money, and he kept close to him. So if you will only keep close to your Elder Brother, He has all the treasures of heaven to place at your disposal; He will keep you. There is no trouble about your going back to the world if you keep close to Him.

Men go and put their money in the Bank of England, thinking it the safest bank in the world! But why is it safe? Because every night when it grows dark you will see a whole band of soldiers going to that bank. And they stand around it and guard it all night. So are the sentinels of heaven camped around about God's own children to guard them. God has legions of angels that He can send down to protect us when we call upon Him. Our help is in God alone.

O my friends, when Satan comes to you and tries to lure you away, bear in mind that Christ is your keeper, and you are not

able to keep yourselves. We want these young converts to go to work in God's service. "God is able to make you stand," God has grace enough. He wants you to come up to His throne and get all the grace you need to enable you to do the work. Now every single convert ought to be good for at least a dozen more, and be able to win at least twelve other souls to Christ. A convert lately gave me a list of names of those whom he had been trying to lead to Christ since he was converted. He was converted the 3d of February, and he brought me a list of fifty-nine names of persons whom he had tried to lead to Christ during that time.

HASTE TO THE RESCUE.

Every young convert ought to be good for a dozen at least. If you are rescued you ought to try to rescue others. Every man, woman and child who is a Christian should go to work in this service. He says, "My grace shall abound that I shall be ready for every good work." One day I saw a steel engraving that I liked very much. I thought it was the finest thing I ever had seen, at the time, and I bought it. It was a picture of a woman coming out of the water, and clinging with both arms to the cross. There she came out of the drowning waves with both arms around the cross perfectly safe. Afterwards I saw another picture that spoiled this one for me entirely, it was so much more lovely. It was a picture of a person coming out of the dark waters, with one arm clinging to the cross and with the other she was lifting some one else out of the waves.

That is what I like. Keep a firm hold upon the cross, but always try to rescue another from the drowning. If you are rescued, haste to the rescue of some one else. Then you become stronger and stronger. Everything you do for Christ makes you grow in grace. "He that waters, shall himself be watered." The souls of these people that never do anything for Christ, become all dried up. It is hard to find any chords running from their souls to Him, or to others, because they never try to do anything for anybody.

When I was at Mr. Spurgeon's house, he showed me some

pictures of his twin boys. He had had them taken every year since they were born and they were then seventeen. You look at the pictures from year to year, and there is not much difference between them; but in the seventeen years there is a great difference. So with you young converts; there is not much difference in you from year to year; but as you grow in grace, in the course of seventeen years there will be a very great change. You want to grow from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year steadily, so you will become stronger in the service of God. "God is able to make all grace abound toward you."

HOW TO SELECT YOUR FRIENDS.

You should try to learn from those who have been long in the Church. If you take my advice you will select your friends from experienced Christians. You must keep in the company of people who know more than yourself. That's the way I do. Of course I get the best of the bargain that way, but that is what you want; you can learn something of them and will not be mingling with the ungodly and the unconverted. You need not become like ungodly people when you happen to be thrown with them; you can be in the world and not of it.

Not only that, but what you want is to get in love with this blessed Bible; and the moment you get full of Bible truths, the world has lost its power. Then you won't be saying: "Have I got to give up this? Have I got to give up that? You never hear Bible Christians talk in that way. There are some things I used to like to do before I was converted that I don't do now; but thank God, I don't want to do them. God has turned my appetite against such things. I have been fed upon this blessed Bible, until I have no longer any taste for the literature I used to like.

There are people who talk about killing and say they like to read novels to kill time. But a good Christian does not need to do that; he never has time enough. Why, if there were forty-eight hours instead of twenty-four, in a day and night, we would still want more time to work for the Lord. It is only a little while, a few days and hours, that we stay here and we have to do all that

is given us to do in that short time. No child of God ought to talk of killing time.

I have one rule about books. I do not read any book, unless it will help me to understand *the* book. I want to tell you right here, that this is not anything that I have to give up. It is a great pleasure to get a book that helps unfold the blessed Bible. It is manna to my soul. If you young converts get in love with the Bible it will help you wonderfully. I advise you to go into a good Bible-class, and to get experienced Christians to help you. Go there and learn, and then go out and help teach others, and thus you will grow in grace. I want to have you understand one thing: that I am in favor of all men and women that love Jesus Christ, uniting with some church.

HOW TO HELP YOUR MINISTER.

And let me say, if the man who is your minister preaches the Gospel, you stand by him, pray for him. What a help it is for a man that is preaching to have a lot of people in the pews praying for him. Don't go to church just to criticise. Any one can do that. If you feel inclined to criticise, just stop and ask yourself whether you could do it any better. Some men only make one mistake, that of finding imperfections in everybody and everything. I have got done looking for perfection in this world. If the minister does not preach the Gospel, go out of his church and get into some church where the Gospel is preached. I don't care what church it is; but if a man does not preach the Gospel don't go to his church.

And do not be running from one church to another. Go to one church and stand by your minister. If he holds up Christ, preaches the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ, stand by him. In Romans, 4th chapter and 20th verse, it says, "He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God. And being fully persuaded that what He had promised He was able also to perform."

Now, my friends, bear in mind that God's word is true, and it will help you wonderfully when you take up that word of God, to realize that every word of it is true. Infidels and skeptics will try

to make you think it is not true. When they come to me and say that, I tell them "Well, if you can get me a better Bible, I will give this up, but not until then." But when there is no book that will bear any comparison with it or touch it, why should we give it up? What has infidelity to give us in the place of it? Bear in mind that these promises are all true. "He staggered not at the promises of God." Abraham was fully persuaded that God was able to do what he had promised to do.

PROMISES THAT DO NOT FAIL.

An old man told me that he had marked at all the promises of God the letters "P. T."—which stood for "Proved" and "Tried." None of the promises of God ever will or can fail. If you feed upon these promises you will become rich in grace. There is no discount on any word God has ever said. You know when Christ was born, it says that Cæsar sent out a proclamation that the whole world should be taxed, and so Mary was brought to Bethlehem. God had said that the child should be born at Nazareth, and it could not by any possibility have been born at Jerusalem. That tax was not collected for nine years after. The virgin was brought to Bethlehem just at that time, that the word of God might be fulfilled. "Abraham staggered not at the promises of God."

Sometimes when our duty seems to promise some very difficult and almost impossible thing, people say, "But how is he going to do it?" I don't know how, but that is none of your business. A colored woman had it about right when she said that if God should tell her to jump through a stone wall, she would jump right through—that getting through would be God's work and not her's; He would see to it if she did what she was told. Take His Word as "a lamp to your feet and a light to your path" to guide you through this dark world.

In the 24th verse of Jude it says, "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." That is one of the sweetest verses in the whole Word of God; not the sweetest—it is hard to tell which is the sweetest verse in the Bible. It is like a

man that has ten children; he cannot tell which he likes best. How precious, how sweet those promises! Some converts have an idea that sometimes they have to fall. Some people think they have to get lukewarm sometimes, and wander off into the world. You do not get that idea from the Bible. An old man said to me once, "I am an old man now, but I never have lost sight of Christ since I first became converted." You have not got to fall; do not believe it for a moment. "Unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the throne of God with exceeding great joy." May all in this assembly from this night be so kept from falling, and so presented before the throne.

A REMARKABLE CONTRAST.

There is an institution in London where they take the poor little street Arab in. They take him in and the first thing they do is to have his picture taken, just as he looks when they find him, in his rags and dirt. Then, after he has grown up there, and has had all the benefit of the institution, before he goes they have his photograph taken again; and they give him the two photographs. One is to show him how he looked when he came to them, and the other, that he may compare them. It would be a good thing if we could remember ourselves distinctly as we were when the Lord first found us, and compare it with ourselves when He leaves us on the hill-tops of glory.

It says in Deuteronomy: "He found him, He kept him, He led him about in the wilderness, and kept him as the apple of His eye." The Lord does it all. He found you; you did not find Him. People say they are seeking the Lord. The Lord seeks you. It is a double seeking. Christ seeks the sinner and the sinner seeks Him. It does not take long for an anxious Saviour and an anxious sinner to meet. The moment you are ready and willing to belong to Christ, He is ready and willing to save you.

Some people ask me questions about their daily walk and conduct. They say, "I would like to know whether it is right for me to go to the theatre?" "I would like to know whether it is right

for me to smoke?" or, "to drink moderately?" I cannot carry your consciences; Christ does not lay down rules; He lays down principles. One rule I have had is this: If there is anything I am troubled about in my conscience, and am uncertain whether it is right or not, I give Christ the benefit of the doubt. It is better to be a little too strict than too liberal. And let me say to you young converts and you Christians here, the eyes of the world are upon you; they are watching.

AVOID THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

For myself, I could not go to the theatre; I would not like to have my children go. I do not do anything myself that I would not like to have them do. I could not smoke, because I would not want my boy to smoke. I could not read those flashy novels. I have no taste for them, no desire to read them; but if I did I would not do it. But, if you live to please Him, you will not have any trouble in these things. He says, "If any man lack wisdom, let him call on God; He will give liberally to all."

Another rule is: Don't do anything you cannot feel like praying over. Once I received an invitation to be at the opening of a large billiard hall. I suppose they thought it was a good joke to invite me. I went before the time came and asked the man if he meant it. He said yes. I asked him if I might bring a friend along. He said I might. I said, "If you say or do anything that will grieve my friend I may speak to him during your exercises." They didn't know what I meant, and knitted their brows and looked puzzled.

At last he asked, "You are not going to pray, are you? We never want any praying here." "Well," I said, "I never go where I cannot pray; but I'll come round." "No," said he, "we don't want you." "Well, I'll come, anyway, since you invited me," said I. But he rather insisted that I shouldn't, and finally I told him: "We'll compromise the matter. I won't come if you will let me pray with you now." So he agreed to that, and I got down, with one rum-seller on each side of me, and prayed that they might fail in their business, and never have any more success in it from that

day Well, they went on for about two months, and then, sure enough, they failed. God answered prayer that time.

In Europe in a place where there was a good deal of whiskey distilled, one of the men in the business was a church member, and got a little anxious in his conscience about his business. He came and asked me if I thought that a man could not be an honest distiller. I said, you should do, whatever you do, for the glory of God. If you can get down and pray about a barrel of whiskey, and say for instance, when you sell it, "O Lord God, let this whiskey be blessed to the world," it is probably honest.

YOUR HIGHEST MOTIVE.

Do not live to please yourself. Live to please Christ. If you cannot do a thing honestly, give it up let the consequences be what they may. If you take my advice you will never touch strong drink as long as you live. Nearly all the young converts that have fallen in Europe have been led into it by that cursed cup. Yes, but you say, some of the church members, some of the Christians that stand high, drink moderately. Well, don't you touch it if they do. Some men have strong wills and can tell where to stop; but bear in mind that ninety-nine out of a hundred have not strong wills, and your son may be the very next one to go too far. If it is not an injury to yourselves, give it up for Christ's sake, and for the sake of others.

And you that have once been slaves to it, come out and try to rescue others who are still slaves to it. As Dr. Bonner, of Philadelphia, said, "Be sure you do not tarnish the old family name. You have been born into the family of God, and you must sustain its high credit." Some of these old families think a good deal of their names; and that is right. A good name is worth more than riches. Now that you have become the sons and daughters of God, do not disgrace the old family name. The eyes of the world are upon you, walk as the son of a king, as a daughter of heaven, a child of God, the world will become better for you, and by your walk and conversation you will light others to Christ.

Turn to the 20th chapter of Acts, 32d verse, "And now breth-

ren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build up and to give an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." That was Paul's farewell to the Ephesians. O, how sweet it is! "He is able to lift you up." Some of the young converts have got their Bibles out, I see. That is right. I marked that a good many years ago. It has been a great help to me. Paul had been three years among them, and had prayed and wept over them. If you learn your Bible well you are certain to be good Christians. If the word of God is not hid in our hearts, how can the Holy Ghost work through us.

YOU SHOULD GO FORWARD.

But let me give you a caution. You must not think that you may stop right here and spend the rest of your days giving your experience. I want to warn you against becoming self-satisfied. The moment that young converts come to be wise and to win some souls to Christ, Satan comes up and says, "You are getting along very well," and "Yes, that is a good act; an admirable work you are doing;" and then they get so puffed up with spiritual pride that God cannot use them.

The next danger is that they may be so afraid they will get puffed up, that they don't do anything. We have nothing to be proud of, really. Talk about the great work we are doing here. We haven't done anything. We ought to hang our heads to-night and be ashamed of ourselves,—not ashamed of Christ, but of ourselves,—there is a good deal of difference between those two things. We have not done anything worth speaking of; there is no chance of boasting. Why, if the Christians of this city really did come forward and exert themselves, what a time there would be! Be sure you do not get lifted up with spiritual pride. God will punish that; he hates spiritual pride. Satan knows that if he can get us puffed up with spiritual pride, it is all he wants; so he comes up and says, "What a glorious light he is. He is one of the brightest lights of the church." Look out for spiritual pride, as for one of your greatest enemies.

You have got nothing to be proud of. If you are ever used

at all, bear in mind that it is God speaking in you, and not you yourself. We do not say that gaspipe gives the light; it only conveys it. If we have any light in us, it is Christ's light. Let us be careful that we do not fall into that sin of being proud and lifted up. That little word "able"—may it sink down deep into your hearts to-night. He is able to do all for you that you need to have done; and if you but make up your minds to rely on Him you will have strength as you need it.

It seems as if during the past ten weeks the Lord has wonderfully answered prayers, and the tide has risen here until it seems very high. Once I was told of a little child who lay dying. As its breath grew feeble, she said, "Lift me, papa." And he put his hand under the child and lifted her a little; and then she whispered "higher," and he raised her higher, and she still said "higher," and again "higher, higher," until he lifted her just as high as his arms could reach, until at last her Heavenly Father lifted her into his Eternal Kingdom.

So our prayer ought to be "Higher, higher, nearer my God to Christ." Every day we ought to make a day's march toward Heaven, and nearer and nearer to Him.

I do not like these farewell meetings. I want from the depth of my heart to bless you for all your kindness to us here. I am glad so many have been blessed in their souls. Bear in mind that we shall pray for you, and if we do not see you again we shall look for you on the morning of the Resurrection. I don't like to say good-bye. But I can say, as I once heard Lucius Hart say: "I'll bid you all good-night, and I'll meet you in the morning." May God bless you all!

PART III.

MOODY'S ILLUSTRATIONS, ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

SHOW YOUR LIGHT.

A friend of mine was walking along the streets one dark night, when he saw a man coming along with a lantern. As he came up close to him, he noticed by the bright light that the man had no eyes. He went past him; but the thought struck him, "Surely that man is blind!" He turned around and said, "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes," was the answer. "Then what have you got the lantern for?" "I carry the lantern," said the blind man, "that people may not stumble over me." Let us take a lesson from that blind man, and hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.

FAST TO THE SHORE.

I once heard of two men who, under the influence of liquor, came down one night to where their boat was tied; they wanted to return home, so they got in and began to row. They pulled away hard all night, wondering why they never got to the other side of the bay. When the grey dawn of morning broke, behold, they had never loosed the mooring line or raised the anchor! And that's just the way with many who are striving to enter the kingdom of heaven. They cannot believe, because they are tied to this world. Cut the cord! cut the cord! Set yourselves free from the clogging weight of earthly things, and you will soon go on towards heaven.

LAZY CHRISTIANS.

A good many people are complaining all the time about themselves, and crying out: "My leanness! my leanness!" when they ought rather to say, "My laziness! my laziness!"

THE OLD MISER.

One of Mr. Moody's favorite stories was about a converted miser to whom a neighbor in distress appealed for help. The miser decided to prove the genuineness of his conversion by giving him a ham. On his way to get it the tempter whispered: "Give him the smallest one you have." A mental struggle ensued, and finally the miser took down the largest ham he had. "You are a fool," the devil said, and the farmer replied, "If you don't keep still I'll give him every ham in the smoke house!"

A SKEPTIC ANSWERED.

Being interrupted by a man in his audience during a meeting, Mr. Moody said: "My friend, if you will let me get through I will listen to you all night. But don't stop me to ask skeptical questions because they only strengthen my faith."

ONE PLACE OF SAFETY.

Out in our western country in the autumn, when men go hunting, and there has not been any rain for months, sometimes the prairie grass catches fire, and there comes up a very strong wind, and the flames just roll along twenty feet high, and go at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour.

When the frontier-men see it coming, what do they do? They know they cannot run as fast as the fire can run. Not the fleetest horse can escape from that fire. They just take a match and light the grass around them, and let the fire sweep it, and then they get into the burnt district and stand safe. They hear the flames roar; they see death coming towards them; but they do not fear, they do not tremble; because the fire has passed over the place where they are, and there is no danger. There it nothing for the fire to burn.

There is one mountain peak that the wrath of God has swept over; that is Mount Calvary, and that fire spent its fury upon the bosom of the Son of God. Take your stand here by the cross, and you will be safe for time and eternity.

CHRIST'S FORGIVENESS FOR HIS MURDERERS.

I can imagine when Christ said to the little band around Him, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." Peter said, "Lord, do you really mean that we are to go back to Jerusalem and preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you?" "Yes," said Christ, "go hunt up that man that spat in my face; tell him he may have a seat in my kingdom yet. Yes, Peter, go find that man that made that cruel crown of thorns and placed it on my brow, and tell him I will have a crown ready for him when he comes into my kingdom, and there will be no thorns in it. Hunt up that man that took a reed and brought it down over the cruel thorns, driving them into my brow, and tell him I will put a sceptre in his hand, and he shall rule over the nations of the earth, if he will accept salvation. Search for the man that drove the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that. Tell him I forgive him freely, and that he can be saved if he will accept salvation as a gift. Tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that."

AN EARNEST LEADER.

Mr. Moody once consented to permit an expert in palmistry to read his hand and was immensely pleased when told that his distinguishing characteristics were love of his fellowmen and ability as a leader. "That's good," said he. "I'll try to lead every man in the world to Christ."

OVERCOMING JEALOUSY.

Here is a story that Mr. Moody told himself: "I found myself in Chicago a few years ago getting jealous of a prominent clergyman. He was saying harsh things about me. I found that I was feeling harshly toward him. I said to myself: 'Moody, this won't do.' I went to him and told him that I wanted him to take charge of a prominent meeting. He said he'd come. Then I took pains to see that he should have a tremendously large audience. He preached a fine sermon. He came to me and said kind words. Since then we have been great friends. Don't ever let jealousy get control of you."

PITHY SAYINGS OF THE GREAT EVANGELIST.

A man must believe himself lost before he can be saved.

No sinner ever came to Christ but the devil tried to trip him up on the way.

No man can resolve himself into heaven.

If you wish to possess love for God's word, study it diligently and so become like an artesian well—overflowing with the water of life to refresh thirsty souls.

A great many people think they have been born again because they go to church. Let me say that there is no one that goes to church so regularly as Satan.

When a man is thought much of in this world it is quite likely Christ won't have much to say for him in the next world.

We are naturally all bad. Who would be willing to have his or her heart photographed, with all its thoughts and passions brought to view?

If the water in the well is poisoned, you do not try to remedy it by pulling out the pump.

Praying doesn't do any good unless it comes from the heart.

I have no use for the man who thinks he is so good that he wants a little harp all for himself when he gets to heaven.

"My husband is so good," say some foolish wives; "he lacks only one thing, he is not a Christian." Well, all a dead man lacks is one thing—life.

If the Church were baptized with the spirit of Calvary, the fruits of the spirit would be more in evidence among its members.

RIGHT KIND OF BEER.

After the World's Fair, Mr. Moody said: "I didn't see a single person drunk on the fair grounds. Beer was sold in hundreds of places; why was it that none were intoxicated?"

Mr. Moody was told it was because the beer sold was of a special brew, and very light.

"Well," he said, "as long as beer was to be sold, I'm glad it was of that special brew.

TREATMENT OF CRITICS.

When Miss Helen Gould laid the corner stone at Overtoun Hall, at East Northfield, Mr. Moody saw one of his relatives coming toward the platform. The exercises had been started, but Mr. Moody turned to his wife, and said, so that every one on the platform could hear: "There comes Aunt Mandy Holton, mamma; make a good place for her on the platform," and his order was carried out. "Aunt Mandy" had been one who criticised Mr. Moody severely.

THE PLAGUE OF FROGS.

Look at poor old Pharaoh down there in Egypt, when the plague of frogs was on him. What an awful time he must have had! Frogs in the fields, and frogs in the houses; frogs in the bedrooms, and frogs in the kneading troughs. When the king went to bed, a frog would jump on to his face; when he cut into a loaf of bread, there was a frog in the middle of it. Nothing but frogs everywhere! Frogs, frogs, frogs! He stood it as long as he could; and then he sent for Moses, and begged him to take them away. "When would you like to have me do it?" says Moses. Now just listen to what he says. You would think he would say, Now! this minute! I have had them long enough! But he says, "To-morrow." Kept the frogs another day, when he might have got rid of them at once! That is just like you, sinner. You say you want to be saved; but you are willing to keep your hateful, hideous sins until to-morrow, instead of being rid of them now.

HEELS VERSUS HEART

One of the seminary girls in Northfield intimated to Mr. Moody that dancing among family friends was desirable. Mr. Moody's reply was: "My dear girl, I would a thousand times rather have you get more grace in your heart and less in your heels."

HOW TO TREAT DISCOURAGEMENTS.

There is a large class of people who are always looking upon the dark side. Some time ago, I myself got under the juniper tree. In those days I used to fish all night, and catch nothing.

One of the workers in our Mission came in to see me one Monday morning, full of joy, saying what a good Sunday he had. "Well," said I, "I am glad you have had a good day ; but I have had a very bad one." He knew I had been in trouble of mind, and so he said, "Did you ever study Noah?" "No," said I ; "I have read about him, but I don't know that I have ever studied him." "Well," said he, "study him. It will do you good." So I began to study Noah, and I found out that he preached for a hundred and twenty years without making a single convert. "That is a good deal worse than my case," thought I ; and that made me feel better at once. That day I went down to the noon prayer-meeting, and one poor sinner arose and asked us to pray for him. "What would old Noah have given for that?" thought I. I tell you, my friends, what we want is perseverance. When God sets us at anything, we want to keep at it, and leave all the consequences with him.

TEST OF PERFECTION.

A man attending one of the Moody meetings said that he was perfect. The evangelist replied: "I'm glad to know it, but I'd like to talk with your wife."

ALL ON THE SAME LEVEL.

One of his patrons said one day, "Mr. Moody, I can afford to pay \$200 for my boy's tuition."

"Send another boy, then, to use the second hundred ; I cannot afford to make an exception of your boy. The students here are all on the same plane."

PERFECT TRUST.

My little Willie I once told to jump off a high table and I would catch him. But he looked down and said, "Papa, I'se afraid." I again told him I'd catch him, and he looked down and said, "Papa, I'se afraid." You smile, but that's just the way with the unbeliever. He looks down and dare not trust the Lord. You say that would be blind faith, but I say it wouldn't. I told Willie to look at me, and then jump, and he did it, and was delighted.

He wanted to jump again, and finally his faith became so great that he would have jumped when I was eight or ten feet away, and said, "Papa, I'se a comin'." I remember seeing a man in Mobile putting little boys on the fence posts, and they jumped into his arms with perfect confidence. But there was one boy nine or ten years old who would not jump. I asked the man why it was, and he said the boy wasn't his. Ah, that's it. The boy wasn't his. He hadn't learned to trust him. But the other boys knew him and could trust him.

SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.

Let us have faith. Don't be looking to see if you have got the right kind of faith. Look and see if you have got the right kind of Christ. Now faith is just the hand that reaches out and gets the blessing. Faith sees a thing in God's hand. Faith says I will have it. I see that book in Mr. Dodge's hand ; I go and take it ; I have got faith that he will let me have it. Now, my friends, have faith in God to-night. Faith is an outward look, not an inward look. A great many people are looking at their feelings, a great many people are looking down here. Don't be looking at your feelings, but look at Heaven, and if you have got the right kind of Christ you will have the right kind of faith.

Suppose a man who had been in the habit of meeting a beggar on the street, and he might say, I have met this man for years out here begging, and as I go up to-night I meet him ; he has got a nice suit of clothes on and I say to him, "Hullo, beggar," and he says, "Don't you call me a beggar ; I am no beggar." Why, are you not a beggar ?" "No, sir ; I am not a beggar." "What is the reason you are not a beggar ?" "Why, I was sitting there to-day and I put out my hand and asked a man to give me something. Mr. Dodge came along and he put five thousand dollars right into my hand." "How do you know it is good money ?" "I took it to the bank." "How did you get it ?" "I put my hand out and he just put it in my hand." How do you know it is the right kind of a hand ?" "O, pooh ! what do I care what kind of a hand it was !"

HOW TO MAKE CONFESSION.

Every man ought to make a public confession if his sin has been public. Suppose, now, I have done this man a wrong, and no one knows it but us two. Then the confession ought to be between us two alone. I don't believe in making confession of such a thing publicly; it isn't called for. Suppose I had a difficulty with my family. It ought to be settled with my family. It needn't go forth to the world. But suppose I have been a public blasphemer—have been seen reeling in the streets of Northfield a drunkard—it is known by all the people here—I ought to make my confession so that the whole town will hear it, and the chances are they will receive my testimony.

THE BELIEVER'S SECURITY.

What is it that protects the crown of Victoria? It is the army. The army keeps the crown perfectly safe. I remember in London holding meetings in the East End, and as we were going along the streets one night, we met some soldiers marching. I said: "Where are those soldiers going?" "They are going to the Bank of England." It was the law of the land that just as soon as the sun went down, a certain number of soldiers went to the Bank of England and stayed there till daybreak. That made the bank perfectly safe. There was no chance for thieves to get in there. So, if our life is hid in Christ, how are the powers of darkness going to get at it?

LIBERATED FROM PRISON.

There was a story told me while I was in Philadelphia by Capt. Trumbull. He said when he was in Libby Prison the news came that his wife was in Washington, and his little child was dying; and the next news that came was that his child was dead, and the mother remained in Washington in hopes that her husband could come with her and take that child off to New England and bury it; but that was the last he heard. One day the news came into the prison that there was a boat up from City Point, and there were over nine hundred men in the prison rejoicing at once. They expected to get good news.

Then came the news that there was only one man in that whole number that was to be let go, and they all began to say, "Who is it?" It was some one who had some influential friend at Washington that had persuaded the Government to take an interest in him and get him out. The whole prison was excited. At last an officer came and shouted at the top of his voice, "Henry Clay Trumbull!" The chaplain told me his name never sounded so sweet to him as it did that day.

That was election—but you can't find any Henry Clay Trumbull in the Bible. There is no special case in the Bible. God's proclamations are to all sinners. Everybody can get out of prison that wants to. The trouble is they don't want to go. They had rather be captives to some darling sin like lust, appetite, covetousness, than to be liberated. You need not be stumbling over election. The proclamation is, "Whosoever will, let him come and drink of the water of life freely."

ALWAYS AT IT.

There are some who say, "We don't have any sympathy with these special efforts"; and I sympathize with that objection. I believe it is the privilege of the child of God to make continuous efforts for the salvation of others, every day throughout the year.

PARDONED BY HER MAJESTY.

Once, in a town in England, just before I went there they had a very dark Sabbath. The whole city seemed to be moved, and everybody talked about it. There was a man there in prison that had been condemned to die. He was to be executed on Monday. They had tried to get the authorities to pardon him and had failed, so he was to be executed the next day. The black flag waved over that prison all day on that Sabbath. Ministers preached about it and held the man up as a warning. It seemed that a dark cloud hung over the city all day. Sunday night the poor, condemned man could not sleep. He was greatly agitated and excited. The next day he was to be led out to execution. He was to be hung the next morning. About midnight he heard the footsteps of a man coming to his cell. The poor man trembled,

and at last there came the governor of the prison, bringing a dispatch from the Queen pardoning the man!

O, they said, what joy there was in that cell, what joy there was in that man's heart when deliverance came! I have come to bring you a proclamation of deliverance. You are slaves. Sentence is out against you. You are already condemned, and waiting for the execution. I have come to tell you of One who will set you free if you will believe Him.

SOWING AND REAPING.

I remember reading in history that in the days of Louis XI. he had a cruel, wicked bishop that was persecuting some of the saints of the Most High God, and the king wanted to know how he could make their punishment more cruel and bitter. "Well," said the bishop, "make them a cage, and have it so short and narrow they cannot lie down, and so low they cannot stand straight, and they will have to be in a bent position all the while." The king ordered the cage made, and the very first one that went into that cage was the bishop himself. He had offended the king before he got the cage finished, and for fourteen long years the king kept him in that cage. He had to reap what he sowed.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

Be sure that your sin, young man, will find you out. It may be this very day you took out of your employer's till twenty-five cents. Perhaps last week you took fifty cents and went to the theatre with it. But you say, "I will put it back some time." That is the way these defaulters begin. That is the way men that become forgers begin. Men don't go to a precipice and jump down. They come down step by step. It is these little things—twenty-five cents or a dollar. You say, "I can replace that any time; that don't amount to anything." Ah, my friends, "Be not deceived." A man that steals twenty-five cents is just as much a thief as one that steals \$5000. He has made his conscience guilty. He is not the man he was before he took it. He is laying a bad foundation, and if he attempts to build on that foundation the structure will fall.

THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM.

When Wilberforce was trying to get a bill through Parliament to liberate all the slaves under the British flag, away off in the islands subject to the British flag there was great excitement. They were anxious to get their liberty. When they were expecting the vessel which would bring the news that the bill had failed or succeeded, thousands of people went down to the shore to get the first news. The captain of the coming vessel knew how anxious they were to get it. As soon as the vessel was in sight, and he saw the multitude on the shore watching for him, he shouted the words, "Free! free! free!" and they all took up the cry, and it spread through the island.

Oh, my friends, we came here to-day to proclaim the Gospel message. "Free, free." You will never know what liberty is until you know Christ. This very hour you can be free if you want to be. We come to proclaim the Gospel of freedom here to-day.

THAT COLD WORD "DUTY."

I am tired of the word duty; tired of hearing duty, duty, duty. Men go to church because it is their duty. They go to prayer-meeting because it is their duty. You can never reach a man's heart if you talk to him because it is your duty. Suppose I told my wife I loved her because it was my duty—what would she say? Once every year I go up to Massachusetts to visit my aged mother. Suppose, when I go next time, I tell her that I knew she was old and that she was living on borrowed time; that I knew she had always done a great deal for me, and that I came to see her every year because it was my duty. Don't you think she would say, "Well then, my son, you needn't take the trouble to come again?" Let us strike for a higher plane.

PUT YOURSELF IN THEIR WAY.

There was a prominent minister in New York City—a good man too—and one of his elders said to him: "Why can't we have an inquiry meeting? It seems to me we might have a great many converts just now." The minister said: "Well, just to

please you I will try one, but I don't believe any one will come to it." So the next night he announced that if there were any persons concerned about their souls, the session would be in the session room, and meet them. Why! he might as well have asked them to go before a justice of the peace. Asking an awakened soul to go before the whole session. If you want to get these people to talk with you, put yourself in their way, and make it easy for them to come and see you.

LOVE FOR EVERYTHING.

When we are truly converted we love all things and all men better than ever before. The morning I was converted I went out of doors and I fell in love with the bright sun shining over the earth; I never loved the sun before. And when I heard the birds singing their sweet songs, I fell in love with the birds; like the Scotch lassie who stood on the hills of her native land, breathing the sweet air, and when asked why she did it, said: "I love the Scotch air." If the church was filled with love, it could do so much more.

THEY LOVE A FELLOW OVER THERE.

One Sunday a lady was out collecting scholars for a Sunday-school met a boy and asked him why he went so far, past so many schools, to get to his own. "There are plenty of others," said she, "just as good." He said, "They may be so good, but they are not so good for me." "Why not?" she asked. "Because they love a fellow over there," he answered. Ah! love won him. "Because they love a fellow over there!" How easy it is to reach people through love! Sunday-school teachers should win the affections of the scholars if they wish to lead them to Christ. Those who are successful in winning the affections of men, are successful in winning them to Christ.

WHAT A SMILE CAN DO.

In London, in 1872, one Sunday morning a minister said to me, "I want you to notice that family there in one of the front seats, and when we go home I want to tell you their story."

When we got home I asked him for the story, and he said "All that family were won by a smile."

"Why," said I, "how's that?" "Well," said he, "as I was walking down the street one day I saw a child at a window; it smiled, and I smiled, and we bowed. So it was the second time; I bowed, she bowed. It was not long before there was another child, and I had got in a habit of looking and bowing, and pretty soon the group grew, and at last as I went by, a lady was with them. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to bow to her, but I knew the children expected it, and so I bowed to them all. And the mother saw I was a minister, because I carried a Bible every Sunday morning. So the children followed me the next Sunday and found I was a minister. And they thought I was the greatest preacher, and their parents must hear me. A minister who is kind to a child and gives him a pat on the head, why the children will think he is the greatest preacher in the world. Kindness goes a great way. And, to make a long story short, the father and mother and five children were converted, and they are going to join our church next Sunday. Won by a smile."

THE POWER OF LOVE.

A gentleman one day came to my office for the purpose of getting me interested in a young man who had just got out of the penitentiary. "He says," said the gentlemen, "he don't want to go to the office, but I want your permission to bring him in and introduce him." I said, "Bring him in." The gentleman brought him in and introduced him, and I took him by the hand and told him I was glad to see him. I invited him up to my house, and when I took him into my family I introduced him as my friend. When my little daughter came into the room I said, "Emma, this is papa's friend." And she went up and kissed him, and the man sobbed aloud. After the child left the room I said, "What is the matter?" "O Sir," he said, "I have not had a kiss for years. The last kiss I had was from my mother, and she was dying. I thought I would never love another one again." His heart was broken.

Just that little kindness showed I was in sympathy with him. Another young man, just out of the penitentiary, came to me, and after I had talked with him for some time, he didn't seem to think I was in sympathy with him. I offered him a little money, "No," he said, "I don't want your money." "What do you want?" "I want some one to have confidence in me." I got down and prayed with him, and in my prayer I called him a brother and he shed tears the moment I called him a brother. So if we are going to reach men we must make them believe we are their brothers.

MORE LIFE WANTED.

I have come to this conclusion, that if we are going to have successful Gospel meetings, we have got to have a little more life in them. Life is found in singing new hymns, for instance. I know some churches that have been singing about a dozen hymns for the last twenty years, such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "There is a fountain filled with blood," etc. The hymns are always good, but we want a variety. We want new hymns as well as the old ones. I find it wakes up a congregation very much to bring in now and then a new hymn.

And if you cannot wake them up with preaching, let us sing it into them. I believe the time is coming when we will make a good deal more of just singing the Gospel. Then when a man is converted, let us have him in these meetings, giving his testimony. Some people are afraid of that. I believe the secret of John Wesley's success was that he set every man to work as soon as he was converted. Of course, you have to guard that point. Some say they become spiritually proud—no doubt of that; but if they don't go to work they become spiritually lazy, and I don't know what's the difference.

BRINGING OUT LATENT TALENTS.

I believe there are a great many in our church prayer meetings who could be brought out and made to be a great help if the ministers would only pay their attention to it. How many lawyers, physicians, public speakers we have who do nothing to actively

help along the work, and I believe that difficulty could be removed if the ministers would take a little pains. Let the father whose son has been converted get up and give thanks. Have once in a while a thanksgiving meeting. It wakes up a church wonderfully once in a while to let the young converts relate their experiences. Then you say, what are you going to do with these men who talk so long? I would talk to them privately, and tell them they must try to be shorter. And it is a good thing sometimes for ministers themselves not to be too long. Sometimes they read a good deal of Scripture and talk until perhaps only fifteen minutes is left, and then they complain because Deacon Smith or Jones or someone else talks too long.

Just let the minister strike the key note of the meeting, and if he can't do that in ten minutes, he can't at all. Very often a minister takes up a chapter and exhausts it, and says everything he can think of in the chapter, and then can you wonder a layman cannot say more who has had no study of the subject? Give out the subject a week ahead, let the minister take five or ten minutes in opening, and then let the different ones take part. That would be greater variety. When a man takes part he gets greatly interested himself. It was pretty true what the old deacon said, that when he took part in the meetings they were very interesting, and when he didn't they seemed very dull.

HOW TO CONDUCT PRAYER MEETINGS.

I remember in Chicago, the last winter I was there, we had preaching every afternoon. We went out with invitations into saloons, billiard halls, etc., and we got a large audience there every afternoon, and we had a new minister every day. We wanted to bring in all denominations to keep harmony, and I believe there was one solitary conversion after preaching thirty days. If we had only stuck to one minister I believe we would have done a great work then and there; and if we are going to have successful evangelistic services we cannot be changing speakers every night. And that is why it is best to get a man out of town and all will unite on that one man. I wish we could

get rid of this jealousy. If we could unite on one man and support him with our prayers and our money, if it need be, and just work with him, there would be results. I never knew it to fail yet. It is just this party feeling that comes in and prevents the good results we expect. We are afraid this denomination won't like it, and that denomination won't be properly represented.

Then these meetings ought to be made short. I find a great many are killed because they are too long. The minister speaks five minutes, and a minister's five minutes is always ten, and his ten minutes is always twenty, and the result is you preach everybody into the spirit and out of it before the meeting is over. When the people leave they are glad to go home, and ought to go home. Now, you send the people away hungry and they will come back again. There was a man in London who preached in the open air until everybody left him, and somebody said, "Why did you preach so long?" "Oh," said he, "I thought it would be a pity to stop while there was anybody listening." It is a good deal better to cut right off, then people will come back again to hear.

RECOGNITION ON EARTH.

Two young men came into our inquiry room here the other night, and after a convert had talked with them, and showed them the way, the light broke in upon them. They were asked, "Where do you go to church?" They gave the name of the church where they had been going. Said one, "I advise you to go and see the minister of that church." They said, "We don't want to go there any more; we have gone there for six years and no one has spoken to us."

A man was preaching about Christians recognizing each other in heaven, and some one said, "I wish he would preach about recognizing each other on earth." In one place where I preached there was no special interest. I looked over the great hall of the old circus building where it was held, and saw men talking to other men here and there. I said to the Secretary of the Young

Men's Christian Association, who got up the meeting, "Who are these men?" He said, "They are a band of workers." They were all scattered through the hall and preaching and watching for souls. Out of the fifty of them, forty-one of their number had got a soul each and were talking and preaching with them. We have been asleep long enough. When the laity wake up and try and help the minister the minister will preach better. If the minister finds he has not been drawing the net right, if a good many in his church go to work and help him he will do better; he will prepare the sermons with that one thing in view.

UP IN A BALLOON.

When men going up in a balloon, have ascended a little height, things down here begin to look very small indeed. What had seemed very grand and imposing now seem as mere nothings; and the higher they rise the smaller everything on earth appears; it gets fainter and fainter as they rise, till the railway train, dashing along at fifty miles an hour, seems like a thread, and scarcely seems to be moving at all, and the grand piles of buildings seem now like mere dots. So it is when we get near heaven: earth's treasures, earth's cares, look very small.

"DON'T SEND ME."

There are but few now that say, "Here am I, Lord; send me;" the cry now is, "Send some one else. Send the minister, send the church officers, the church wardens, the elders; but not me. I have not got the ability, the gifts, or the talents." Ah! honestly say you have not got the heart; for if the heart is loyal, God can use you. It is really all a matter of heart. It does not take God a great while to qualify a man for his work, if he only has the heart for it.

"ROLL YE AWAY THE STONE."

When Jesus, along with His little band of disciples, came to the grave wherein Lazarus was laid, they found it covered by a stone. Jesus could have removed the stone Himself; but, notice,

He bade His followers to remove the stone. And we find that after the Master had restored the dead man to life, He also said to them: "Loose him, and let him go." The Master could have loosed him; but He said to His disciples: "You loose him." What lesson does the Master mean to teach us by this? He means to teach his followers that, whilst He alone can speak the word of life to dead souls, He wants us to remove the stone, and to loose the poor souls and let them go. He would have us to be co-workers with Him.

DOWN IN A COALPIT.

Did any of you ever go down into a coalpit, fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, right down into the bowels of the earth? If you have, don't you know that it would be sheer madness to try to climb up the steep sides of that shaft and so get out of the pit? Of course, you couldn't leap out of it; in fact, you couldn't get out of it at all by yourself. But I'll tell you this—you could get out of a coalpit fifteen hundred feet deep a good deal quicker than you can get out of the pit that Adam took you into. When Adam went down into it, he took the whole human family with him. But the Lord can take us out.

ON THE MOUNTAIN PEAK.

When it is dark and stormy here, strive to rise higher and higher, near to Christ; and you will find it all calm there. You know that it is the highest mountain peaks that catch the first rays of the sun. So those who rise highest catch the first news from heaven. It is those sunny Christians who go through the world with smiles on their faces, that win souls. And, on the other hand, it is those Christians who go through the world hanging their heads like bullrushes, that scare people away from religion. Why, it's a libel on Christianity for a religious man to go about with such a downcast look! What does the Master say?—"My joy I leave with you, my joy I give unto you." Depend upon it, if our minds were stayed upon Him, we should have perfect peace; and with perfect peace we should have perfect joy.

THE FRESH ANOINTING.

While I was in England I met a minister whose health had become so poor that he had to get an assistant to help him preach. He could only preach once a week, and not always that. One day, in meeting, the spirit of God came upon him anew, and he got freshly anointed. He came down to London a year afterwards and told me that during the past year he had preached eight sermons a week. He said he had never been so well in all his life. I believe it is not work that breaks down our health; it is pumping without the water! What we want to do is just to wait on God until He gives it to us. I know a minister who told me he felt that he was preaching without this anointing, and he felt that his sermons had not been blessed for a long, long time. I know it was my own experience. I never like to talk about myself; it always makes me feel like a fool, but this may do some of you some good.

CHRIST, THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

In this parable we get the whole Gospel. Jerusalem was the city of peace. Jericho was a city condemned, and from one to the other was all the way down hill—an easy road to go, as the unfortunate man thought when he started on his journey. But he fell among thieves, who stripped him and left him half dead, and the priest and the Levite passed him by. These two men represent a large class of people. We can imagine the priest asking himself, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and complaining, "What did he want to go down there for any way? Why didn't he stay at home? He was a great deal better off in Jerusalem—he might have known something would happen to him." Some people think they have done their duty when they blame the poor for their poverty, and the unfortunate for the accidents which happen to them.

There is another class who always begin to philosophize the minute they see any suffering. "Why does God have these things? Why does He have sin and poverty in the world, I would like to know? He needn't have it; He could just as well have made a world without it." But here comes the good Samaritan; he

does more than pity and philosophize; he helps, gives oil, and lifts the poor fellow on his beast. He is not afraid to touch him.

He don't stop to ask whether he is Jew or Gentile, or just what he is going to do with the man if he takes him away from there. Now a great many people ask us, "What are you going to do with these young converts when you get them? Where will you put them—into what church—Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal?" "Well, we don't know; we have not thought of that; we are trying to get them out of the ditch first." "Oh, well then, we don't want to have anything to do with it; we want it to be done decently and in order if we are going to have a hand in it."

These people are no Samaritans; they won't have anything to do with the poor fellows by the wayside if they cannot dispose of them ever afterwards to suit themselves. Let us not condemn those who have fallen into the ditch. Christ is our Good Samaritan; He has done for us, and tells us to do for others.

THE CLEAN HEART.

Is our heart clean in the sight of God? Has He renewed a right spirit within us? Do we show that in our home, in our daily life, in our business, and in our contact with others? If we do not, it seems to me it is better to be praying for ourselves than for others, that the world may see that we have been with God's Spirit. If we are a great way from Christ in all our ways, our words will be cold and empty, and we cannot reach the world. There is power enough in this room to move all New York if we had the right spirit and clean hearts. A friend of mine told me he had been preaching some time without seeing any results in his church, and he began to cry to God that he might have a blessing in his church.

He said weeks went on and the answer didn't come, and he felt as if he must either have a blessing or give up the ministry. He must have souls or die, and he said that on one Sunday he threw himself on his knees in his study and cried to God: "Oh! God, break this heart of mine and give me a contrite spirit." Just

at this moment he heard a faint rap at the door, and opening it, his little child, four years old, entered. She had heard her father's prayers, and she said, "Father, I wish you would pray for me, I want a clean heart." "And," said he, "God broke my heart, and at the next meeting there were forty inquirers, after that one sermon." Oh, that our hearts may be tender, and may we know what it is to have broken hearts and contrite spirits.

GOD'S POWER TO SAVE THE DRUNKARD.

"Oh, Lord God! behold, Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee."—Jer. xxxii: 17.

Mr. Moody said he had taken that chapter to every place where he had been. He had tried to find a substitute, but had never succeeded. He then said:

It's just what we want to give the keynote to our meetings. Many of us look about and see so many wretched and wicked people that we become disheartened. But it's as easy for God to save every drunkard and infidel in this city, as it is for Him to turn His hand over. Think of this earth that God has made, with its mountains and rivers! Some one has said it is only a ball thrown from the hand of God, and another that the stars and the moon are only the fringe of his garments. If God can do these great things, think you He can't save drunkards? If He could speak worlds into existence, can't He save dead souls? I have more hope of these prayer meetings than of any others.

But if we don't get a hold of God here, we won't anywhere. I believe that God answers prayers. If we ask a fish, He won't give us a stone. Some have said these meetings will pass away and do no good. But it won't be so if God is with us. The late war taught men how to pray. It seems to me that some of the best work I ever saw was among the soldiers. Those boys away from their mothers, how many prayers were uttered for them, and how many were converted! I well remember a young lieutenant from Indiana.

In one of our meetings, when we had been speaking of

mothers' prayers, he got up and said the remarks reminded him of letters he had received from his mother, expressing great anxiety about his soul. He had told her he would come to Christ after the war; but she reminded him he might never see that time. Another letter came from his home, and that mother was dead. And with the tears trickling down his cheeks, that noble young man told his tale, and came to know his Saviour. Now we come to-day to call upon the Lord for a great blessing to rest upon this mighty city.

A RAINY-DAY PRAYER MEETING.

There are five precious clauses in this 103d Psalm, viz.: "He forgiveth all thine iniquities;" "He healeth all thy diseases;" "He redeemeth thy life from destruction," and "He crowneth thee with loving kindness." Christianity is better than anything that the world can give. It satisfies us. This is what wealth cannot do. The crowns of Europe cannot give the peace and contentment that come from the Crown of Life. I like these rainy-day prayer meetings. It costs us something to get here.

HOW TO PRAY.

God heard the voice of His people in ancient days, and He will hear our cries if made in the right spirit. One reason why so many prayers go unanswered is that they are not in accordance with the will of God, or because we have not been sufficiently cleansed from our sins. Some secret sin may be clustering around our hearts which He wants removed first. John, in his Gospel, tells us that it is the comfort that if we ask anything according to His will it will be received.

But some will say: "Well, how am I to know what is the will of God?" Just turn to Romans, viii : 6: "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." This leads us into Luke, xi : 1: "And it came to pass that one of His disciples said unto Him, Lord, teach us how to pray as John also taught his disciples."

I have no doubt many persons here have said, "Lord, teach me how to pray." I'd rather be able to pray like Daniel than to preach like David. The world knows little of the works wrought by prayer. But our words at the best seem empty and cold. Christ replied to the disciple, "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name." Later He says: "Ask and it shall be given you."

In this ninth verse we find three classes of Christians mentioned—the asking, the seeking, and the knocking Christians. There are a good many in the first class. They are continually asking but do not seek. If you will allow me the expression, they run away from the mercy seat before God has had time to answer them. Then there are the seeking Christians, who are a step in advance. They always try to find out what God wants them to do, and where the trouble lies within themselves.

There is not a Christian on the face of the earth who, if he enters upon this self-examination, but will find that when his prayers are not answered there is something in his own heart which he cherishes, but should give up. Lastly we have the knocking Christians. This is the class we want here. If you knock "it shall be opened," and keep knocking until it is. When the Holy Ghost is upon us, how every one longs to speak and work for God! Let us ask for great things—that God may fill us with the Holy Spirit, and we may learn to do His will.

We don't know how to pray. Unless the Spirit of God be with us, we cannot expect that our prayers will be answered. Many are asking for what would be an injury to them should God grant it. God knows what we want better than we. He knows when anything would injure us, should we have it, and it is because he loves us that many prayers are unanswered. We sometimes fail to see why God withholds certain gifts, but later in life we will understand it.

I well remember how I wanted many things some years ago, and can plainly see that they might have been a positive injury to me. It is well for us to make all our requests. Children ask many things of their parents, but the parent does not always grant

their requests. We love them too well to give what would harm them. So it is with God and our prayers. I want to call your attention to the third Chapter of Deuteronomy, where prayers were uttered which were not answered. Moses wanted to cross the Jordan. He was praying for himself. It was no sign God did not love him because He did not answer that prayer. He loved Moses as he did no other man of that time. He took him up to a mountain, let him die as it were on His breast and then buried him. After fifteen hundred years that prayer was answered. He was over Jordan on the mountain with Elias.

And there was Elijah, who prayed that he might die. He was the only man living, I guess, who ever prayed for death. But wasn't it better for Elijah to go to heaven in that chariot of fire? Yes. God loved him too much to let him die. It is a good deal better to let God choose than to choose ourselves.

CONFESSING OUR SINS.

It is when we confess our sins that we have power within. It was when Abraham was down in the dust that God talked with him. When we have not confessed our own sins it is no time to urge others to come to Christ. Should we attempt it, they might say to us, "Physician, heal thyself. Get the beam out of thine own eye." If a man is irritable in his own house, and fails to manifest the doctrine of Christ in his own life, it is useless for him to talk with others. It will help us, as workers in God's vineyard, if we drop the "you" in our conversation, and say "we." There is power enough in this hall to move all New York, if we only were aroused to the work, and were all right in our own hearts.

There may be some secret sin lurking around our own hearts which we need to get rid of. There is no room for pride, self, and worldliness in the hearts of those who are filled with the Spirit. It isn't preaching that we want. You've had preaching enough to convert all this city, and its good preaching. You have intellectual power in your pulpits—perhaps you never had more. But what you all need is the power of prayer. We must confess to God, for we are sinners against Him. It's not to man that we

must confess. We haven't sinned against him. I know of only one instance mentioned in the Bible where a man confessed his sins to men, and that was Judas, and he went out and hanged himself. O, let us have more of the spirit of confession in our prayers.

A man often wonders why his prayer isn't answered, and asks, "Hasn't God said that whatever we ask for we shall receive?" Yes, God has said this, but there are conditions under which he will grant our requests. One is that we should forgive others, as we would have God forgive us. If there is a soul on the face of the earth that you can't forgive, there is no use of praying. Your prayers will be mere mummeries. But we must follow the words of Christ: "If ye abide in me." Then, again, we must have faith. Christ tells us how we can move mountains, if we have faith. And the last condition I would mention is that men ought always to pray, and never to faint; earnest and continued supplications bring the blessings.

DISOBEDIENCE.

All the trouble in the world originates in this little word. It is the cause of all misery, and is the open door through which it comes. It was there that Adam fell; God told him that he shouldn't do a certain thing, and he did it. In the 15th chapter of 1st Samuel we read of sacrifices and obedience, and that God prefers being obeyed to having any sacrifice offered that men may choose. The first thing that God wants is obedience. That's what we want in our families. If our children disobey us there comes an alternative. They must learn to obey, or they or we must leave the house.

It is the same with the Kingdom of God. If we enter it we must obey. To obey is better than making sacrifice. Saul lost his crown, his throne, his son, his friend Samuel, and the friendship of his son-in-law David; he turned his back on them all because of his disobedience, and he finally lost his life. But just turn to that other Saul in the New Testament. He was obedient unto death. He had no Jonathan, save at the right hand of God. He had no crown, no throne, but he won them both.

A blessing is promised all who will obey. God deals with individuals as with nations. The punishment is the same. Punishment comes alike upon families and individuals if they will not obey. A crisis may come when we do not know whether to obey God or our employers, or possibly our parents. The Word of God makes the way clear. When we come into God's Kingdom, "whatsoever He saith to thee, do it." If the laws of the nation are in conflict with God's law, they must be broken. Christ alone of all men obeyed God fully. Obey Him and then God may look down pleased with His children, and say, "This is my son, this is my daughter." Christ came to do God's will, and found in so doing it is meat and drink.

When men disobey army orders they are court-martialed and shot. No one complains. Now, my friends, is there not as much reason why we should obey the orders of Heaven, and, when we do not, should we not be punished? Sinners are willing to do anything but obey God. Coming to Him as a poor beggar is what they don't like. If they could buy salvation they would gladly do it. Some men down in Wall street, I fancy, would pay great prices. Many people come to me and say, "Mr. Moody, is it right for me to go to the theatre; can I dance?" That ain't it. Can we glorify God by doing such things? It's a good deal better to be right with God, and then He will look down with pleasure and bless us.

HOPE.

If I should question every one here to-day, I have no doubt each would be found with a hope. But is it a true or a false hope? If it is false it is worse than none. Job speaks about the hypocrite, and says, "Will God hear his cry when trouble cometh upon him." Solomon says in Proverbs that "the hope of the unjust man shall perish." If you have false hopes of heaven, the best thing you can do is to give them up. For what are they good for? Will they bear you over Jordan? Will they sustain you beyond the grave?

But true hope is not in regard to eternal life. That is secured to us if we are born of God. Our hopes are of the resurrection of

Christ, His second coming and our own resurrection. It is written, "He that believeth hath eternal life."

The Lord himself shall descend from heaven, the dead shall be raised, and we shall meet him in the air. It is a glorious hope. All that believe shall rise. That is a hope sure and steadfast. Some one says that joy is like a lark that sings in the morning, but hope is like a nightingale that sings in the night. We won't need hope after we get to heaven. But it takes us there. You can have Christ and this hope to-day if you will. "He came to His own and His own received Him not, but as many as received Him to them gave He power."

COME.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We here find an invitation to come to Christ. He says, "Come unto me all." I like that word "all," because every one is included in it. The question that comes home to us all is, "Shall we come?" Some people go to Christ with their good deeds, pure desires, good thoughts and good name. But that isn't what Christ wants. He alone wants the sins of men. They are all that He Himself hasn't got, and He wants them. The moment we are willing to come to Him with our sins He will receive us. He will forgive and heal whoever brings his soul to him.

God dealeth with us as we deal with our children. If your child does wrong, if he tells a lie, you want him to confess, and begin to talk with him. He may tell you he is the best scholar in his class, that he is obedient, and that he loves you. But that ain't what you want. You want him to confess that he has told a lie. So let us learn to come before the Saviour and confess our sins, laying them at the feet of Jesus. But by what right can we respond to this invitation?

Suppose the Mayor of this city should invite all the Smiths to a banquet, and Mr. Sankey should go and try to get in on the plea that he was a singer. Or suppose a man should go whose name was Jones and who was a good scientist. Do you suppose they could get in when their names were not Smith? Now, if you

can prove that you're a sinner, this invitation from Christ applies to you. Don't try to prove your worthiness but your unworthiness. If you want rest, come to Christ. It can't be obtained in the world. You can't buy it; your friends can't give it to you; God don't call you without giving you the means of winning it; you can come if you will. O, may God give you the power today.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

Love is the first fruit. If we don't love our enemies we're not converted. We must be able to forgive others before God will forgive us. There is no grace in loving our friends and those who love us. The greatest heathen would do that. But joy is what we want to talk about to-day. No man is converted who hasn't it. The angel said, "I bring you good tidings of great joy." The world may give happiness, but it is fleeting. It may vanish in a day.

But joy comes from heaven; it is a river, and flows on forever from the throne. Some people say they once had this joy, but have it not now. Let them turn over to the words, "Restore to me the joy of Thy salvation. He will do it. But remember the words, "Study the Word and work." A man may work and still not have joy, and he may study the Bible and not have it. He must work and study both. Then it will come, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." If you have joy in your heart, you can't help but work. Your strength will not fail you.

There are three kinds of joy. First is the joy of our own salvation. How well we remember the day when we found the Lord! "Happy day"—how we liked to sing that hymn! Then there is the joy of seeing others converted. I pity those who keep out of the inquiry room. We who are in there get the cream of this work; while you, if I may be allowed the expression, only get the skimmed milk. And a third kind of joy is that which comes from seeing others walk in God's ways.

In John xv., 11th verse, Christ says, "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain with you and your joy might be full." That was better than if He had left us silver

and gold. That's His legacy, His will. Yes, "My joy I leave with you," and thank God the devil can't get hold of it; the world can't take it away. How easy it is to save souls when you have joy in your heart. The world sees it in our faces. Last night we had the most extraordinary meeting that has been held. It was the grandest impression I have had in this city, to see those young men standing up. Ah, the joy of Christ was on their faces.

WHAT IS IT TO BELIEVE ON CHRIST?

If Christ was not divine, He was not a Saviour, and we are man-worshippers; all our hopes are gone, and our faith is vain. Matthew wrote to prove that Christ is the true Messiah, the Son of David. Mark begins with Malachi, where the Old Testament leaves off. Luke begins with Zachariah. But John sweeps over them all, and goes back to the bosom of God, and brings Christ from the throne. The 11th and 12th verses of the fourth chapter of John are, to me, two of the most precious in the Bible, they are about worn out in my Bible with use: "And He came unto His own, and His own received Him not; but unto such as believed on Him, to them gave He power." Mark the "Him." There is no creed, no denomination, no system required. There is not a soul here but can take Him to-day if it will. "Whomsoever" has been said, and it means all mankind. We have the best reasons to believe that this religion is true. How could hundreds of thousands of Christians have found so much comfort in Christ if it were all a myth? See how men have been elevated and lifted up. Let us only take God at His word and we will be saved.

Last night in the young men's meeting, a young man stood up and told how he had been saved three years ago; how his mother and sisters had all given him up, and the Lord reached down and lifted him into life. Isn't this proof of the Lord's power? All who find Christ tell the same story, be they Americans, English, Germans, Chinese, or of other nationality. What more proof do you want than this, and the ages that this religion has been a Gospel of peace and joy to thousands of suffering souls.

There is much discussion nowadays about miracles. But isn't a conversion a miracle? John's Gospel is the great one. Believe, believe, believe, he says. That idea is ever before him. Every chapter but two in his writings mentions it. God don't tell you to feel; many say they don't feel right to come to Christ. God tells you to believe. You must trust Him first. You must have faith in Him before you can have Christian experience. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him;" that's it. If He don't save us, who can? All the churches and priests in the world can't do it. Now let us pray that all the unbelief in this building may be swept away.

PRAISE.

We have a blessed subject to-day—"Praise." I think this is the first praise meeting we have had. We have been praying a great deal, and now let us praise God. There is much more said in the Bible about praise than about prayer. The Psalms are nothing but praise, and as David got nearer the end of his journey he seems to have thought of little else. So it is with Christians—the nearer they get to heaven the more they praise God. The saints praise Him in heaven, and men should learn how to praise Him here below. Everything that God has created, except the heart of man, praises Him. The sun, moon, and stars praise Him, and O, let us praise Him.

I knew a man who always used to praise God under any circumstances. One day he came in with a severe cut on his finger, and said, "I have cut my finger. Praise God! I didn't cut it off." Under all circumstances let us praise God that our misfortunes are no worse. Let us ask Him to help us to praise Him. If we only had more of these praise meetings, I think it wouldn't be long before a glorious revival would sweep through all the churches. Forget your troubles, and begin to praise God to-day.

CHRIST MIGHTY TO SAVE.

The keynote of this meeting is the sentiment of that hymn—"Christ mighty to save." I have had considerable experience with men enslaved by strong drink. They try often to reform,

but seldom succeed alone. The reason is that they have too much confidence in their own strength. When they give that up, and learn to trust alone in Christ, they are saved. When they call on God for help, they always get it. If we could only save ourselves by our own strength there would be no need of a Saviour. The worst enemy man has is himself. His pride and self-confidence often ruin him. They keep him from trusting to the arms of a loving Saviour. We are wicked by our nature; there is nothing good in us; the Bible teaches us that all the way through.

David in the Psalms said: "There is none that doeth good; no, not one." He was right. We are all evil in our nature. It is the old Adam. I tell you man without God is a failure, and a tremendous failure. There's nothing good in him. It is a great deal better to believe God than to hope for salvation through your own poor exertions.

How many times have you resolved to break off from some habit and failed! The heart is deceitful and desperately wicked. What we want is a new creation. Don't try to patch up your old natures. We want to be regenerated.

PROMISES OF THE BIBLE.

There was a man in London who had all the promises of God printed together in a little book, and some time after some one in the country sent up for a copy. He received the answer that all the promises of God were out of print—perhaps that man had never heard of this: (holding up a Bible). At one time in Chicago, when the meetings grew a little dull, I told them we would go through the Bible and look for all the promises given to us; and from that time there were no more dull meetings. We had never realized before what promises God has made to those who believe in Jesus Christ.

In the West I met a man in the cars who was marking a lot of notes he had in his hand with the letters B., G., P., and so on, and I asked him what it was for. He said some of them were bad, the parties bankrupt, and he never expected to collect them. Some

were good, though the men were slow to pay, and some were only possibly good, and he marked them to calculate his chances. Now some people are just like this with God's promises; some they expect will be kept, and some they do not; some are barely possible. I advise you to make all God's promises good. God always keeps every promise He makes, and I defy any infidel to show any promise He has not kept.

PEACE.

The Gospel is a Gospel of peace, and our God is a God of peace, not of contention. The wicked know nothing of peace. There is no peace, saith the Lord, for the wicked; they are like the troubled sea—but you don't need to go to the Bible to find that out; if you look around you you will see it. If you have not got peace, it is a sure sign you have not found the true God, for the peace of God will keep your hearts and minds if you have found Him.

Look in the 6th chapter of Numbers, 26th verse: "The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." The Lord will keep thee; the Lord will give thee peace; the Lord will bless thee—blessing at the foundation, blessing on the top, peace in the middle, solid, real peace such as the world cannot give or take away. When a man has left a will, how eagerly we read it! We don't care much for a dry law paper, but if it has got our name in it with a legacy we never find it dry.

Now God says, "My peace I leave with you." Oh, child of God, have you got it? None of us have enough of it. I get angry and disturbed and make a fool of myself very often; I wish I had peace enough to keep me from it, but God gives good measure. Let our hearts be open to receive the peace of God.

AFFLICTION.

You will find in the 119th Psalm, 67th verse, these words: "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept Thy word;" and again, in the 71st verse: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes." We can

stand affliction better than we can prosperity, for in prosperity we forget God. When our work is light, our prospects good, and everything looks smooth and easy, we are more apt to give ourselves over to pleasure. Somebody said : "It is the dead level of affairs that make us go to ruin."

A great many have a wrong idea of God, and think he sends afflictions because He don't love them ; they think that because they don't know Him. He sends afflictions to humble our hearts and make us look to Him, and because He loves us, so he cannot let us leave Him and forget Him. Mr. Moody read a letter from from a young lady in London, who would not go to the meetings when he was there for fear she might be converted, but who, since then, had been brought to God through suffering.

HOPE FOR THE INEBRIATE.

There is no day in the week when I feel my weakness so much as on Friday. We can do nothing. If these men get liberty, it is by the power of God. If you will turn to the third chapter of Acts, you will read the story of the lame man whom Peter restored, and who followed him into the temple. When the people saw it they ran together greatly wondering, and probably when John saw this he said to Peter, "Now, Peter, it would be a good time for you to preach." And Peter said, "Ye men of Irsael, why marvel ye at this ? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk ? It was faith in God's name which made this man strong, whom ye see and know."

The man had been blind from his birth, but he walked around, crying and shaking himself in the temple. If we had seen him, we would have thought he was a shouting Methodist with his hallelujahs and amens. It was by Christ's power, not by his own, that Peter did this thing. So it is with us. Many ask : "Can these drunkards be saved ?" I tell you only by Christ ; if God gives them power they will be saved.

We are living in the days of miracles now. These intemperate men are only converted by a miracle. They may be over-

taken by a fault, but if they are, let us go and help them up again; it is no sign that they have not been converted because their faults overtake them afterward; it is so with all of us. What we do must be done in Christ's name. We might as well have an icicle in the pulpit as a man who leaves Christ out. Tons of such mere intellectual sermons do no good. If these men will get Christ they can resist temptation; otherwise they cannot.

BELIEF IN GOD.

I have believed in God for many years. When first converted I did not believe in Him very much, but ever since then I have believed in Him more and more every year. When people come to me, tell me they can't believe, and ask what they shall do, I tell them to do as I once knew a man do: He went and knelt down and told God honestly he could not believe in Him, and I advise them to go off alone and tell it right out to the Lord. But if you stop to ask yourself why you don't believe in Him, is there really any reason? People read infidel books and wonder why they are unbelievers, I ask why they read such books. They think they must read both sides. I say that book is a lie, how can it be one side when it is a lie? It is not one side at all.

Suppose a man tells right down lies about my family, and I read them so as to hear both sides; it would not be long before some suspicion would creep into my mind. I said to a man once, "Have you got a wife?" "Yes, and a good one." I asked: "Now what if I should come to you and cast out insinuations against her?" And he said, "Well your life would not be safe long if you did." I told him just to treat the devil as he would treat a man who went around with such stories. We are not to blame for having doubts flitting through our minds, but for harboring them. Let us go out trusting the Lord with heart and soul to-day.

HE CAME TO SAVE SINNERS.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

In his short address Mr. Moody said: Matthew, Mark, and

Luke all give an account of this saying of Christ's, that He came to save sinners. Sin may keep us out of heaven, but cannot keep us from coming to Christ. Christ was a physician; He came to save sinners, and He never lost a case that was brought to him. If you should call a physician to see a friend and he should go and find that man was perfectly well, he would be indignant, wouldn't he?

I remember when I was in Chicago, seeing the advertisement of a patent medicine stuck all round on houses and rocks and fences. "Pain Killer! Pain Killer! Pain Killer!" and I thought, "there is a man who is bound to make some money." I hadn't any pain I wanted cured, so I did not pay any attention to it. But one morning when Spring came I had a headache, and when I saw that this pain killer would cure headache I bought a bottle. Men don't want a doctor until they are sick, and don't go to Christ until they feel their need of Him. It is no use to offer bread to a man who is not hungry, or water to a man who is not thirsty. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Paul said he was the chief of sinners, and if the chief is saved, there is hope for every sinner.

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.

What I want to call attention to this morning is how one act done for Christ, with a pure motive, will live forever. All four of the disciples give an account of this deed. Joseph of Arimathea, was a rich man and a counsellor, a good and just man, and John tells us he had long been a secret disciple of Christ. He had never come out boldly for fear of the Jews, but in that hour, when all had deserted Him and one had betrayed Him, the death of Christ brought Joseph out, and he alone came forward to care for the crucified body. It is the death of Christ which should enlist us all. The fact that He died for us should make us all come forward to advance His kingdom. Joseph had been opposed to the death of Jesus, but he had taken no part in His trial and crucifixion. Dr. Bonner says, when you have a trial before a committee and one of its members will oppose the measure you want

to carry you don't send for him—you have the meeting without him if you can.

So when this matter came up before the Sanhedrin, Joseph was not there and was not sent for. It is only when Christ is dead upon the cross that Joseph comes forward as a disciple and begs the body of Pilate—an act which has lived nearly one thousand nine hundred years, and which will continue to live throughout all time. Matthew, Mark, and Luke do not tell us where Joseph got the myrrh and aloes, but John tells us that Nicodemus brought a hundred pounds weight, and that they put linen clothes upon the body of Jesus, with the spices, and laid it in a new sepulchre wherein was never man yet laid. It was a tomb Joseph had built for himself, expecting to lie there some day, but he probably thought the sepulchre would be all the sweeter if Christ had laid there. When we go away from here, let us see what we can do for the sake of Jesus, what acts that deserve to live.

LOSING SIGHT OF SELF.

Mr. Moody read the 9th chapter of Mark. He said: There is no doubt but hundreds of Christians who have attended these meetings wonder how they can now go out and work for the Lord. There is one thing necessary first, and that is, we must lose ourselves and think only of duty. In this chapter which I have just read, we learn how the disciples had disputed among themselves who should be the greatest; but Christ said to them, "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all and servant of all." If a man wants to become wise before God, he must be willing to appear a fool before the world. God don't want our wisdom; He wants our ignorance. We read in the 10th chapter of Mark and 31st verse, "But many that are first shall be last, and the last first."

Then Jesus tells of seven things that are going to happen in reference to His death. "The Son of Man shall be delivered unto the chief priests, and they shall condemn Him to death, and shall deliver Him to the Gentiles; and they shall mock Him, and shall scourge Him, and shall spit upon Him, and shall kill Him, and the third day He shall rise again." This was a prophecy, and I have

an idea that many things which we still think are visionary will literally take place at some remote time. Yet right after this prophecy the disciples said to Him, "Master, we would that Thou shouldst do for us whatsoever we shall desire."

Here is self again, and always self. It was the dying request of Christ that we should eat of the bread and drink of the wine in remembrance of Him; yet many young converts say to me, "I need not go to the communion table, need I?" I tell them they need not go unless they want to, but if that was the dying request of any friend they had they would be willing to do it all their lives; why, then, should they not desire to do it in remembrance of their Saviour? They never thought of it in that way, they say. We want to be remembered in Heaven, and Christ wants to be remembered here. We must pray to God to fill us with this spirit, and help us get rid of self; and never let us stop and try to think who shall be greatest.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

We read in the xv. chapter of II. Samuel that David was fleeing in exile from Jerusalem. Absalom had already undermined his power and superseded him on the throne. But as David went through the gate six hundred men passed on before him, and the king said to Ittai, the leader: "Wherefore goest thou also with us; return to thy place and abide with the king, for thou art a stranger and also an exile." And Ittai answered the king and said, "As the Lord liveth, and as my lord the king liveth, surely in what place my lord the king shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be."

There was another man, too, called Hushai, who went out to meet the king, but he returned again to the city. How it must have pleased David to have found Ittai outside the gate. Ittai is worth thousands of Hushais. David did not know who his friends were until trouble came. There was true fellowship, true love in that act. In time of distress Ittai would not desert his king, but followed him into exile. So it should be in the church. That is just what Christ looks for; the only thing which can please Him is the true love that will leave all to follow Him.

Some people do not know the meaning of the word fellowship—it means partnership. Our partnership is with Christ the Son, and when we come into it everything we have belong to the firm; we can do nothing by ourselves without consulting Christ. We must be like Ittai, willing to leave the city and all we possess, if necessary, to follow him.

OUR REFUGE.

I want to call your attention to the six cities of refuge appointed by Joshua for the children of Israel. These cities were set apart that all men who killed any person unawares or unwillingly, and without hatred, might flee to them and be safe within their gates. The magistrates had to see to it that guide-boards were put up, stones cleared away, and the road kept clear for those who fled for their lives from the avengers of blood. These ancient cities of refuge are in our day represented by Christ. He is our refuge in all times of trouble.

The names of the cities are Hebrew, and all have a meaning. Kedish means holiness. If we flee to this city of refuge we will be made holy. Had Christ committed sin we could have no hope, but since He is without sin, if we are in Christ we are made perfect. Shechem meant shoulder, which means strength and power. If a man needs strength he must flee there. Sins are in one of two places, on us or on Christ. If we are weak we must find strength in Shechem. Hebron means joined. If we can get there we are joint heirs with Jesus Christ. Beser means fortified; you are secured there if you want to get away from the world. Ramoth means heights, and Golan means exile—exile in this world and citizenship in heaven.

These six cities ought to be a help to you. Have we Christ for our refuge? If a man is away from God what hope has he? It is folly for a man who has an appetite for drink to try and overcome it by himself; he can't overcome both his appetite and the devil alone. It is only through Christ that we can be secure. This is what a great many people forget, and so they sign the pledge, and next day are as drunk as ever.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

If we have the Spirit, we have the fruit of the Spirit. If the Spirit of God is in us, we will have these qualities of His Spirit. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love." Some one said to me the other day that he understood about belief, but could not understand what it was to be born again. I told him that he that believeth had life eternal, and whoever received life through Christ was born again. A man cannot get that life by merely going to church and observing forms; he must get the Spirit of God, and then he will have light and peace. We have no peace so long as we have sin, but if we accept Christ, and salvation through Him, our sins are blotted out, and we have peace in reviewing the past.

Spiritual power is what we want next. As soon as the Holy Ghost comes we want boldness to go out and proclaim Jesus. There was once a man on trial for his life. The king of the country in which he lived said the law must take its course, but, after he was tried and condemned, he would pardon him. The man was cool all through his trial, and when they brought in a verdict of guilty, the man was perfectly unconcerned. So with the Christian. He will have boldness in his heart on the day of judgment, because he knows Christ became a propitiation for his sins and he has his pardon laid up in his heart.

ONE THING THOU LACKEST.

The thought I want to call your attention to is, that here is a man who seems to be good enough without Christ. Cornelius, we are told, was devout, just, benevolent, of good report among all nations, and a man who feared God. What more could you ask? What did he lack? He needed Christ. I don't care how good a man may be, he needs a Saviour. We ought to be interested in this account of the conversion of Cornelius, for if he needed it, we all need it, every man in this city needs it.

It is recorded that the angel of God appeared to Cornelius and told him to send to Joppa for Peter that he might come to his house and tell them words whereby they might be saved. And Cornelius

sent three men and Peter returned with them to Cesarea. We all ought to want to know what the message was that the disciple brought. What was necessary for the salvation of so good a man is necessary for us all. Here in this chapter we have it all. Peter taught everywhere Christ. And in the 38th verse we read, "How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power, who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with him."

You may be everything that is estimable, but if you don't believe in Jesus Christ and receive remission of your sins, you cannot see heaven. Under that preaching of Peter's Cornelius and his whole family were converted. The Holy Ghost fell upon the meeting, and it was a good net that the disciple drew in that day. Let us pray that we may receive the Spirit as they did.

THREE CLASSES.

I always notice many here at noon whom we have met in the inquiry rooms, and I want to speak a word to them. There are three classes of people who will not accept salvation—those who neglect it, those who refuse it, and those who despise it. Many think they are not so bad as the scoffer at religion because they only neglect it, but if they keep on they are lost just the same. Suppose there is a man in a boat going in a swift current down the stream; if he neglects to pull for the shore he is a doomed man. He will go over the rapids, won't he?

If Noah had neglected to go into the ark after he had built it, he would have been lost with the other antediluvians. Nothing could have saved him. You let the cry be raised that this building is on fire, and see how many will keep their seats? they would be burned up as sure as they did.

Then again in the 12th chapter of Hebrews, 25th verse, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." The next step is to refuse salvation. A while ago they only neglected it, now they refuse it—that is the second round of the ladder. You can only do one of two things, take it or refuse it. You have all been in a house where the waiter passed ice-water to a number of people sitting

together, and seen how some would take it and some would not; so the cup of salvation is passed among you to-day. How many of you will accept it? Are you almost persuaded? Remember a hair's breath from heaven is not an inch from hell. Don't stop where you are.

Again, in the 10th chapter of Hebrews, 28th verse, we read: "He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses." Many despise the whole thing, hate it, and will have none of it—give them a tract and they light their cigars with it. There are the three words—neglect, refuse, despise. When there is but one engine and three cars attached, don't they all go the same way? If you do either of these three things, you must suffer the eternal consequences.

"SEVEN COMES."

The keynote for the service to-day is found in the little word come. I would like to speak to you of seven instances where we are invited to come to the Lord. In the 55th chapter of Isaiah and 1st verse we read, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," and again in the third verse, "Incline your ear and come unto me; hear and your soul shall live." People are so engrossed with the affairs of this world that but few find time to stop. It is all rush and hurry, and they don't think about their souls.

I was out to dinner yesterday, and they were trying there to teach a little child to walk. They would say to her, "Come," and she would try to go a few steps. So Christ is calling the world to come, but the trouble is they do not heed and won't go. After the Chicago fire, when such quantities of money, clothes and provisions were sent there, the only question asked those who applied for assistance was: "Were you burned out?" If they could prove it they got help. All you have to do is to show that you want help from God, and He will give it. In the 1st of Isaiah we find: "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow." Sin can keep us out of heaven, but not out of Christ.. If you are out

of Christ, decide now to come to Him. As the old colored woman said, when she made up her mind: "Then she was there."

Will you turn to the 6th chapter of Mark and 31st verse? Christ said to his disciples, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." It is a good thing to be alone with God. We lead two lives—one in the world and one apart with God. In the 11th chapter of Matthew is the invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor." If any man or woman among you is carrying a burden, take it to Christ. In the last verse of the 4th chapter of Hebrews we are told to come boldly to the throne of grace. Those who are afraid to become Christians lest they can't hold out, should remember that at the Throne we can find grace in time of need.

The next come is in the 22d chapter of Matthew and 4th verse: "Come unto the marriage"—the parable of the marriage of the king's son. The seventh and last invitation I want to call your attention to is, "Come and inherit eternal life." "Come up hither." These are blessed words, which will last forever.

STORY OF LITTLE SAMMY.

When I was in Glasgow a lady said to me, "You use that word 'take' very frequently. Is there anything of that kind in the Bible? I can't find it. I think you must have manufactured that word." Why, in the Bible it says: "The Spirit and the bride say come. Let him that heareth say come; let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him 'take' of the water of life freely." And if God says let him take, He will supply him. If that boy will take Christ, who can stop him? All hell and all earth cannot stop him. If need be, God would send ten thousand legions of angels to help him on his way up. I tell you, if you are not saved, it is because you won't. You will not come unto Him that you may have life. The door hangs on that hinge.

If a man says, "I will rise and go to Him," it won't wait. When the prodigal came home it wasn't when he got home that the change took place. It was away, away off in that foreign country, when he said, "I will arise and go to my father." I think

with men the turning point will be when they say, "I will come, for I want to." If you want to go to heaven, the first thing is to make up your mind to go. If I want to go to Chicago, the first thing I do is to make up my mind to go. And if you are willing to go to Christ, there is no power on earth can keep you away. Now, these men who say they can't come, just be honest and put in the right word and say you won't come.

At one time my sister had trouble with her little boy, and the father said, "Why, Sammy, you must go now and ask your mother's forgiveness." The little fellow said he wouldn't. The father says, "You must. If you don't go and ask your mother's forgiveness I shall have to undress you and put you to bed." He was a bright, nervous little fellow, never still a moment, and the father thought he would have such a dread of being undressed and put to bed. But the little fellow wouldn't, so they undressed him and put him to bed. The father went to his business, and when he came home at noon he said to his wife: "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No," she said, "he hasn't." So the father went to him and said, "Why, Sammy, why don't you ask your mother's forgiveness?" The little fellow shook his head, "Won't do it." "But, Sammy, you have got to." "Couldn't."

The father went down to his office, and stayed all the afternoon, and when he came home he asked his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No, I took something up to him and tried to have him eat, but he wouldn't." So the father went up to see him, and said, "Now, Sammy, just ask your mother's forgiveness, and you may be dressed and come down to supper with us." "Couldn't do it." The father coaxed, but the little fellow "couldn't do it." That was all they could get out of him. You know very well he could, but he didn't want to. Now, the hardest thing a man has to do is to become a Christian, and it is the easiest. That may seem a contradiction, but it isn't. The hard point is because he don't want to. The hardest thing for a man to do is to give up his will.

That night they retired, and they thought surely early in the morning he will be up ready to ask his mother's forgiveness. The

father went to him—that was Friday morning—to see if he was ready to ask his mother's forgiveness, but he "couldn't." The father and mother felt so bad about it they couldn't eat; they thought it was to darken their whole life. Perhaps that boy thought that father and mother didn't love him. Just what many sinners think because God won't let them have their own way. The father went to his business, and when he came home he said to his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No." So he went to the little fellow and said, "Now, Sammy, are you not going to ask your mother's forgiveness?" "Can't," and that was all they could get out of him.

The father couldn't eat any dinner, it was like death in the house. It seemed as if the boy was going to conquer his father and mother. Instead of his little will being broken, it looked very much as if he was going to break theirs. Late Friday afternoon, "Mother, mother, forgive," says Sammy—"me." As the little fellow said "me," he sprang to his feet and said: "I have said it, I have said it. Now dress me, and take me down to see father. He will be so glad to know I have said it." And she took him down, and when the little fellow came in he said, "I've said it, I've said it." Oh, my friends, it is so easy to say, "I will arise and go to my God." It is the most reasonable thing you can do. Isn't it an unreasonable thing to hold out? Come right to God just this very hour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." And now this night believe, and thou shalt be saved.

LOVE CAN CONQUER.

A Sunday-school superintendent I knew had a boy in his school that nearly broke it up. He put him under one teacher and nothing could be done with him: he put him under another teacher, and nothing could be done with him; and he made up his mind to expel him from the school, and do it publicly, and let all the school know that the boy was expelled. But there came a lady teacher to him who said: "I wish you would let me have that boy." "But," said he, "he is such a bad boy; he uses such vulgar language. All those men can't do anything with him,

and I think I am sure you can't." The lady said, "I am not doing much for Christ, and it may be that I can win him." But she was a lady of refined society, and he thought, "Surely she won't be willing to have patience with that boy."

He gave her the boy, and, he said, for a few Sundays he behaved very well, but one Sunday he behaved badly, and she corrected him, and he up and spat in her face. She quietly took her handkerchief and wiped her face. I don't know what his name was, but we will call him Johnny. "Johnny," she says, "I wish you would go home with me. I want to talk with you." "Well, I won't," he said, "I won't be seen on the street with you, and what's more I ain't never coming to this Sunday-school any more." "Well," she says, "If you won't walk home with me, let me walk home with you."

No, he said he wouldn't be seen on the street with her, and he was not coming to that dirty old Sunday-school any more. She knew if she was going to reach that boy she must do it then, and she thought she would try. She thought she would just bear on that curiosity chord. Sometimes when you can't reach people in any other way, you do it by exciting their curiosity. She said to him: "If you will come to my house next Tuesday morning I shan't be there, but if you will go there and ring the front door bell and tell the servant there is a little bundle on the bureau for you, she will give it to you." The little fellow said he wouldn't come. She thought he might change his mind. He thought it over, and he thought he would just like to know what there was in that bundle.

And he went up to the house Tuesday morning and the bundle was handed to him; and there was a little vest in it and a little necktie that she had made with her own hands, and a kind note stating that ever since he had been in her class she had been praying for him every morning and every evening, and she told him how she loved him and cared for him. The next morning he was there, bright and early, before she was up. The servant came up and told her that the boy was in the drawing room and wanted to see her. She went down, and found the

little fellow sitting on the sofa weeping. She spoke to him kindly, and said, "What is the trouble?" and he says, "O, teacher, I have had no peace since I got that note from you." And she got down and prayed with him. "And," said the superintendent, "there is not a better boy in the school. Love conquered him."

BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS.

When I was in England my little girl said, "Papa, why don't those colored people wash themselves white?" You might as well try to make yourselves pure and holy without the help of God. It would be just as easy for you to do that as for that black man to wash himself white. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, neither can the leopard change his spots. A man might just as well try to leap over the moon as to serve God in the flesh. Therefore that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Now God tells us in this chapter how we are to get into His kingdom. We are not to work our way in, not but that salvation is worth working for. We admit all that. If there were rivers and mountains in the way, it would be worth swimming those rivers and climbing those mountains.

There is no doubt that salvation is worth all that, but we don't get it by our works. It is to him that worketh not, but believeth. We work because we are saved; we don't work to be saved. We work from the Cross but not towards it. Now it is written, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling." Why, you must have your salvation before you can work it out. Suppose I say to my little boy, "Go and work out that garden," I must furnish him the garden before he can work it out. Suppose I say to him, "I want you to spend that \$100 carefully." "Well," he says, "let me have that \$100 and I will be careful how I spend it."

I remember when I first left home and went to Boston, I had spent all my money, and I went to the post office three times a day. I knew there was only one mail a day from home, but I thought that by some possibility there might be a letter for me. At last I got a letter from my little sister, and I was awful glad to get it. She had heard that there were a great many pickpockets

in Boston, and a large part of that letter was to have me be very careful not to let anybody pick my pocket. Now, I had got to have something in my pocket in order to have it picked. So you have got to have salvation before you can work it out.

MUST BELIEVE MY OWN EYES.

There are a great many things that I can't explain, and that I can't reason out, that I believe. I heard a commercial traveller say that he had heard that the ministry and religion of Jesus Christ was a matter of revelation and not investigation. "When it pleased God to reveal His Son to me," says Paul. There were a party of young men together, and these men went back to the country, and on their journey they made up their minds not to believe anything they could not reason out. An old man heard them, and presently he said, "I heard you say you would not believe anything you could not reason out."

"Yes," they said, "that was so."

"Well," he said, "coming down on the train to-day I noticed some geese, some sheep, some swine, and some cattle, all eating grass. Can you tell me by what process that same grass was turned into hair, feathers, bristles and wool? Do you believe it is a fact?"

"Oh, yes," they said, "we can't help believing that, though we fail to see it."

"Well," said the old man, "I can't help believing in Jesus Christ."

I can't help believing in the regeneration of man when I see men that have been reclaimed; I see men that have been reformed. Haven't some of the very worst men in the city been regenerated—picked up out of the pit and their feet put upon the rock and a new song put in their mouth? It was cursing and blaspheming, and now it is praising God. Old things have passed away and all things have become new; not reformed only, but regenerated—a new man in Christ Jesus.

Look you, down there in the dark alleys of this city is a poor drunkard. I think if you want to get near hell, go to a poor

drunkard's home. Go to the house of that poor miserable drunkard. Is there anything nearer like hell on earth? See the want and distress that reign there. But hark! A footstep is heard at the door, and the children run and hide themselves. The patient wife waits to meet him. The man has been her torment. Many a time she has borne about for weeks the marks of blows. Many a time that strong right hand has been brought down on her defenseless head.

And now she waits expecting to hear his oaths and suffer his brutal treatment. He comes in and says to her, "I have been to the meeting, and I heard there that if I will I can be converted. I believe that God is able to save me." Go down to that house again in a few weeks and what a change! As you approach you hear some one singing. It is not the song of a reveler, but they are singing the "Rock of Ages." The children are no longer afraid of him, but cluster around his knee. His wife is near him, her face lit up with a happy glow. Is not that a picture of regeneration? I can take you to thousands of such homes, made happy by the regenerating power of the religion of Christ. What men want is the power to overcome temptation, the power to lead a right life.

APPENDIX.

Graphic Account of Mr. Moody's Home Life and Death.

THE following interesting letter is from Dr. N. P. Wood, of Northfield, Mr. Moody's family physician. This letter and the graphic account of Mr. Moody's home life appear exclusively in Rev. Dr. Northrop's "Life of Moody."

OFFICE OF
N. P. WOOD, M. D.,
127 MAIN ST.

NORTHFIELD, Mass., Jan. 20th, 1900.

"DEAR SIR :

"With regard to a photograph of Mr. Moody, you have the one to which I referred, viz.: the one where he is sitting in an open wagon holding the reins. The conversation to which I referred was as follows: About two hours before Mr. Moody's death, after some conversation with various members of his own family, he turned to me and said, 'Dr. Wood, I have always been an ambitious man; not ambitious to leave my children a lot of money, but ambitious to leave them plenty of work to do. Now, I want to make my will.' (Here he made a short pause.) 'I will the care of Hermon School to Will' (his elder son). 'I will the care of the Chicago Institute to Percy' (his son-in-law), 'and I will the care of the Seminary to Paul' (his younger son) 'and George' (his favorite brother). 'And I want Ambert to be their business agent.' Ambert is his brother George's son, who has acted as general agent for Mr. Moody for several years in regard to the schools in Northfield.

"The article which I enclose gives glimpses of Mr Moody's home-life in Northfield. The conversation that I have recorded is almost exactly verbatim."

Yours truly, N. P. Wood

The old proverb, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," cannot be said of D. L. Moody, for surely no person could be more sincerely loved and honored by his townsmen than was he. Expressions of sorrow are heard from all classes of people in the town, and could each tribute be represented by a blossom on his grave it would be piled high with flowers. His townsmen have been proud of him as a citizen, as a man, and as a religious worker. Although not all of them have endorsed his religious belief, they have thoroughly believed in his honesty of purpose and sincerity, and are convinced that the results of his life-work will be lasting and of inestimable value to future generations.

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS AT NORTHFIELD.

They know that Northfield has been changed from a quiet farming town, with corresponding advantages, to a thrifty village, with a steady growth, and that there and at Mount Hermon have been established two of the best preparatory schools in the State, all through the energy and perseverance of this man. Every effort has been made by him to bring these schools within the reach of the boys and girls of the town, and many an ambitious father and mother have been able to educate their children through his efforts.

A few months before his death he was told of a woman who was supporting her family taking in washing, and that her daughter was ready for the Seminary; but she almost despaired of her ability to send her there. Mr. Moody instantly replied: "Tell the principal to put her on the free list and place her in the building; the town girls must be helped first." This is only one instance of many similar ones. Under certain provisions, a few years ago, he offered every Northfield boy free tuition for the first year at Mount Hermon, and several boys availed themselves of this opportunity each year afterward.

He was instantly alert and ready with money and work to forward any plans being made to benefit the town. At the time the village Improvement Society was formed, he subscribed \$100 for work to improve the street, knowing that it would be expended

in a part of the village remote from the school or his residence. Every year after its formation he gave generously of money, also offered valuable advice and wise suggestions. When the kindergarten was started in the town a piano was much needed for the work. Mr. Moody knowing of this, gave the school one if the committee would move it and have it tuned.

SEMINARY HILL IN JUNE SPLENDOR.

He was very proud of the magnificent trees of the village and nothing irritated him more than any attempt to injure them. One day observing a tree in the yard of a friend which had been seriously injured by a horse being tied to it, he said to the woman, "Tell your husband he would be justified in knocking the man down who should deliberately injure so beautiful a tree." He caused to be set a large number of trees and shrubs about his place and on the Seminary grounds. It must have been very gratifying for him to see Seminary Hill in all its June splendor, knowing that in his childhood it was considered one of the most barren places in town, one old man having told the writer that "that side hill wouldn't bear white beans." He was a kind neighbor, sickness and trouble finding him ready with sympathy and material help. Delicacies of his garden and fruit orchard found their way into many a humble home. He encouraged his wife and daughter to interest themselves in helping the sick and needy in all parts of the town.

He was very fond of children, and the grandchildren in his home found an advocate and friend. When boasting one day that the grandchildren always gave him instant obedience, a member of the family asked him the secret of his power, and he laughingly replied, "I am very careful never to ask them to do a thing which I am not sure they want to do." This tells in part the secret of his great power over men; he studied them and was very careful not to ask a favor until he was reasonably sure of their willingness to comply with it.

He was well versed in the maxim "that a man can be led, but not driven." During the autumn, when fruit was abundant, the

Seminary girls were given free access to the orchard and grapery of his private grounds to eat, and carry baskets full to their rooms. One fall he gave all the surplus fruit on his and the Seminary farm, and solicited from the farmers apples to the extent of several hundred bushels, which were distributed among the poor in Boston.

He was full of fun and nothing suited him better than a good story. He had a strong aversion to committees. A few months before his death an organization was being effected in the Town Hall and a motion was made to appoint certain committees. Mr. Moody rose and said: "We don't want committees; when you want anything done tell Mr. So and So to do it and you will accomplish something. One is enough to constitute any committee. If there had been a committee appointed, Noah's Ark would never have been built."

NO CUT AND DRIED PROGRAMME.

When the summer conferences were in session, a committee was never known to make a programme. One evening in the summer of 1899, after devotionals, he rose and said: "I want fifty cents from every person present; now don't look so glum, for I want to buy *Tribunes* to send to ministers. Dr. Shaw's magnificent address must be placed in as many pastors' hands as possible. To-morrow morning Dr. Wilton Merle Smith will speak. He hasn't heard of it before, but this is a fairly good notice. In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Torry will speak on 'Prayer.'" When asked for material for a sketch of his life he said: "I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die. That which is born of the Spirit will live forever."

Mr. Moody had the friendliest feeling toward the other churches and it is said that at the time the Catholic church was burned he contributed toward the rebuilding. Students from the Unitarian and Catholic churches have graduated from the schools without being disturbed in their religious faith.

During one of the first conferences held in Northfield, a

minister was asked to speak who never had been there before. Knowing that a Unitarian church was in the place, this man spoke at some length in criticism of that denomination. After the meeting was over a friend of Mr. Moody found him by himself in a very despondent frame of mind. Asking him what was the matter, Mr. Moody said: "I have tried to make my meetings attractive to the Unitarians so that they would come, not that I wish to proselyte, but I like to have them in my meetings. This man has kicked it all over by what he has said this morning; there are Unitarians here this morning who will tell this through the town and they won't come here again."

USE OF MEANS MUST GO WITH FAITH.

Mr. Moody offered a gratifying contrast to many of his cloth, especially revivalists, in his appreciation of regular medicine and antipathy for quacks. In speaking of a prominent Christian scientist, he praised medicine as the noblest of professions after that of the ministry. "Never yet," he said, "in all my years of work have I called upon an able doctor, telling him of the sickness and need of some poor and friendless person, that he did not at once go to the rescue, without money and without price." "These are the men," he continued, "who are called devils by the faith healers." "God heals," he said, "through doctors and medicine. What do I do when I fall sick? Get the best doctor to be found, trust in him and trust in the Lord to work through him." This brief sketch of some characteristics of Mr. Moody as a citizen of Northfield, may indicate that this man of great works who could move multitudes, could also be interested in the welfare and prosperity of his native town.

It is often said that great men shrink and grow smaller the nearer we get to them. The very opposite can be said of Mr. Moody. The people of Northfield where he was known from boyhood had the highest appreciation of his sincerity, his public spirit and great ability. The town was simply transformed under the magic power of his touch.

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